

**THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS THAT
GUIDE THE MARINER.**

Flashing Lanterns and Highb Trum-
pets—Belts That Toll in the Fog
—Origins and Extent of Our
Lighthouse Service.

What a vast advantage has the mariner of to-day with all of the modern aids and appliances to direct his course, over the ancient navigator who had to rely upon the stars, or the chance lights upon dark coasts. The light stations of the world to-day are almost as numerous as the visible stars and planets.

There are now about 6000 light stations in the world, of which 1400 are in America. Even Oceania has over 800, and Africa 220. The lighthouse establishment in the United States which is a hundred years old, has cost upwards of \$100,000,000, including maintenance, and the average annual appropriation now is from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000. The patriarch of the lighthouses in this country is that on Little Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, erected in 1715 by the General Court of the province of Massachusetts Bay. The expenses of operating it were paid out of tonnage dues. When the United States took charge of the establishment in 1789 there were eight lighthouses on the Atlantic coast. To-day there are thousands of lighthouses and beacon lights.

Previous to 1840 the light-houses were either conical towers of rubble stone masonry or wooden frame towers erected on top of the keeper's house. In 1847 the construction of air light-houses was ordered by Congress and assisted by the topographical engineers of the army. They adopted the Loran system and made masonry towers instead of the foundation and frame work. It has required the best engineering skill to erect all the light-houses built by this physical system in a fair and perfect manner.



THIMBLE LIGHTHOUSE, HAMPTON ROADS, VA.

with a range of twenty statute miles. The foundation piles, of twelve-inch wrought iron, rest centrally on iron disks eight feet in diameter and penetrate the rock ten feet. The piles stand at the centre and angles of an octagon which is fifty-six feet across, and are braced together by iron ties. The frame work of hollow iron oblate rises in six sections, pyramidal in shape. The keeper's dwelling is in the second section, and is of boiler iron, lined with wood. The cost of the structure, with illuminating apparatus, was \$120,000.

An excellent specimen of the screw pile river or harbor lighthouse is that in the Thumball shoal, off the entrance to Hampton Roads. Another kind of lighthouse is the iron tower which is built on a dry foundation like that at Cape Canaveral, Fla., 150 feet high. Then there are the iron skeleton towers which are used on land, and cost



A REEF ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

which are sometimes used in lightships are adapted to harbors and short channels because the effective range of the sound they emit is under 800 yards. The use of caisson has been superseded to a large extent by other appliances, except as signals of distress. Rockets charged with gun cotton, exploded at a height say, of 1000 feet, make a noise audible at a distance of twenty-five miles. Bells weighing from 300 to 5000 pounds are used at many of the light stations. They are operated by clockwork, but are not considered as efficient signals on the sea coast, where the sound is drowned by the noise of the surf. The whistling buoy is a curious and noisy contrivance which generally makes itself heard. It consists of an iron pear-shaped bulb, twelve feet wide as the largest part, and standing up twelve feet out of the water. A tall, thirty-two feet long rudder thirty three inches the control of the light is hoisted, one being located

in the Gulf of Southwest Asia. The
great difficulty is to keep these vessels
stationary. Some are moored in the
Persian sea and furnished with powerful
lights and fog signals, in spite of
which they are frequently run into
by passing ships. As these boats are
not of great size, and are especially
subject to the danger of being
sunk by the waves, it is possible by
the use of a few small boats to
destroy them, and by so doing to
prevent the passage of the oil
from the Persian Gulf to the
Mediterranean sea.

The woman, who, even, and says
that it is as well as to be kept,
and the money is as low as the eyes
possible to the mother, in the present
condition. It is not true for the state,
and the money is as low as the eyes
possible to the mother, in the present
condition. It is not true for the state,

storms. One now anchored off the coast of Ireland was picked up there six weeks after it had been wrenched from its place in New York Harbor. Buoys are made of iron or wood, and are called nuncan or lee buoys, according to their shape, and are painted and numbered so as to speak a silent language to the navigator which will tell him whether to go on the left hand or right hand of channels, to keep away from wrecks, or when he comes to the proper turning point.

The illumination of lighthouses is a problem which has taxed the ingenuity of the lighthouse officials and improvements made have been as great as those in the structures themselves. There is a tremendous contrast between the lights employed to-day and the braziers, containing bales of pitch and oakum, which were burned on the coast of Massachusetts in 1673, or the tallow candles used in the original lighthouses on Brewster Island. The magnifying and reflecting lantern of 1812 was an advance on the primitive system, and this was replaced in 1862 by the lenslial apparatus, the use of lenses instead of reflectors. This was a great advance. In some cases lighthouses near cities have been illuminated with gas from the city gas works, or from gas tanks in the lighthouses themselves. Electricity has been employed to a considerable extent for illuminating purposes.

Numerous experiments have been made with illuminants to determine the penetrative power of their lights, but in fog all lights are useless, and hence other means have to be employed to take the place of lights in heavy weather. The invention and application of fog signals constitute a very interesting branch of the lighthouse service. Of the devices employed may be mentioned gongs, guns, rockets, sirens, trumpets, steam whistles, bell boys, whistling boys, and bells struck by machinery. Gongs less than those of the other classes. One erected in 1880 on Paris Island, S. C., which is the most economical

structure of its kind, cost only \$12,000 complete, together with the light, which is 120 feet above sea level, and is simply a locomotive headlight, with powerful reflectors. The skeleton tower at Southport Pass is typical of this kind of structure. There are a number of brick lighthouses like that at St. Augustine, which towers 103 feet above the sea level, and cost \$110,000.

It may happen that a light is required at a point where it is impracticable to put up a lighthouse. In such cases recourse is had to the lightships. Of these there are about thirty through the Gulf. The tremendous scream of these buoys is caused by the compression of the air in the tube by hydraulic action and its expulsion through a pipe connecting with a whistle. The United States owns about sixty five of these buoys, which cost about \$1000 apiece. As they can be heard about fifteen miles and make a horrible sound, like the ghosts of all the dead in the sea shrieking simultaneously. They are not popular with the dwellers on the land. In harbors and rivers they are found for buoys mounted with 200 pound bells, which toll when the buoys are rolled about by the motion of the water. A steam tug whistle, similar to those used on steamboats and lighters, is another appliance employed on the one coast. Of a smaller nature are the trumpet and air. The largest of the former is one at the mouth of the river with a bell in the middle and with a mouth thirty six inches wide. Air is forced into a service and driven out through a pipe which turns round and round so that the air is blown in every direction. A few years ago a light was placed on a small island in the Gulf of Mexico. It was a tower of iron and was about 100 feet high. It was built on a small island in the Gulf of Mexico. It was built on a small island in the Gulf of Mexico.

Round signals are oftentimes very deceptive, and subject to aberrations, according to the state of the atmosphere, and implicit reliance on them has frequently led to disasters. This matter has been the subject of laborious scientific investigation.



FIRST ORDER LIGHTHOUSE, AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Sometimes it is almost impossible to tell by the ear the direction from which a sound comes. Different contrivances have been invented to correct the mistakes to which human powers of audition are susceptible. Some of these are very ingenious, but it is without the scope of this article to enter upon a description of the various inventions.

The light-house establishment of the United States is under the control of the Treasury Department, and the Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio President of the Board, of which the Chairman is generally a rear admiral. Among the members of the board are two officers of the navy, two officers of the corps of engineers, two civilians of scientific attainments, and an officer of the navy and an officer of the engineers as Secretaries. There are sixteen light-house districts, in each of which there is an officer of the navy as inspector and an officer of the engineers as light-house engineer.

The keepers of lighthouses were appointed by the earlier Presidents, but, as they became more numerous, nominations were made by collectors of customs, and the appointments made by the Secretary of the Treasury. The nominations are, however, always to be passed upon by the Lighthouse Board, and an examination by an inspector generally precedes the final appointment. The salaries are very small, considering the nature of the service rendered, and its importance. The compensation of keepers ranges from \$100 to \$1000 per year. The keeper must be between eighteen and fifty years of age, and possessed of a knowledge of reading, writing and accounts, and have some mechanical ability. They are furnished with quarters for themselves, and in certain cases for their families, and with fuel and rations. As a lighthouse keeper naturally has a good deal of time on his hands, he is supplied with a library of instructing and entertaining books, containing about fifty volumes. At regular intervals this library is exchanged for another and forwarded to the next station. The Lighthouse Board has nearly 600 of such libraries in circulation. The first regularly appointed lighthouse keeper in this country was George Worthylake, who was keeper of the Lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in 1716 at \$250 per year.

Cab and Cycle Combined.

Several weeks ago the cycle hansom made its appearance in London. The occupant of the vehicle had the



1994 1995 1996

appearance of being a foreigner, but
to his misfortune he happened to be
the only one of his race who had
settled on the general site of
the whole, probably later perhaps, in
front and on behind. The first
one of them, standing just be-
hind the speaker, and the first
to speak, was the large, powerful
as a piece of solid, dark brown
wood.

A NEW YORKER'S WONDERFUL
COLLECTION OF TOWELS.

They Number More Than 1300, and
Were Gathered From All Parts of
the World.

THE New Yorker has made towels a fad, and he has gathered from all parts of the world an unparalleled assortment of them. Benjamin B. Davenport, a lawyer, better known as the publisher of several books, is the possessor of this unique collection, and at his home at Aubury Park he proudly displays his store of the towels of all nations, which number 1912.

Mr. Davenport has been engaged for twenty years in the amassing of this bizarre exhibit, which includes towels of cotton, wool, linen and silk. He has been ably assisted by many of his friends. To the acquaintances departing for distant lands Davenport has been wont to say: "Send me a towel from Madagascar," or "While you are in Patagonia, pick me up one of the native towels."

By far the greater part of the collection was picked up in the hotels of the United States by Mr. Davenport personally. They vary in size and texture. A thin, sleazy cotton rag, through which one might read a newspaper, bears the startling legend indelibly stamped across its limp surface: "Stolen from the Occidental Hotel, Leadville, Colorado." It is evident that the miners had formed the habit of carrying off the towels to use as shirt fronts.

In contrast to this economical rag there is a roller towel thirty feet in length, secured in an Illinois hotel wash-room. It was what the porter who sold it to the collector called "the house towel." †

One set of seven towels, of varying thickness and texture, including a genuine Turkish article that looks like forty cents' worth of tripe, recalls the luxury of a local bath house.

A square section of jute bagging, such as is used to cover cotton bales, was considered quite the thing in a hostelry on the banks of the Yazoo River. A real curiosity is a stiff and inflexible affair found in the composing-room of a Pennsylvania weekly newspaper. It was "the office towel."

There are towels of softest damask, with daintily embroidered initials that call up romantic visions, and there is a section of mummy cloth brought home from Cairo, which might once have been used to dry the moisture from the fair skin of Pharaoh's daughter, or possibly have been tucked under the chin of the infant Nusea.

There are towels that are as small as napkins, and towels that would answer for bedspreads. Some are as soft to the touch as the fluffy bosom of the oider swan, and others could be used to grate borersalish upon.

There are dainty French towels and heavy, square German towels, soft Italian towels that give forth faint odor of garlic; cold, heavily starched towels that come from England; a Scotch towel that is made of tweed; an Irish towel of unbleached linen that will take off the cuticle as if it were made of emery paper; towels from the South Sea islands that are not towels, but are cocco nuts, a carefully dressed chamois skin which came from the Alps; a jeans towel from Indiana; a homespun towel from Kentucky; a Japanese towel of fibrous paper, and a heavy silk towel once owned by Adeline Patti.

Then there are common towns of no particular individuality, that are in the collection, because they were known to have been last used by some celebrity or because there is a tale of adventure, romance or sentiment connected with their acquisition. Mr. Havenport's conscience is never troubled when he contemplates his treasures. Very few of them were accidentally packed into his baggage. As to the conscience of the porters and other servants who assisted in the completion—that is a rather sorry matter. Each of the towns is duly tagged and numbered and a catalogue gives the history of each article. New York World.

(11500) (Continued).

In New Zealand, as in America, the Chinese community has been the least successful in trying to make good its past. It is thought that Chinese and Chinese Americans are the least of the minorities a country can have, and a good way to be rid of the worst known was to export them. However, it has now been held by the United States to mean the United States and foreigners (the Americans in this case) have done this. The Chinese and other Asians and Indians are now being sent back to their own countries. This is a very serious situation. It is a very serious situation. It is a very serious situation.

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Harness and Saddlery
—Store and Shop,—

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.
Something that has been needed
in this county for years.
They carry a complete line of
**HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-
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ALSO,
THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock
of latest and best designs, and
costs can be furnished on short-
est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crum-
mett, who is employed by the firm.

L. C. BARTLETT,
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FRESKO WORK.
SIGN PAINTER.
GREEN BANK, WEST VIRGINIA.

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nue, opposite the postoffice.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.
Yacht Club, Mineral and Timber Lands,
Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 31
years in the business. Correspondence
solicited. Reference furnished.
Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Al-
exander, W. Va.

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Architect and Superintendent,
Room, 19, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles
from Marlinton on Greenbrier Riv-
er, this County. This farm is well
adapted to farming or grazing.
About 80 acres improved and
about 270 acres unimproved; a
greater part of this is finely timbered
with oak and hemlock.
This indisputable. Price and
terms reasonable. A good bargain
offered. For further particulars
ask on or address **UNITED BROS.,**
Marlinton, W. Va.

Money Needed.

All persons indebted to me will
please call at once and settle.
Your account is hereby acknowledged and
paid by compliance with this re-
quest. I am, Sir, Very Truly,
S. W. HOLT

Notice

All persons having claims against
the estate of the late **Wm. H. Holt**,
deceased, will please present them
to the undersigned for payment.
We are, Sir, Very Truly,
S. W. HOLT

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Marlinton, W. Va.

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Marlinton, W. Va.
Planter—Contractor.

\$10.00 (Size of Camera 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 in.)
(Size of Picture 2 1/2 x 3 in.)

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Junior.

A practical camera with which a mere novice can
easily learn to make the best photographs.
Fully equipped for hand or tripod work.
Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible
finder with focusing plate; ground glass for
fine focusing; improved shutter; tripod sockets
for vertical or horizontal views. Self contained
when closed; handsomely finished and covered
with leather.

Price, with double plate holder,
developing and printing outfit,
full rubber for the (not loaded),

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workman-
ship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
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Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or
month.

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FEED, LIVERY

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SALE STABLES.

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Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
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A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
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Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.
N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON W. VA.

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Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's
Iron
Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles,
Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments,
Women's complaints.

If you are feeling
weak and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
have no appetite and
can't work, begin at once tak-
ing the most reliable
and most effective
medicine which is
Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles
will cure—benefit
from the
very first dose of
this state-
ment is a
promise to take.

Attention Confederates.

All Confederate Camps and ex-
Confederates in this State, will
please take notice, that a Reunion
of such Camps and individual Con-
federates will be held under the
auspices of Stonewall Jackson
Camp, C. V. at Charleston, Kan-
nawha county, W. Va.,

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 24,

For the purpose of discussing and
narrating plans for the establish-
ment of a "HOME" in this State
for helpless and homeless Confed-
erate Veterans.

Without more formal or further
notice, all Confederate Camps in
the State are requested to send
Representatives in this meeting,
and all individual Confederates are
requested to attend, or that they
will get together in counties where
there is no regular organization and
send representatives, so that every
county in the State will be repre-
sented.

All the newspapers in this State
are requested to devote enough of
their time and space to publish this
notice until the day of meeting and
to call attention to it editorially.

Let there be a full attention to
immigrate this worthy and charita-
ble work for our helpless Comrades,
on a sure and permanent founda-
tion.

S. S. GREEN, COMMANDER,
And Chairman Executive Com-
mittee.

A Fatal Shooting.

A young Mr. Riddle and two oth-
er gentlemen of Franklin, W. Va.,
were out from town a short distance
hunting, the day before Christmas,
and while creeping through some
very thick under brush, a Winches-
ter rifle in the hands of the gentle-
man nearest to Mr. Riddle caught
up a brush and was discharged.
The ball entered Mr. Riddle's head
just behind the ear, tearing a large
hole clear through his head, killing
him instantly. This was indeed a
sad accident, and the two young
men, when they saw what had been
done, were wild with grief.—*High-
land Recorder.*

Wanted - A Reliable Boy.

In every city and town to send
his name and address on a postal
card, if able to devote a few hours
in special work for us in his local-
ity. No canvassing. Experience
not required, simple energy and
faithfulness. Good remuneration.
Name one or more references.
Address **COBBETT & CO., 723**
SANSON STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
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The *Man*, of Alderson, will be-
gin publication anew this week
under the auspices of a reliable
publisher. Mr. A. O. Houston
will be the editor, we are informed,
with S. A. Houston as proprietor,
and H. P. Mohler publisher. The
Man made things warm last fall,
and no doubt will help to thaw out
the snow-bank in which the
Watchman's embers were en-
lumbered on November 6th. It's
mighty rough sledding for the pa-
rty that gets in its way.—*Rome-
ville News.*

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ing Groceries a Specialty.

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All our stock is fresh and good
and you will price goods to
your own advantage.

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line. Orders from a dis-
tance given special
attention.

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What a Fudge Name!
Very True, but it Kicks All Pans.
Sold Everywhere Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

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and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
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It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. U. C. Osborn,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Encowles,
Cossay, Ark.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
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merits of Castoria has won us to look with
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—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

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BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

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Bites of Animals, Scorpions, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, Ho Croup, Influenza,
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SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
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Come to the Times Office for Your Job Done

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 27.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk of Circuit Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk of County Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners of Court, C. E. Board, (C. E. Board), (C. E. Board), (C. E. Board).
County Surveyor, George Dwyer.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices, A. C. L. Galewood, Split Rock, Charles Cook, R. H. Giese, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown, Hunters, C. R. Curry, Academy, Thomas Bruffey, Labella.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is jury term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

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HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

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All legal business will receive prompt attention.

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DENTIST,
MONTICELLY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least once a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. NEYMOUTH,
DENTIST,
REYNOLDS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every year and for the exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every year and for the exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
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MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every year and for the exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

The incorporation of Marlinton has been a subject of discussion for over two years. Lately our contemporary has been pushing the question with very commendable zeal. He misquotes us in a late leader. We had said that it would not be "very fast to incorporate without the consent of the company which owns the town" and added, "not to say safe." This is twisted by him into "the scheme is not judicious or safe," and refers to the "position taken" by us. A position is exactly what we have not taken. We have suggested it during the time mentioned above, but no one ever has taken enough interest in the scheme to put it to a vote, up to the present time. This should be done at once. If a half-a-dozen citizens would stand as promoters of the incorporation, there need be no especial expense attached to it, and none whatever if the incorporation is consummated. The steps to be taken are laid down in the Code: There must be one hundred persons, and the boundary not less than one quarter of one square mile. The persons seeking incorporation must cause to be made an accurate map of the territory by a practical surveyor. Also an accurate census shall be taken, verified by affidavit of the census taker. The map and census must be left at some place of access for at least four weeks. Then a notice shall be published for four weeks of the foregoing matters, and that on a certain day a vote shall be taken. We are sure that such notice will be donated by either of the papers of Marlinton, in the event the petitioners fail, at least. The voters when assembled choose three commissioners, and all duly qualified voters who have been bona fide residents of the village six months before any charter election, are voters of that village. If a majority of the qualified voters residing within the boundary come out and vote for incorporation, it is so certified to the Circuit Court, which grants a certificate of incorporation. The only construction to be put on this section is that the voters not voting are counted as voting against incorporation. Then comes the election of officers. Seven of the town officers must be freeholders, and count as we would, only six were to be found on the East side of the river, eligible to hold office. This is not counting an English gentleman, not naturalized. Before there is any more palaver on this subject, steps should be taken to make an issue.

The present generation is famous among many other things for close calculations and accurate reckoning. A Genoaese journalist to have something original for the Columbian year, undertook to estimate what it cost to discover America in 1492. Columbus had an annual salary of three hundred and thirty-three dollars. The captain in charge of the Nina and Pinta received one hundred and twenty dollars each. The sailors were paid each two and a half dollars per month. The outfit cost two thousand and eight hundred dollars. Columbus received a pension of twenty thousand dollars. A man of letters offered to the best definition of "life," was given to the person who said, "Life is a trial trip before the launch of eternity."

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To the Teachers.

Supt. Barlow gives them a Gentle Reminder. A Word to the Wise.

To the Teachers of Pocahontas County:—The time is now at hand when many of you are engaged in the preparation of your term report to the Secretaries of the Board of Education, and to secure that accuracy and completeness of detail so necessary, is the object of this letter.

The State Superintendent says that almost every mail brings to his office letters of inquiry from the office of the National Commissioner of Education, or from various institutions, states, and nations, regarding our State educational work, and to these interrogatives the department is often unable to make intelligent reply because of the failure or neglect of those charged with the duty of supplying the desired information. We want the report of our schools to be accurate and complete. Reports, blanks, etc., are prepared and distributed to the teachers, and there is not a blank but what should be filled, nor an item to be omitted. The Legislature has made ample provision for collecting and placing the State in possession of valuable information, by furnishing blanks, etc., and the law must, therefore, be enforced by all whose duty it is to see that it is enforced.

The Secretary of the Board of Education is prohibited by law from paying to a teacher his last month's salary until said teacher has delivered to him (the Secretary) a properly kept term register. Section 8 of the School Law requires the Secretary of the Board to make an annual report to the County Superintendent, but the Secretary cannot make a correct report unless he has received from the teachers reports which are "full and complete."

"Statistics are worthless unless accurate, and the large sum of money expended by the State in printing and distributing the same is a waste if they are not correct in every particular."

Section 19 of the School Law requires the teacher in each sub-district, before the close of his school and not later than the 1st of April in each year, to make an enumeration of all school youths resident in his sub-district. If your school closes after April 1st, make this report on a separate blank that will be furnished you by the Secretary of the Board of Education. The teacher should secure an accurate enumeration, because the distribution of the State school fund is based upon it.

THE GRADE SHEET.

It is the duty of every teacher in the county to properly prepare the grade sheet, and, together with the term register, return it to the Secretary of the Board of Education. The good effect of the entire work of grading our schools will be largely lost unless the grade sheet is properly filled and filed with the Secretary of the district in which the school is situated. See that your work on the grade sheet is accurate for without accuracy it is worthless. Remember that your grade sheet goes into the hands of your successor, and he will rely upon it in classifying his school. Therefore be sure that your work is correct.

I will gladly assist you in any way I can in the earnest work you are doing for the advancement of education, and with the hope that you are having a successful year as teachers, I am most obediently yours,
D. L. BARLOW,
County Superintendent.

Marlinton, W. Va., January 14, 1895.

A rap of one guinea offered for the best definition of "life," was given to the person who said, "Life is a trial trip before the launch of eternity."

Pocahontas in 1823.

The extract printed below is from a letter written by Col. J. Howe Peyton, the first commonwealth's attorney of this county, on his first visit to Huntersville, at the first term of the "Superior Court" which was held after the formation of the county. The two buildings, which he speaks of, were situated on the site of Mr. C. R. Moore's house. The county in 1830 contained 2,542 people. Col. Peyton traveled with Judge Stuart from Stannton, and as his letter shows, he was considerably impressed with the prudeness of the manner of living west of the Alleghany:

"On Tuesday at two o'clock we arrived at Huntersville, the seat of Justice of Pocahontas county—a place as much out of the world as Crim Tartary. Owing to the bad condition of the roads we were much fatigued and bore many marks of travel-stain. The so called town of Huntersville consists of two illy-constructed time-worn, (though it is not time which has worn them,) weather-beaten cabins built on logs and covered with clapboards. My negro cabins on Jackson's river are palaces in comparison with them."

"One of these wretched hovels is the residence of John Bradshaw, the other is called the loom-house for these people are self-sustaining. They spin and weave. The big wheel and the little wheel are birring in every hut and throwing off the woolen and linen yarn to be worked up for family purposes. The home-spun cloth, too, is stronger and more durable than that brought by our merchants from Northern manufacturers."

"In Bradshaw's dwelling there is a large fire-place, which occupies one entire side, the gable end. The chimney is enormous and so short that the room is filled with light which enters this way. It is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape through the chimney, whilst most of the smoke is driven back into the chamber. In the chimney-corner I prepared my legal papers before a roaring fire, surrounded by rough mountaineers, who were drinking whiskey and as night advanced, growing riotous. In the back part of the room two beds were curtained off with horse-blankets—one for the Judge and one for myself. To the left of the fire-place stood old Bradshaw's couch. In the loft, to which they ascended, by means of a ladder, his daughter and the hired woman slept, and at times of a crowd, a wayfarer. The other guests were sent to sleep in the loom-house, in which was suspended in the loom, a half-woven piece of cloth. Three beds were disposed about the room, which completed its appointments—one was allotted to Sampson Mathews, a second to John Baxter, the third to George Mays, and John Brown. The loom was used as a hat-rack at night and for sitting on, in the absence of chairs, in the day. As there was not a chair or stool beyond those used by the weaving women, my clients roosted on the loom while detailing their troubles and receiving advice."

"Bradshaw's table is well supplied. There is profusion, if not prodigality in the rich, lavish bounty of the goodly tavern. We had no venison, as this is a shy season with the deer, but excellent mutton with plenty of apple sauce, peach pie, and roasting ears. As a mark of deference and respect to the Court, I presumed, we had a table cloth—they are not often seen on Western tables and when they are, are not innocent of color and clean sheets upon our beds. This matter of the sheets is no small affair in out of the way places, as it not infrequently happens that wanderers communicate disease through the bed-lathing. Old Bradshaw's family is composed of a dozen or more, which marks the beginning of a new era."

is for the most part on the outside. A false modesty seems to prevent those salutary ablutions which are so necessary to health, and I did not commend myself to the good graces of the hired woman by insisting on my foot-bath every morning.

"We remained five days at Huntersville closely engaged in the business of the Court, which I found profitable. Pocahontas is a fine grazing county, and the support of the people is mainly derived from their flocks cattle, horses and sheep, which they drive over the mountains to market. There is little money among them except after these excursions, but they have little need of it—every want is supplied by the happy country they possess, and of which they are as fond as the Swiss of their mountains. It is a pretty country, a country of diversified and beautiful scenery in which there is a wealth of verdure and variety which keeps the attention alive and the outward eye delighted."

SEVERAL books of fiction, written for an ethical or moral purpose, seem to have an unprecedented circulation. This indicates that there is an intense yearning for sympathy and instruction on the part of thousands of intelligent, serious people, struggling in the confused twilight that dims the questions of the hour, how to correct social wrongs sustained by social customs. The reader's sympathies are deeply aroused when it is seen that too often it is trusting, confiding women who may be made as it were the moral scapegoat, and as such may be sent into the wilderness to expiate the sins of man. Then, too, the reader's indignation is appealed to in behalf of those jilted by their special friends, when their opportunities for marriage are numbered, and so left to long, loveless lives and unaided battles with the world. Such reading is destitute of faith in Higher wisdom shaping human rough-hewn purposes to a nobler end beyond our earthly vision, and so leaves its votaries without the beams of a higher hope to assist them to win triumphs and evolve light out of darkness, and right out of wrongs. The result will be that ere long it will be asked "who will show us any good?" Then books illustrating the old but ever new necessity of subduing instinctive passion to law, by which the spiritual regeneration of each man and woman will be most happily assured, such books will then be in the fashion.

WHILE the city of Elkins may not be the capitol of the State, for which there are aspirations, yet there is no doubt of there being an immense amount of capital represented by the citizens. The home of Mr. Elkins cost two hundred thousand; near by the home of Hon. Henry G. Davis rated at one hundred and ten thousand; and that of Mr. Kerosa in the vicinity costing ninety thousand dollars. The computed wealth of the three residents amounts to one hundred and twenty million dollars.

One of the most popular songs among our singing people is "The West Virginia Hills." It may interest some to learn that the writer of this beautiful hymn is the wife of the Rev. H. D. King, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Vineland, New Jersey. Mr. King, a short time since spent some weeks in our state conducting religious services.

Times Office for Feb. 1st.

There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country.

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 900,000,000 people.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,633 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stages of the purely native school, the champions of frog's toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 women cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as \$2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Manin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days more they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over, with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost \$15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given \$1,000,000 outright, has also placed \$10,000,000, interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The nobles and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic and a number of them have contributed more than \$100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain. Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappy in the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference to see no stronger will seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Tsig hien had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yalu, that several others had to be coast-guarded for protection and that it was feared that the Japanese fleet would be surprised by the Chinese. It is reported to be a common belief that the Chinese fleet is now in the Yellow Sea.

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where close two soft ecnoons
I broke from a wayside spray.
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.
One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!
A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.
Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.
"Poor little prisoner wait," I said,
"You shall not struggle more!"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.
Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed,
My help had been the direct harm—
The pretty moth was dead!
I should have left it there to gale
The strength that struggle brings;
Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!
—Edna D. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.

SAUNDERS'S ROMANCE.



SAUNDERS had read dime novels as a boy in New York. In the afternoon, as he came home from school he had brought them from some street corner vendor of "penny dreadfuls," and had glommed over them as only a small boy, horn and bred in a great city, can glom over tales of the West. He had not been discriminating, of course, and had had a usteral leading toward the most blood-curdling recitals; but he had chosen always something in some way connected with army life.

The army was to him a beautiful dream, a highly varnished picture, and to be a part of it—a major part, of course, something like a General, or, at the very least, a Colonel—had been from the first his one ambition. But destiny, in the shape of parents of stern and old-fashioned mould, the kind that thought and accepted it as a convenient creed that, having inflicted life upon their offspring, they were entirely at liberty to ruin that life—this destiny ordained that he should have a profession other than that of arms; in short, that he should be a lawyer.

Now, Saunders was of an age to judge for himself, and he knew that he was not the stuff of which lawyers are made. Not the slightest vestige of eloquence had he, he was blunt and truthful to a degree. He disliked a lie for its own sake. All this and more he told his parents, but he was answered by the logic which has retarded the world's progress through so many generations, that they were older and therefore wiser; that he was their son, and they knew better what was good for him than he could possibly. Saunders, more from a sense of duty than a fear of being disinherited of his father's goodly estate, accepted their decision and began the reading of law.

About this time he chose for a chum a youth whose only possible recommendation must have been that he could boast of army relatives. He had visited in his shallow gossling days at a garrison, and was full of highly spiced tales regarding the wild daring and fascinations of a soldier's life. Saunders would drink in all these stories, and despite his valiant efforts to forget them and put temptation away, they would come back to him as he sat over the inexpressible stupid folios relating to the law.

One summer this chum of his invited Saunders to visit him at his country house on the Hudson. Saunders went and spent the happiest two weeks of his life. For it was there that he met Madge Kean, the bewitching little daughter of Colonel Kean, of the Tenth. Saunders caught his first glimpse of her as he walked with young Milton up the driveway. Madge was armed with a Florentine rifle, and was teaching the little son of the house how to aim and pull the trigger. There was something in her very pose, in the fact of her knowing how to shoot, that appealed to Saunders at once. He could not see her face, but, nevertheless, he said to Milton that she was a "mighty pretty girl." Milton replied with pardonable pride that the young lady was his cousin, had just come from the far West, was of the army, and a "mighty pretty little first." Therefore, before Saunders had even been introduced to the fair Madge, he was passionately in love with her.

When he stood beside her and Milton was saying, "This is my cousin, Saunders—Madge, Miss Kean, Mr. Saunders," when her bright eyes glanced at him from under her long lashes—just then an untamed morning when she smiled and put out a hand all amity with him, Saunders thought how the next morning would be his last. And then, as he turned, made

note of the fact that Saunders was tall, blond and extremely handsome, with that unmistakable air of self-possession and refinement of a New York gentleman. She determined that he would be much better material to expend her fascinations on than that milk-sop of a cousin of hers. She was glad he had come, and said so. Saunders answered, in a tone which carried conviction, that he also was glad she had come, and Madge blushed through one of those clear, tanned skins which change color with every emotion. Not that she was shy and schoolgirlish in her blushes; they were not a result of timidity.

Cupid did not hit Saunders's heart with the traditional golden arrow this time. It was the tiny bullet of lead which went from the muzzle of the Florentine straight to the bull's-eye of the target that made the wounds which are inflicted sooner or later on every man. By the time the wee cartridge-box was empty Saunders was hopelessly smitten.

In the course of the next fortnight he came to that point where he would have even studied law with pleasure had she expressed an admiration for law students. But she did not. He had confided to her all his baffled ambitions; had told her how his soul yearned for shoulder-straps; and she, in turn, told him that the life of a soldier was the only one worth living.

He was too old for West Point; why didn't he try for a civil appointment? This had never occurred to him; he would think it over. He asked her some questions, and confided some of his ideas of garrison life to her. She laughed at them and told him that he was a "dear old tenderfoot." If it had not been for the tone of voice in which she said it, for the roguish, half fond glance from her misty eyes, Saunders would have been terribly cut up over that scornful word.

"Tenderfoot—tenderfoot," he! After all he had read on the subject. Could it be that his source of information was bad? He did not ask Madge this, however; he never put forth any of his ideas on the subject again, to her; asked for no further information; he knew he was missing golden opportunities for enlightenment, but he did not care to be laughed at. He was aware that nothing would so much injure him in her eyes as to make himself ridiculous. And Madge in that fortnight exerted, first, every charm she possessed, every power she could command, to bring him to her feet.

Having succeeded in this, she used quite as much skill in keeping him from asking her to marry him. She didn't want to be married; she didn't even want to be engaged, and he was only the pastime of a summer's jaunt. Nobody took such flirtations seriously; that is, nobody with any sense. If he couldn't see she was in fun it wasn't her fault, was it? She wasn't accountable for his being deficient in powers of preception, was she? A New York man ought to know how to take care of himself.

Well, the little summer play was over. Saunders went back to town with the secret determination to cut loose from the grind of the law reading to go into the army. He had not told Madge of this; somehow, looking back on it, he hadn't told her anything that he had meant to; he had been half afraid that she would laugh. It would never do to have her laugh.

Of course, there was a big row at his home when he announced his determination. But the breath of free air that he had drawn in from contact with Madge made him see that he should have something to say in the matter of his own career. Moreover, he had the strength of love to uphold him. He surprised his parents by asserting his freedom of action, and when they made it too disagreeable for his self-respect to allow him to stay under their roof he left it, with paternal and maternal imaledictions following him. He started in to obtain a civil appointment, and learned more, before he realized his failure, of the nature of human beings and of the struggle for existence than he had ever known before.

It came about that he obtained no civil appointment, and he knew that his father had done his best, covertly, that he should not obtain it. This one thing he could not forgive. Meantime he longed for Madge with the whole power of his heart. He wrote to her and received no reply. So he supposed that she had not got his letter. The thought that she had ignored it did not come to him. The final refusal of a commission was a blow from which he did not recover for some days—he had lost heart for a time; but he read in an Army and Navy that Miss Kean had been desperately ill. That afternoon he enlisted as a private soldier, and the next morning wore the blue.

This was not being a Colonel or a General, but men had risen from the ranks to adduce facts and honor in the books he had read; besides, he was at his last penny. A little wave of disgust ran over him as he learned that \$18 a month, with clothing, bed and board, would be his share of the world's goods. He enlisted with that vague notion, which the average citizen of that day had, that officers and men inhabited peacefully the same quarters, that the barrack-room was a sort of happy family cage, where

shoulder-straps and chevrons went side by side. He had not stopped to think that the West was wide, and that he might be assigned to a post several thousand miles from the one which his lady-love lighted with her presence. It was not until the deed was done that this came to him, and then he could only hope and pray.

As luck would have it, he was sent to the very post where Colonel Kean was stationed. This did not exactly surprise him; he took it as a matter of course that Providence should interfere in behalf of Saunders—of one of the handsomest and most popular fellows in his set. He wondered what his friends at home thought of his escapade. Then he settled down to the discomfort of second-class accommodations in a railway car. Fortunately for him, the garrison to which he was ordered happened to be very near to the railroad, and he was spared a cross-country trip of a hundred or two miles.

Words cannot paint the miseries that Saunders went through. They were not physical miseries, for he was well sheltered, well clothed, not overworked, and was spared the humiliation and pain of the raw recruit, who learns for the first time to bestride a bare-backed horse. Saunders was an old hand at steeplechase, and had little to learn, save a few technicalities.

He did not even see Madge for three days, but was induced to overcome his predetermination to call upon her. He saw within an hour after he had stepped upon the reservation that he would hardly be welcome. It was enough not to be able to see his divinity; it was infinitely worse when, at last, he met her. She gave a great gasp and start, blushed, and returned the bow, with just the slightest nod and condescending smile. He saw with dismay that he was to her simply a menial—that he could not dare to overstep the line which divided them.

He got over his desire to shoot himself every time he was given an order in her hearing after awhile. He watched her flirtations with a gorgeous first lieutenant in bitterness of spirit, and the thought dawned on him that she was not true; but he hoped she would leave the first lieutenant when he (Saunders) should have won his spurs. But even the spurs seemed far away; he had come to understand that the jump from the uniform of an enlisted man into that of an officer is a difficult feat, or was in those days, and no chance for physical prowess presented itself. Morally he was as brave as only a man in love can be. He would have killed himself had he not been.

More courage than to carry a standard to the cannon's mouth did it take for him to obey the first order to "police," with a fatigued party, the back yards of the officers' quarters. To "police" is army for cleaning up, and it is left, as a general thing, to the prisoners who happen to be in the guard-house. But at this time there were very few prisoners, not more than one or two, for the men had been upon their good behavior. It being almost two months since the paymaster's last visit, and no cash left to be expended upon whisky at the sutler's. So Saunders sallied forth in fatigues suit—overalls and coat of canvas—and helped the others to sweep with stable brooms and to shovel up the back yards.

In the Colonel's yard he was mercifully spared meeting Madge—it would have been, he thought, the last straw—and he did not know that from behind her filmy curtain she was watching him with amusement and pity, the while she turned about on the third finger of her left hand a large solitaire ring, and wondered what he would say when he heard of her approaching marriage to the dashing young lieutenant.

Then the police party went on its way and came at last to the yard of that very lieutenant. There was a half sheet of note paper in one of the piles of dust and rubbish which had been swept up. Saunders noticed this—noticed, though it was crumpled, that the writing upon it was Madge's pointed scrawl. He picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. It was not an honest thing to do, but he did not stop to think—he only wondered what a note of hers was doing in this man's back yard and what was in it.

When he got back to the barracks he read the note. There was enough therein to make him understand that Madge—his Madge—for whom he had given up everything, for whom he had endured so much humiliation, was to be married in one week to that first lieutenant; that she was in love—desperately in love—with him, and did not hesitate to say so. Was the man in love with her? If he was, why did he crumple up and throw away a note for which Saunders would have given his very soul?

Then Saunders looked about him with eyes opened by despair. He saw at last the barrier of caste in all its height and strength; he saw what he had done, and he shuddered. There were but two ways out of this unless he waited until his enlistment was up—four and a half more years—and that he could not do. He would kill himself, but he was young, remember; it was not to be lightly done. And—he could desert. To his mind a deserter was not what it is to a man who has been long in the service—all the

disagree of it did not occur to him. If it had been explained to him he could not have grasped the full horror of it. So he waited his chance for four days, and then "bolted," as his comrades termed it. He went away from the railway, thinking that he would put those who were sent after him off the scent, and after a day or two circled round to reach the troop road, which would lead him far from all this.

On the third day, as he trudged onward to the railroad, dodging like a hunted criminal behind every clump of mesquite or greasewood, he was overtaken, his hands tied behind him, and marched back to the post under guard.

At a turn of the road the party drew aside and waited for an ambulance to pass. The soldiers saluted the officer inside.

Saunders could not salute; his hands were tied. He knew the officer—it was the first lieutenant; he was going to the station with his bride. Madge looked out and saw the deserter—saw him and turned her head. —San Francisco Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass in made from colloidal wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Fraser in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus olivaceus) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that micro-organisms capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1800 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

Cheap Meals.

Two English institutions, framed in the interests of workmen, might well be adopted in our large cities. In London, Liverpool and half a dozen other places there are located in the main streets handsome coffee palaces, where a cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, and a slice of bread and butter can be obtained for three cents. There are other cookeries to which a workman takes the slice of raw meat he will bring with him from home in the morning. In the noon hours this is cooked for him on a gridiron, and he is supplied with knife, fork, salt and pepper for three cents. Six ounces of bread with butter can be added for six cents. —St. Louis Star Sayings.

Fig Growing in California.

For 1891 the output of cured figs in California was 380,000 pounds. The increase since that time has not been as rapid as in other branches of production, so that it is not likely that a million pounds of unmerchantable figs are yet produced in that State. The quality of the product has, however, greatly improved, and the prejudice is favor of the improved article is slowly giving way, so that all conditions are favorable to an almost unlimited production. —New York World.

It is said that a person who has taken 500 feet under water will never again be taken there. —Chicago Tribune.

Get the News
at the
Lowest Price.

HOME NEWS

Dr. C. W. Harkins has been appointed post master at Academy.

Dr. at Huttonsville, Jan. 18th. Mrs. Hutton, aged mother of Col. H. Hutton.

Mr. S. M. Gay is putting Dr. McClintic's cherry on the river bank at the Levi (Gay) wharf.

The highest winds of the season prevailed last Friday night, smashing the glass front of the drug store.

Mr. Withrow McClintic has just returned from a business trip to Rouseville and Corvinton. On his return he came from Rouseville to his home in eight hours.

The New market Riding and Driving association, of Mingo, will have a steeple chase, on point to point race, on February 15th. The highest jump will be over a barrier of about five feet.

Capt. Roake piloted an immense raft past Marlinton last Tuesday evening for Callison and Dr. McClintic. Quite a number of rats have been tied up near the Falling Spring dam the past week waiting for a suitable tide.

Haui! What is hard? To beat my price—Easy! What is easy? To secure the bargains I am offering in Ladies' Wimps and Hats, Gents' Overcoats and Suits.

P. Golden.

Porter Kellison and John Atkins about a year since leased a piece of land on Buck's Run for six years, built a comfortable cabin, raised an excellent crop of corn, and one of the best gardens in the community. One head of cabbage weighed 27 lbs. The tomatoes were very fine. So these young men are keeping bachelor hall on good and full rations.

Last week a fox driven desperately by hunger came right into this town and captured a chicken which was roosting in its owner's back yard. He returned the second night and pulled the tail feathers out of an old hen. The old hen seemed mortified to death the next day. Judging from his track, the fox was a big one.

The town has two rival literary societies which are both flourishing. The members of the young society, waylaid, and snowball, and the president of the older society last Friday night. He took refuge in a convenient law office, and was kept freed until two o'clock next morning. It is exceedingly painful to be snowballed on a dark night, when you are carrying a lantern.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. R. M. Beard, agent for the "Powerless Feed Grinder," found in another column. This is a machine which is selling like wildfire. It grinds any grain and will make good corn meal or crush corn in ear. With it Mr. C. E. Beard prepares feed for over a hundred head of cattle. Farmers can save the amount of cost in feed till the first year.

Mr. John Levisay near Frankfort, died last Thursday at an advanced age, of general debility. He was a person highly esteemed in all the relations of life. For many years he was a communications member of the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Dr. S. Levisay and Mr. Levisay of Huttonsville are the daughters, and Mr. Allen Levisay is a son of the late Mr. Levisay, one of the early settlers.

The *Greenbank Independent* has had some articles on the subject of protecting sheep. The articles are in the form of a letter to the editor, and are very good. The editor of the paper is a very good man, and the paper is a very good one.

From the following local from the *Hinton Independent-Herald* it seems that none of the St. Lawrence Company's logs passed on into New River at the breaking of a part of the boom by the ice:

"A telegram was received here last Friday by Mr. Clarke James, stating that the Rouseville boom had broken and 15,000 logs were coming down with the current. A great many of our boatmen, anxious to earn the 40 cents each offering for their capture built large fires along the bank and sat up all night to await their coming. Alas! not a log came. Presumably they had all been stopped at Lowell and other points above. Several of our citizens earned quite neat little sums that day and the day before as the result of their skill in log catching and boating."

For sale by E. H. Moore & Co., Academy, W. Va., corn, wheat and oats at the very lowest price for spot cash. Salt, \$2.25; Arbee-kle Coffee, 25c; Coal Oil, 18c; Granulated Sugar, 15 lbs for \$1.00; Calicoes, 5 to 7c; Gingham, 5 to 10c; Best cotton, 8c; Cotton yarn 85c a bale; Honey Drip Syrup, 45c per gallon. Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes as low as the lowest. Every thing else in proportion.

The first impressions of children who have never seen snow are often very comical. Mr. F. Hubbell, whose little daughter Fannie, a bright little girl of about four, is a citizen of the State of Mississippi. When she first saw the snow she ran to her mother to come and see the "Sugar on the roof."

DIED: on Swago, Saturday, the 19th, inst., John Wiford, aged 57 years. He leaves a widow and four young children to mourn his loss. He was a member of the Methodist Protestant church, and was buried at Bethel church Monday afternoon. Services by Revs. Hart and Price.

Personal.

Capt. Smith is jollier than ever, since the company came out so well with the ice and logs.

Mr. Peter Hill, of Innox, did not call at this office last week. No, not at all! But he sent in two dollars on subscription, and that answered the purpose every bit as well.

Mr. Levi Gay is a man after our own heart. He supports this paper by taking quite a club list of subscribers, and ever and anon he contributes towards "the success of the Times."

Dr. McClintic, and Wm. Callison, Esq., were here on Monday.

J. E. Barlow, Esq., of Edray, was in Marlinton on business on administrator of the Josiah Barlow estate.

Mr. T. McClintic, treasurer of Bath County, is visiting his brother, Dr. McClintic, at Academy.

Mr. Forrest Beard, of Academy, was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. N. J. Brown and E. I. Holt made a business trip to Marlinton on Tuesday.

Youth and beauty enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. H. A. Yeager on the evening of the 23rd. Dancing and other amusements made up the attractions and all spent a most delightful time.

J. A. Wiley, Esq., of Green Bank, was in our town on Wednesday.

Dr. Levisay, of Clover Lick, passed on his way to visit his daughter Mrs. McNeil who is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Coal on Locust Creek.

All the good people will be thus-ly warned to learn that coal has been found on the river ridge of the Greenbank River near Locust Creek, in the lower end of the county. A warning to all their eyes and ears as well as to their feet and feet. Mr. T. F. Levisay, of Locust, has been making a most excellent quality of coal, and is now offering it for sale at a low price. The coal is of the best quality, and is now being sold at a low price. The coal is of the best quality, and is now being sold at a low price.

Hillaboro.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood at present.

Mrs. Battle Burgess, wife of Mr. Wm. H. Burgess, of this place, died on the 15th, inst., of consumption, aged 62 years. During the last week of her illness she suffered intensely, but bore it with surprising fortitude. She was a member of the M. E. Church South, an Exemplary Christian, a devoted wife, a kind and loving mother, possessing many noble qualities of mind and heart, she stood high in the estimation of all who knew her. The bereaved husband and children have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Little Charles son of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Kinolson died on last Friday morning aged about 3 years. "Gone! from a world of pain and woe, Gone! from death—from sin's alloy, Gone! from temptations, wiles and joy, Gone! Gone! from grief to endless joy."

Mattie Tibbs wife of Howard Tibbs (Col.) gave birth to a male child on the 15th, who lived until the next day and died.

On Wednesday the 16th, at the residence of James Goff near here, Mr. Wm. Pitt and Earle Blankenship, were united in marriage by the Rev. A. C. Hamill. May they safely weather life's tempestuous sea.

Mr. Madison Woods, living on Hill's Creek does not have the trouble of putting up ice; a short distance from his house there is a large cave, the entrance to which is perhaps 20 feet wide, and 6 feet high; running through it there is a small stream of water also some pools of water which freeze solid during extremely cold weather making a large quantity of good ice which does not entirely melt away until the latter part of July. This cave has the usual complement of "donkeys," "chambers," "passages," "spits" etc. and in point of smoothness and uniformity of the same rivals all the caves in that section of country.

Mrs. Mary Sydnatricker and Mrs. Lillian Large left for Frankfort on last Friday morning to attend the burial services of their father Mr. John Levisay who died on the 18th, inst.

Mr. Wm. Holz while chopping wood last week made a mischievous cut at his left foot.

Our Post Mistress, Mrs. A. S. Clark whose efficient management of the post office has often been the subject of remark, was removed recently because of her political views, and O. W. Eskridge appointed in her stead.

The Free School closed here on last Friday.

JENKINS.

Dunmore.

Cold and slickery.

We have on the sick-list Miss Leann McLaughlin, Mrs. N. D. Sweetser, Mrs. Geo. N. Tacy, and Mr. Ellis Curry. Dr. Austin is rendering medical aid.

Judge Moore leaves to-day for Clifton Forge, to be gone a month or so.

The little boys have had quite a lot of fun the last week or two, sliding down the hills. Judge Moore says it is not a violation of the constitution for a boy to slide down a hill and tear the seat out of his pants; provided the old man does not take him to the woodshed and talk to him with a bed-stick. It is a little hard on the bed-stick sometimes.

Mr. Ed Kilian moved this week to Point. This leaves an empty house and blacksmith shop to town.

Rev. John A. Taylor has turned out to be a fireman, he is now firing an engine.

Prof. J. T. Miller was in town last week. He will return in the spring and teach a singing school or two.

Prof. Samuel Adams has a singing class at Green Bank.

Mr. Wash Oliver was out to Gov. Orr last week with a wagon. He had to shovel snow one day on Cheat Mountain.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was among our people last week looking after the berry crop.

Miss Jane S. Walker closed her school here last week, and will return to her home in Lynchburg.

W. A. ... came to town to the ...

The Problem Department.

To use a homely but very suggestive expression, the editor of this department "busted" on a certain problem given recently. That problem was "What two numbers have for their product 353,925, and for their sum 1,254?" Owing to a typographical error, Mr. S. C. Asstia of the Lewisburg Graded School answered that the problem was not capable of solution from the numbers given. Not knowing that the difficulty was occasioned by an error of the compositor, we blithely declared that it could not be solved except by guesswork, and so implicitly are we trusted that ninety-nine of a hundred of our readers didn't know but what we were right. It turns out, though, that it is "an example of quadratic equations" from solutions received from Mr. Asstia and from Mr. Richard K. Meade, the able journalist in the employ of the *Hinton Independent Herald*, and Mr. James Barueti, of Distwood.

We have on our table a number of lengthy solutions of which we despair of giving any thing but the answers.

Mr. H. C. Correll, of the Lewisburg Graded School, sends us the solution by algebra, and Mr. J. B. White, one of our veteran teachers the solution by arithmetic of the two problems given in our last:

1. Three men own a grindstone, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter: how much must each grind off to get an equal share, allowing 6 inches waste for the aperture? Ans. 2.822 in, 3.621 in, and 6.557 in.

2. A, B, and C are joint owners of a farm. C's share is worth \$400, A's share is $\frac{1}{3}$ of B's, and the sum of their shares is $\frac{1}{8}$ the value of the farm. Find the value of the shares held by A and B. Ans. A's share, \$300; B's share, \$900.

In answer to the first problem, in which the heirs of every man who owns a grindstone must be vitally interested, a man who was evidently suffering from an "unknown quantity" of something, suggests that we weigh the grindstone and each grind off his number of pounds. This appeals to the editor's sense of stoicism.

Mr. Wallace Jackson, of Marlinton, and Miss Emma Burner, of Green Bank, also send correct solutions to the first problem above.

We are going to change the name of this department to that of the "Want Column," under which we propose to ask those famous questions which "a wise man can't answer," and to fight a little more shy of mathematics.

Clover Lick.

Snow scarce, but snow in plenty. Sunday of the 13th, was cold. Thermometer 10° below the cold place. Godfrey Geiger says the mercury in his thermometer was frozen up in a ball.

Mr. P. Gohin passed on his way to Linwood. He was accompanied by J. H. Doyle. The road across the mountain is difficult to travel and must be opened up.

Mr. Frank Hamilton passed the other day with a large drove of hogs, which he butchered. This pork is for sale.

We are glad to note that Mr. Mac McAlpin, the old gentleman, is improving slowly.

Mr. Phil Kramer, and J. H. Doyle captured two raccoons from one tree the other day.

Mr. Levi Beverage and Henry Waugh dug five polecats from one den, and left the sixth one in. Fur buyers should come to Clover creek for we Democrats intend to make the fur fly.

Mr. Jobu Beverage killed three fox-hounds the other day, two of Capt. Allen's, and one of Dr. Liggett's, which were killing his sheep.

John Shumsherry, and Howard Weeks had sheep killed, by Mr. Meek's dogs. The dogs were killed. Burnett Hambrick killed his dogs for killing sheep.

Hobbs, Beverage caught a fox with his hounds last week.

UNPUBLISHED.

THE COMING WOMAN.—Miss ...

Information Wanted.

The following from Rev. A. C. Hamill will explain itself:

Information wanted in regard to Bullard Brown who was a soldier in the Confederate army during the late war, and who died near the "Little Levels" in Pocahontas county, at the home of a widow lady by the name of either McJoy, or McClintic. The object of this inquiry is to ascertain if possible the place of his burial and locate his grave. Any one able to give information in regard to this, will please communicate with me at Academy, Pocahontas county, W. Va.

A. C. HAMILL.

Green Bank.

We are having very changeable weather this winter, which is very unhealthy, but the health of this part of the county is good.

Mrs. George Tacy, of Buck Alleghany, is on the sick list, Dr. Asstia attending physician.

Mr. Wardell Arbogast came home last week from Front Royal where he had been attending school, on account of fever in the school.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this vicinity, this week a few days haying cattle and sheep.

Mrs. W. H. Hall is able to be out about the house a little.

Mr. Ellis Curry has been confined to his room for some time with rheumatism, but is better at this writing.

C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice!

To my Patrons of Edray and Vicinity:—I wish to say I am better prepared at present to meet your wants in everything that pertains to the mercantile trade than I ever was while in business at Edray, and will make it to your advantage to come to Marlinton to trade with me. I will make special bargains to repay you for your extra trouble.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of same, I remain, yours anxious to please,

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton W. Va.

Order of Publication.

AT rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas, on the first Monday in January, 1895.

R. S. Tork, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs.

Janice B. Skiles, et al., depts.

The object of the above styled suit is to enforce a vendor's lien for three bonds of Janice B. Skiles of the following dimensions and dates, viz: One for \$500, dated the 5th of April, 1886, due fifteen months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th of April, 1886, due twenty seven months after date, with interest after ninety days from date.

One for \$500, dated 5th day of April, 1886, due thirty nine months after date, with interest on the same after ninety days after date. For which bonds a vendor's lien is retained in a deed from the defendant James R. Apperson and his wife to the defendant, Janice B. Skiles, of date the 5th day of April, 1886, and recorded in the clerk's office of the County Court of the said Pocahontas County, on April 6, 1886, which bonds aforesaid were assigned and transferred to the plaintiff as Trustee, on the 7th day of September, 1886, which vendor's lien aforesaid rests upon two parcels of land lying in the town of Marlinton, said county, and more particularly to contain one-half acre each, and to enforce which vendors lien a sale of the land will be asked to be decreed by the said Circuit Court.

And it appearing from an affidavit filed that the defendants, Janice B. Skiles, Thomas M. Skiles, and Richard Skiles are non residents of the State of West Virginia it is ordered that they do appear here within ten months after the date of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in said suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of said Court, this 16th day of January, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, M. E. Tork p. q. Clerk.

DIPHTHERIA CURE

WONDERFUL NEW REMEDY FOR A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

Dr. Roux, the French Savant, Tells How the Serum of the Blood of Horses Has Saved Thousands of Human Lives in France.

I have visited the laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a New York World correspondent found Dr. Roux who is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as the correspondent asked him as "the man who is saving 100,000 lives a year in France."

"Paris," he said, quickly, "you must not say that. It is true that diphtheria and croup claim more than 30,000 victims every year in this country. It is a fact that out of 115 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of these terrible maladies

"I will repeat substantially what I said at the Medical Congress at Bordeaux the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chailion, and I, mainly, after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportion the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup, that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond peradventure now. But what we wish specially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy, the moment the diphtheria declares itself. Otherwise we shall continue to have such discouraging results as at the Transvaal Hospital.

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quincy,

poor children here when the family doctor says that the attack has become so serious for him and that the patient must go to the hospital, the remedy



DR. ROUX.

is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria.

"How did you happen to hit upon the serum of the blood of the horse as a remedy for diphtheria?"

"We never came upon anything by chance, here," answered Dr. Roux. "Everything is the result of patient, even wearisome research. I first became connected with Pasteur when he was experimenting with a view to the discovery of the anti-hydrophobic vaccine. Naturally we experimented upon all kinds of animals, and I cannot say some facts about the horse which led me later to choose that animal as the one for the anti-diphtheria experiments. Then came the moment of those terrible first experiments upon human beings with Pasteur's cow vaccine matter. The good old savant, engrossed in his researches, had omitted to put himself right with the local faculty of medicine in the matter of his grades, and he was forbidden to undertake the vaccination of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs without the assistance of a doctor who would assume the responsibility for the operations."

"Did you feel any trepidation when you undertook the task and supervised and made yourself responsible for the first vaccinations?"

"I never had a moment's hesitation, nor an instant's doubt. And the triumph of Pasteur's principles in successfully grappling with hydrophobia by vaccination was a proof to my mind that the other victories now at hand could be achieved."

"And how do you obtain the serum?"

"Well, we will now return to our friend, the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheritic serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the 'toxine' much better than the dog or other ruminating animals. Nothing is easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood from which a perfectly lipoid serum separates."

"And is the horse sacrificed?"

"Not at all. The operators of the Pasteur Institute have horses from the jugs of which they have drawn blood more than twenty times, and the vein remains as supple as at the first drawing. The animals used for this purpose are nearly all young horses, sound and with excellent appetites. They are bled once a month, and at each operation a little more than four quarts of blood, capable of furnishing half that quantity of serum, is taken from them."

"Is there any cruelty in the operation?"

"No. The bleeding causes no pain, and the animal is not much weakened if the specified quantities are not exceeded. There is a 'but'—and here the doctor paused.

"Some drawback, do you mean?"

"The drawback of expense is the only one. I was about to say—'But' we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven nights of a part of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children could find the new cure a tremendous strain upon their resources were it not for the subscription which the figures have started, and which has already raised nearly \$50,000 francs. The money will be used to provide the most efficient of the serum. But I should like to tell you that we have given the serum for free to all who give it to the poor."

"If I am a child, could I get the serum?"

"Yes, if you have a sore throat, and if you are in danger of dying, you should go to the hospital, and you will get the serum for free."

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DRAWING BLOOD FROM THE JUGULAR OF A HORSE.

I have saved 115. That is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality from the old rates."

"It is wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

"The smile swept over the dark face again. 'Yet we are only on the threshold of success. At the Transvaal Hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be sixty-three per cent—think of it, monstrous, sixty-three per cent—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to twenty-four per cent."

"At the Hospital of the Enfants Malades," continued the doctor, "where I have been experimenting with my—shall I call it my discovery?—for three years, the average mortality has been lowered from eleven to six per cent. This is a good confirmation of the value of our remedy."

The young savant's face was now aglow with enthusiasm. Here was a man who took as much pride in saving life as an old general takes in destroying it.

The World correspondent asked Dr. Roux to tell how he came upon the serum, and he told of his discovery. "Tell me it is that you, pupil of the great Pasteur, have gone ahead of your master. If I were he I could flood his my heart to be jealous of you."

The doctor held up his hand with



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Gentle Reproof.

Among the many anecdotes which illustrate the rare character of William Augustus Mohlenberg is one which is told of him at the time he taught at Rushing Institute.

He was most onerous of his own faults, even before his scholars, where they were concerned in the circumstances. One of them, a young man very dear to him, often told in after years how, after administering a severe rebuke to him one day, Mr. Mohlenberg at night put into his hand a little box which contained money, and a brief note in which he deplored that he had "lost his temper in the morning, and spoiled his admonition by impatient tones and ugly looks."

The note went on to say, "These accounts are not to be settled between ourselves, but as a peace-offering, let me give you this Charity Box, in which I will add something every time I offend in a similar way, until about the use of which I promise not to inquire. By this penance of love, my intimates may at least be the occasion of your benevolence."

This arrangement, while it was undoubtedly a genuine expression of his grief and humility, may have also been one of his loving and ingenious ways of impressing upon the mind of his scholar the ground of the morning's reproof—the fault he wished to guard against and overcome.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have much faith in its curative powers that they offer (the Hundred Dollar) reward for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: J. C. Foley & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

In Hidden Times

People overlook the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.



Hypochondriacal, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 130 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending to cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

Faith Cures.

These very credulous people are strangely self-entitled until danger to life looms up, as when the chronic pains of many years endurance attack the heart, like Rheumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that Mr. Jacob Oil will cure, because it has cured all those painful ailments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cured, those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

It Is Of No Use

In saying that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tablets for themselves of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. Use tablets after relief.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. J. C. Foley's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25 cents per bottle.

Glass leads were early made in this country to train to the Indians.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles, Catarrh and Constipation. Laboratory, Hampton, N. Y.

Nickel has greater strength than iron when subjected to a breaking strain.

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In Rivers, Ponds, Wells, and other sources of drinking water threaten danger from malarial germs. This condition is usually found in the Fall, and it points to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus purifies the system from all these perils. It creates an appetite and gives sound and robust health. "I have

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
been using Hood's Sarsaparilla occasionally for the last three years. I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relief until I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have all confidence in it, and believe it to be far superior to any other tonic." P. J. FITZGERALD, 121 North St., No. Boston, Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all these ills. 25 cents.

PNU 40

76

What will cure your Headache? or your Dyspepsia? or your Biliousness?

These Tablets are sure to relieve. Tell your Druggist you want the **Ripans** Chemical Co.'s remedy; put up in convenient **Tabules**. Or Send 50 Cents for one Box. **Ripans Chemical Co.,** 10 Spruce St., New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST, NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH GUMMED SOLE.
\$3.50. FINE CALF SKIN. \$3.50. POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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\$2.50. 8-10-12-14-16-18-20. LADIES.
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You are sure money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.
Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which proves you get the best quality of the middle-man's profit. Our shoes are made with the best material and wearing quality. We have them all every where at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Tell us what you want. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

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Coughs and Colds,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and all forms of Coughs and Colds, are cured by

Scott's Emulsion

Coughs and Colds are cured by Scott's Emulsion, and all forms of Coughs and Colds are cured by

Weak Babies and Thin Children

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The most perfect food for infants and children is Scott's Emulsion.

It is the best food for infants and children, and it is the best food for infants and children.

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Something that has been needed
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They carry a complete line of
**HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-
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TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.
At Rockbottom Prices.
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For Sale.
I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles
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About 60 acres improved and
about 270 acres unimproved; a
greater part of this is finely timbered
with oak and hickory.
Title indisputable. Price and
terms reasonable. A good bargain
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call on or address **ERIAN BIRD,**
Marlinton, W. Va.

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Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done at short notice.

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The Low, Best, Fast Roof
can be put on any building
and will last for years.
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The Best, Fast, and
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any building and will last
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on any street or driveway
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\$10.00 (Size of Camera 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 in.)
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Junior.

A practical camera with which a mere novice can
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Fully equipped for hand or tripod work.
Adapted to roll film and glass plates; reversible
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when closed; handsomely finished and covered
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Price, with double photo holder,
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EASTMAN KODAK CO.
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G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
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All work guaranteed as to workman-
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Mending neatly done.
Olive me a call.

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day 1.00
per meal 25
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Good accommodations for horses
at 25 cents per feed.
Special rates made by the week or
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FEED, LIVERY
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SALE STABLES.

**First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
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Horses for Sale and Hire.

**SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
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A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
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J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE
Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1869
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.
N. C. McNEIL,
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For Sale.
I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles
from Marlinton on Greenbrier Riv-
er, this County. This farm is well
adapted to farming or grazing.
About 60 acres improved and
about 270 acres unimproved; a
greater part of this is finely timbered
with oak and hickory.
Title indisputable. Price and
terms reasonable. A good bargain
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Poor
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means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
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It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments,
Women's ailments.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments,
Women's ailments.

"Four hundred and more hands
in this mill two hundred and fifty
horse steam power. It is known to
the force of a single pound
weight what the engine will do;
but not all the calculations of the
national debt can tell me of the en-
ergetic for good or evil, for love or
hate, for patriotism or discon-
tent, for the decomposition of vir-
tue into vice, or the reverse, at any
single moment in the soul of one
of these, its quiet servants, with
the composed faces and the regu-
lated actions. There is no myste-
ry in it; there is an unfathomable
mystery in the meanness of them,
forever."—Dickens.

Kenos Douglas failed to get the
record in his case made off in time
to present his petition for a writ of
error within the forty days allowed
him by Judge Campbell for this
purpose. Consequently on Mon-
day night last the Sheriff, with two
guards—John D. Dwyer and Rus-
sell Pulliam—started with Douglas
for Moundsville. We are inform-
ed that the Stenographer got
drunk and thus delayed the copy-
ing of the record. Douglas suffered
the consequence, but the Steno-
grapher should be made to take
his place in the pen, at least for a
season.—Greenbrier Independent.

A HUSBAND said to his wife, my
dear, if I should find the dinner
cold and begin to fuss about it,
what would you do? She gave
him to understand that she would
make it hot for him before all was
over.

MANY a man is expected to be
the architect of his son-in-law's
fortune.

Money Needed.
All persons indebted to me will
please call at once and settle.
Your account is ready and you will
perhaps save yourself trouble and
cost by complying with this re-
quest. I cannot give further indul-
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S. W. HOLT.

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Prescriptions carefully compound-
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We invite everybody and promise
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The only store in the county mak-
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Come to us for what you want to
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All our stock is fresh and good
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Our Five and Ten cent counters
are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give
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everything to the grocery
line. Orders from a dis-
tance given special
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At country produce tables.

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PILES
The only cure for Piles
is the only cure for Piles.
The only cure for Piles
is the only cure for Piles.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. H. C. Osborn,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are free to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

Union Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.
Allen C. Smith, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

New Goods New Prices!

—IT IS HARD TO KEEP—

A Stock of Goods fully up in the town of Marlinton, as goods do not lie
on our shelves long, but we have taken a fresh, strong, alert
and have put in the

BEST AND FRESHEST STOCK

Brought into this county this year, and the most complete stock I have
ever handled in my mercantile experience.

**I GUARANTEE MY PRICES AS LOW OR LOWER
THAN ANY IN THE COUNTY.**

—EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries,
CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES,
GEN'L MERCHANDISE.

A Suit of Clothes and a beaver hat at less than you ever purchased them.

GREAT BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING

Remember the place—the big store of Marlinton.

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LIGHTNING
HOT
DROPS

CURES
Colic,
Cramps,
Diarrhea,
Flux,
Cholera
Morbus,
Nausea,
Changes of
Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of
Animals and
Insects, etc.
Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and 50c PER BOTTLE. No Return. No Pay.
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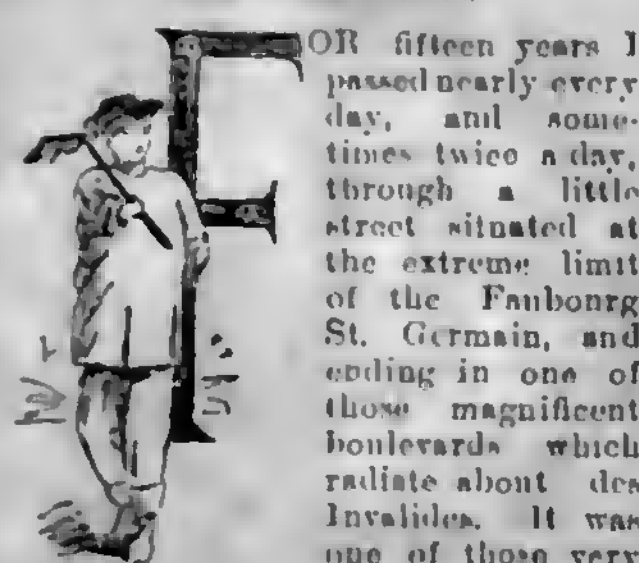
Come to the First Office for First Aid.

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When a man is a croaker to his
 It'll show,
 It'll show!
 When the land with cash is humbled,
 There's a money panic coming!
 When the sky is blue and bright,
 There's a hurricane in sight!
 And you'll know,
 And you'll know,
 It was him who told you so!
 When the crops are growing fine,
 They'll decline,
 They'll decline!
 When the weather's kinder and dry,
 All the best will melt the honey!
 When it's too late to start war,
 It will draw the cotton yet!
 And you'll know,
 And you'll know,
 It was him who told you so!
 It's a great one in his way
 Every day,
 Every day!
 He'll always prophesying
 You are either dead, or dying!
 And no matter what you do,
 It's exactly as he says!
 And you'll know,
 And you'll know,
 It was him who told you so!
 —F. L. Stanton.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

BY FRANCES COPPEE.



FOR fifteen years I passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs, in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one which even more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a gravelled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's lodge nor porter's lodge—nothing but that nest to the foliage.

The pavilion was uninhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always carefully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in a black livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hostess of the deserted house?

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only by three gas jets far apart, which shined in the heated air, was absolutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the garden. All nature was dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman came out of the open door, and I saw the face of the hostess.

She was a tall, slender, blonde woman, with a pale, almost white complexion, and a pair of large, dark eyes. She was dressed in a simple, elegant manner, with a high collar and long sleeves. She looked at me with a calm, steady gaze, and then turned away without a word.

I stood there for a moment, wondering who she was and what she was doing. Then I remembered that I had never seen her before, and that she was the only person I had seen in the garden since I had moved into my new house.

I decided to go back to the house, and when I reached the door, I found it unlocked. I went in, and found that the house was empty. I looked around, but saw nothing unusual.

As I was about to go back to the garden, I heard a sound behind me. I turned, and saw the woman standing in the doorway. She looked at me for a moment, and then she said:

of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get home.

Some days afterward I was in the Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animated discussion upon music. I praised popular airs, which spring spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air?" I asked Prince Khaloff, a young Russian with whom I was very intimate. "I shall never forget it," I said warmly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having had such a rare treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Drontheim, away out in Norway, and the beautiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago, when she made her debut in St. Petersburg—that Stolberg was the rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the great stars of the century if she had not so suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love for Count Basil Lohannof, at that time my comrade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission and left Russia without saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his wife; but we were ignorant of the place of his retreat till you now revealed it by chance."

"So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Say rather for a great passion!" cried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous flirtations when she met Lohannof. I was there in the green room on the evening when Basil—who, I should tell you, is as handsome as a god—was presented to her, and I saw the divine pale with emotion, even under her powder and paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. But immediately he became as jealous as a Muskulman—yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a sombre look over the house. That look seemed to express a desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil—sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her—and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead in love. But I will wager that Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the result of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lohannof the poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which he keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the busy times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly."

The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Miss Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who sings so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of pulmonary consumption."

I had never seen Stolberg. Once only had I heard that incomparable voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfilment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew from the whole mystery of the deserted house. It was there that the poor woman had been guined and been abandoned, and to love, no doubt, but at the same time by the captivity to which she was subjected by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, she was a victim of her own passion, and she had been abandoned by her husband. I felt that I had been deceived, and that I had been deceived by a woman who had been abandoned by her husband.

The other day I saw the ruin again: the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked to gether, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Indeed, my dear fellow, you will never see anything but a poor Basil to marry again, the father of those children, and he'll be the first to marry to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"I'm afraid I shall not do it," I said, laughing.

"Oh, my dear fellow, I think he was as well as you are!"

"But I don't go with the Jackson party! Oh, the poor little man! I don't like him at all, and I don't like his wife either."

singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lohannof.

"Behold, you people of imagination!" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this woman's voice, and you feel a posthumous love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but I have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey. I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live no longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not common, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. Take heed, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that shade of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lohannof is dead.'"

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house. The shutters were closed; the dead leaves of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autumn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced their way through the gravelled walk. The work of destruction had begun.

Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I saw it decay, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards snuggled themselves on the wall; the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated; the rose-bushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geraniums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were discoloured even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot!

Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lohannof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen absolutely into ruins. The great tree which was near the house, and whose foliage was no longer kept in check by trimming, had thrust one of its immense branches through the window. The shutters had fallen off, and the tree had pushed its way into the interior of the disembowelled house. There might be mushrooms within and even grass growing on the floor of the saloon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to the last stages of decay, I thought, abandoning myself to a romantic reverie,—"It is better that it should be so. If it had heard of the count's death, the heir would doubtless have caused steps to be taken at once for its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally, and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lohannof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love nest, and keeps it from profanation."

The other day I saw the ruin again: the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked to gether, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Indeed, my dear fellow, you will never see anything but a poor Basil to marry again, the father of those children, and he'll be the first to marry to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"I'm afraid I shall not do it," I said, laughing.

"Oh, my dear fellow, I think he was as well as you are!"

"But I don't go with the Jackson party! Oh, the poor little man! I don't like him at all, and I don't like his wife either."

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seems that he forgot his dead love at once.

"Oh no," replied the prince. "Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

"But then the deserted house? What does that comedy signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.

"How severe you are, my dear!" replied the amiable Russian. "It is not a comedy, but it proves on the contrary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely and music of that voice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"—Translated for Romance.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The whistling buoy can be heard about fifteen miles.

Asiatic cholera is the most rapidly fatal thing known to medical science.

Carriages propelled by electricity derived from a storage battery are common in Berlin.

A French physician reports a case of hiccough successfully treated by taking snuff until sneezing was provoked.

Lightning is most destructive in level open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt.

A total absence of butterfly life in England is noted. Beyond an occasional white butterfly, there are none to be seen this summer.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of ten degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

The greatest earthquake on record within the limits of the United States occurred in California in 1872. For ten days the ground was continuously agitated, not being perfectly quiet for as long as a single minute.

At the meeting of the German Congress of Natural Science in Vienna, Professor Boltemann delivered an interesting lecture on aerial locomotion. He predicted the greatest success for the application of aeroplanes.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at a recent hygienic congress at Budapest, asserted that in the Paris hospitals seventy-five per cent. of the children inoculated with Behring's anti-diphtheritic serum (from horses) were saved, while of those not inoculated sixty per cent. died and only forty per cent. survived.

Released Her Imprisoned Foot.

A woman crossing a network of railroad tracks in Long Island City not long ago stepped on a frog, which was unlocked, and pinioned her foot securely. There was possibly no danger from an approaching train, for there were many men about, but her position was not comfortable.

Her cries attracted assistance to her side, and the group of men began suggesting first one thing, then another to release the foot. "Here, n'listen, jerk!" suggested one. "Slide your foot forward," said another. "The woman tried, but could not move her foot."

"No, that won't do," cried a third. "Get a crowbar. Get anything. We've got to pry it out." At this the woman became hysterical, and the men all grew nervous. Several ran up the track, and several down to signal any approaching train.

Just then, when the situation was high, a railroad employe crossed the track, swinging a tin dinner pail. "What's the matter?" he asked of one of the men. "The actress was as-plained to him. Everything had been tried, but no result, and he thought he would try a little."

"Why don't you release the actress?" he said, and taking a bit of the pail he went to the foot. No one had the thought that the tin pail was a crowbar, and in a few minutes the half-faithful woman was able to pull her foot from the frog, and a slight tug released the latter.—New York Herald.

Gram traveling a Square.

Some grass growing has been found in a square in New York City, and it is said that it is the first time that grass has ever grown in a square in New York City.

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COUNTRY'S MOVING.

Say your say and sing your song—
 Country's moving right along—
 Spring or summer—fall or snow,
 Country's always on the go!

Puffin', blowin',
 Hot, or snowin',
 Always goin',
 Goin'!

Say your say by night or day—
 Country's happy on the way—
 Some of weather, spite of crops,
 Always goin'—never stops!

Puffin', blowin',
 Makes a showin',
 Always goin',
 Goin'!

Stormy skies, or weather fair,
 Country's got the roadway clear—
 Storms may howl, or bells may chime,
 Country's goin' all the time!

Puffin', blowin',
 Hoopin', snowin',
 Always goin',
 Goin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man wants but little here below—
 woman wants the rest.—Truth.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.—Athenian Globe.

With most people, success has a strong tendency to destroy belief in luck.—Puck.

He—"I hear that you are going abroad in a month?" She—"Not much—in a boat."—Truth.

He—"I'm telling you the honest truth." She—"Is there dishonest truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Popularity is one of the most vague and undefined possessions that man acquires.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man goes into business, everybody wonders "where on earth he got the money."—Athenian Globe.

This great old world is funny.
 But we love it by degrees.
 The best first sight the honey,
 Then we want it from the bees!—Atlanta Constitution.

The trouble about the trials of this life is that a fellow always wants to render his own verdicts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visitor (discovering acquaintance)—"Hello, what are you here for?" Prisoner (briefly)—"For six months."—Detroit Free Press.

The Author—"I trust you enjoyed my play?" The Parvenu—"Yes, indeed. The extracts are so delightful."—Chicago Record.

Noticed our bleeding was the man
 Who over the car's front took a seat,
 No broken bones had he, although
 He'd fallen over forty feet.—Puck.

"I want a position for my son as an editor?" "What are his qualifications?" "Failed in everything else."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Did you tell your mistress that I called yesterday when she was out?" Mail—"It won't be necessary. She saw you coming."—Inter-Ocean.

"Flossie has accepted that horrid old Goldbeap. What do you suppose she was thinking of?" "Hottie—"Terrible, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is oversteeringly dancing you?" Biker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

Old Lady (proudly)—"My boy is a hustler all the time, but he is bumping himself here lately." Visitor—"Is that so? What bicycle does he ride?"—Detroit Free Press.

Now all the college boys bewail
 Upon their hair and muscle
 Consummate care, because they know
 In football they must battle.—Washington Star.

Minka—"There is one great objection to onions." Winka—"What's that?" "They are wholesome." "Do you consider that an objection?" "Certainly. People who are fond of them don't die half so soon as you'd like them to."—New York Weekly.

"Yes," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that women are the continental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've always noticed that when a couple get engaged it is the woman that first thinks of getting out how they are to live on his salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Indicative. "What makes you think Jack Young is going to propose to you?" "Why, we were dancing together eight and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. Ah, yes, he said 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Baltimore Life.

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EXIT SLIPS

Washington Booth says that the Salvation Army has grown in twenty-eight years from two persons to over a million.

Highly Priced States had as great a relative population as Japan, they would have a population of 900,000,000 people.

"The Count de Paris to dead and with him dies forever the hopes of the French Republic," exclaims the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Cleveland (Ohio) dry goods merchant is proposing to pay his salesmen a commission on the goods sold by each instead of a fixed salary. He says that the most of them would profit by the arrangement, and he expects an serious opposition to the plan on the part of the employees. He will pay six per cent.

The young woman who insisted upon using a Jersey Central Railway pass on a Pennsylvania Railroad train is a living document in the mass of papers bearing on the subject of women's equality with man. After having threatened the conductor, delayed the train, wept, made the passengers unhappy, she finally paid her fare and the business of the railroad was resumed. Could a man do that? asks the New York Sun.

Perhaps every part of this country that saw the infancy of the railway has traditions, suggests the New York Sun, of men that sat waiting with shot guns to prevent the engineers from surveying on their lands, and many a town of arrested development owes its despicability to some such opposition to early railways. The history of that time is now repeating itself in the opposition of folks here and there to the sudden extension of electric railways. The danger of frightening horses and the inconvenience to teamsters in a public road partly occupied by an electric railway are some of the arguments advanced against this new factor in civilization.

There is no accounting for tastes! A dentist died in a rural town in England a few days ago after spending fifty years in pulling the molars of his fellow citizens. He had made it a hobby to keep all the teeth which he had drawn in the course of his professional career, and took great pride in the collection. When his will was opened it was found that he had ordered the collection of teeth to be placed with him in his coffin for burial. His heirs fulfilled his command, and almost 30,000 were put in the coffin with the dead dentist. If some archaeologists of a future century shall happen to open the grave he will have "food for thought" and some difficulty, perhaps, in explaining the presence of so many teeth.

Says the New York Tribune: "Christianity appeared in Korea in advance of missionaries in 1777, come of the natives having received Christian books translated from the Chinese, in which the Jesuit precepts and teachings were set forth. In 1794 a Chinese Jesuit went thither and organized a little company of the faithful, but in 1801 he was slain. Thereafter, for thirty years, no missionaries came, but in 1835 they appeared again, French Jesuits this time, disguised as merchants, which in the Korean cities kept to the streets thoroughfares, and neither speak nor are spoken to by others. They ministered secretly to the little flock which remained, performing their religious ceremonies at dead of night in the Christian houses, but in 1859 were found out, and they were driven out. After an interval of thirty years, and in 1890 there were also missionaries, together with a number of converts, men, women and children, who were offered passage if they would share their faith, but all one was found to do this, and they were all beheaded. Since 1895 Christian missions work, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been prosecuted, but this resulted of it is not clear. It is said to show the influence of the way these travelers and missionaries were treated. If the blood of the martyrs is for the seed of the church, the harvest is that far-off and mysterious land might be an abundant one."

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm to my clench,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, gloom, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and joints are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To sooth the wright of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where he may be,
Or on the leader or on the rear,
By purring brook or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or aught in me.
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—From the Swedish.

DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FOMBERT GRAVER.



AND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous!"

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is, Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

Captain Renwick answered promptly.

"My sweetheart!"

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wilderness!" purred Kenneth. "The fairest of Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick.

"She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatman's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks shameless grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the Lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I—fancy my idiosyncrasy!—'if you will just row me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And after?" said Joyce.

"Howed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. Not it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It won't my doctor,' says he. 'It was Miss Perry.' Well, then I met her at the picnic. We waited together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I apologized," said Captain Renwick. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a perfect beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A former daughter once through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusion, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—"

"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piously. "Do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how brave your brother is? If parents should not to after this exposure—"

Captain Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a little apprehensive.

"Nonsense," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kenneth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her scraps, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the neilher millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

"My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigal son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him!"

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nylesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend, who will do me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these overhanging pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

"Mother, I won't," slowly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?"

"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he chose to set the doctor and his gallinies at defiance, what was to be done?

All that moment, however, there was a slight rustle down stairs.

"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ren, I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.

"Please, meen, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, staring at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.

"I am sorry to hear of your illness, Captain Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful blonde sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Captain Renwick was struck dumb. An electric thrill seemed to dart through every pulse and vein. But Joyce's eyes sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?"

Doctor Barton nodded, still intent on the enameled face of her watch.

"Ferdinand Barton. They call me Perry for short. Captain Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor?" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Doctor Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her notebook. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Captain Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain. "Pneumonia did not set in after all. Doctor Barton proved a true prophet and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart."

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?"

"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered. "And the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—"

"You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and, when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

A Much Traveled Cat.

"I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn puss went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 390 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese and Music.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the etherial sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, bears in the hands of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the internal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.—Philadelphia Press.

Some Remarkable Cases.

Here are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for a plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and heard, and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; and a forty-two elephant inserted his trunk into a grove of firs.—Victoria (British Columbia) News Journal.

CHEAPEST AND BEST FOOD.

INSTRUCTIVE BULLETINS BY THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Great Waste in Buying and Cooking Food—The Nutrition in Various Kinds of Food—Man's Need.

HOW will the coming months be fed? The Department of Agriculture has become interested in this question newly, and before long will publish a series of bulletins on the subject. They will be prepared by such well-known experts to this branch of research as Professor W. O. Winter and Dr. Edward Atkinson. The former gentleman has been engaged to conduct certain investigations and experiments of an original and highly scientific character. At the bottom of the whole inquiry lies the fact that the people of this country do not know how to choose the foods they eat or how to cook them afterwards. This burden of ignorance falls most heavily upon the wage-workers, who, taking an average among them, use one-half of their money to buy food with, this estimate not including the cost of cooking. The poor man wastes in purchasing provisions; his wife wastes in preparing it for the table. Dealers say that the demand for fish is actually increased to a considerable extent by the popular belief that it is good brain food. The reason for this is supposed to be that fish contains a great deal of phosphorus, an element that is more abundant in the brain and nerve than in other parts of the human body. But the fact is that there is no special abundance of phosphorus in fish. If there were, it would be of no importance. The widely circulated phrase, "Without phosphorus there is no thought," was originated by a German half in jest.

On one occasion the elder Agassiz delivered a lecture on the importance of fish culture—it was in Boston—and remarked in a joking way that fish was an excellent brain food. From this saying and from the oft-quoted phrase of the German scientist above referred to has been derived the accepted idiom on this subject. In truth, there is no cause whatever for believing that the eating of fish promotes cerebral activity. But, speaking of the relative value of foods, it is interesting to know that a pound of lean beef and a quart of milk as it comes from the cow contains about the same amount of nutritive material. However, the nutrients in beef are more valuable for ordinary use. Professor Atwater has invented a new contrivance for measuring the energy produced by various foods. The food selected for trial—a definite quantity of it—is burned in a vessel surrounded by water. A thermometer of extraordinary delicacy registers the rise in the temperature of the water, the quantity of which is known. Then an equal amount of the same food is burned in the human body. Of course, all food digested undergoes a process of chemical combustion.

It is a self-evident proposition that the cheapest food to buy is that which contains the greatest amount of nutriment for a given price. With a small equipment of knowledge on this subject the poor man could select his articles of diet in the market with a vastly greater economy. In other words, he could live much better for less money. He ought to be taught to select such foods as wheat flour, corn meal, beans, milk and the cheaper cuts of meats. To start with, it is not easy for him to realize that high-priced foods are in general uneconomical. The maxim that the best is cheapest does not apply to foods.

The average man, leading a moderately active life, requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He consumes thirty-seven ounces of water and absorbs in breathing thirty ounces of oxygen from the air. His total bodily income, therefore, is about eight pounds daily. What he needs for his support each day is four and one-fifth ounces of flesh-forming albumen, two ounces of fat—enough to make a fair-sized candle—seventeen and a half ounces of sugar and starch, four-fifths of an ounce of mineral matters—such as common salt, potassium, etc.—two quarts of water and 150 gallons of oxygen. So much water is contained in solid foods that we may be said to eat as much water as we drink. In order to supply the substances above mentioned, a man should eat daily twenty ounces of bread, eight ounces of beefsteak, thirty ounces of potatoes and one ounce of butter, with one quart of water—or the equivalent. A human being is composed mostly of water. The body of a man averaging 154 pounds contains twenty-six pounds or forty-six quarts of water. To complete his makeup must be added thirteen pounds of albumen, ten pounds of gelatine, twenty-three pounds of fat, eight and a half pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of calcium of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of chloride of sodium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesium, a trifle of chloride of potassium and a little ordinary table salt.—Washington Star.

The Odd Fellows of Mississippi have decided to build a home for the helpless ones of that Order.

WILD DUCKS

EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD WESTERN HUNTER.

Nothing in Wild Fowling to Equal the Charm of Chasing the Teal and the Mallard—Various Ways of Hunting Them.

WHILE the lover of grouse shooting looks forward with fond anticipations to the open season when he can pursue his favorite game, the pleasure he finds are not to be compared to those enjoyed by the hardy duck shooter. The latter is like the war horse which sniffs the battle from afar, for the leaden sky, the cool nights and the north winds are messengers to him telling him that the ducks will soon come. The discomforts and inconveniences he has to endure are among the sweetest of his recollections when he recalls the time he had among wild fowl. There is a rare charm about duck shooting which lessens all other shooting in the mind of the wild fowler. Tell to him the delights of woodcock shooting and he will say: "Bosh! who wants to tramp the island underbrush, where the mosquitoes are claiming possession of the land, and are singing the war cry of their tribes in your ears, or worse still, thrusting a bill into your face and boring you outrageously?" But ask him to go duck shooting, and his soul responds to your invitation, and he will tell you he has patched his rubber boots, has hidden his corduroy suit lest his wife should have the dirt and stains washed from it, has had shells loaded weeks before, and is ready to go on the shortest notice.

The season for duck shooting begins September 1 in the Northern and Western States, and when the day begins to break on that eventful date the marshes are disturbed here and there with splashing oars and creaking reeds which tell of the presence of many hunters.

The teal are among the first water fowl to afford good shooting. They are distinguished as the blue and green viop. The former are the larger and usually the more scarce. They are dainty little ones and love to bask in the sunshine of the marshes, or sit on some round bar, which one often sees to the winding creeks and sloughs. They seldom fly in pairs during the fall but feed in large flocks, and, as they swoop past the hunter's blind, a single discharge of the gun often results in the killing of from three to a half dozen birds. They love to drop into the little open places, which, from an elevation, gleam like silver in the bunches of rushes, and as the birds swoop along they will suddenly flit and dart, dropping into their watery coverts with a gentle splash, or as softly as feathers drifting into the sea.

Teal shooting can only be enjoyed when one has a good retriever in the marsh. Of course if the light is such that the birds fly over the open water, then a boat answers as well or better than a dog. But generally the birds desert over the rush tops, and as they go with great velocity they are frequently killed so they drop into the rushes and wild rice, where it is utterly impossible to recover them without a retriever. While the teal are difficult to hit on account of the great speed with which they fly, they are not treacherous of life and succumb to slight blows. The skillful hunter understands the necessity of holding his gun well ahead of the birds, for, while he knows the velocity of shot is much

often mistaken for it, for after the hunter has killed the bird he finds his mistake when picking the duck up. The gray ducks decoy splendidly and the wild fowler who is shooting mallards over decoys is always sure to have among his birds a good number of them. Their call is very similar to the mallard, but it is shriller and of a tenor tone, whereas, when a mallard opens up her throat and utters her loud quack, quack, quack, noisy and shrill and dying away gradually with each succeeding quack, the cry causes the hunter to clutch his gun nervously, for there is something in it that makes his blood tingle.

Mallard shooting begins at the open-

ing in this way, for the birds may change their line of flight, being frightened by some hunter who in his desire for birds forgets, if he ever knew, that there is an etiquette which established rules hold sacred among men in the field as well as other places.

The third and best way of shooting mallards is over decoys. These decoys are made of wood or rubber and imitate in appearance the kind of duck the wild fowler is seeking. Care should be taken in setting out these decoys, for they must simulate as nearly as possible the living birds in their habits and peculiarities. Ducks always alight against the wind, and



JUMPING BLUE WING TEAL.

ing of the season, and as these ducks breed in the marshes of the Northern States it is not unusual in Northern Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin to see a mallard with her brood in many of the little prairie ponds or sloughs where the rushes afford protection from prowling animals. At one time while hunting pinnated grouse in Eastern Iowa early in August my dog, which was an excellent one, came to a stand-point at the edge of a slough. I approached he had found a covey of pinnated grouse. On being urged on he pounced upon a young mallard duck and then he successively brought me six or eight which were two-thirds grown.

Mallards do not vary much in size; the males are larger and handsomer



GREEN WING TEAL.

than the females, and are always a special mark for the wild fowler. The teal in duck shooting frequently emphasizes the mallard he has succeeded in bagging by calling it "a big fat mallard." When a boy, the many mallards I used to kill were always "big and fat." Nowadays they are mallards pure and simple. There are many ways to hunt mallards and, at this season of the year, the methods employed are: First by jumping them. This is done at prairie ponds, where one can get near the rushes; then the frightened birds jump out and seek escape. Then, too, the jumping of mallards is done in marshes, when the wild fowler sits in the bow of the boat, and as the pusher propels the boat

mallards select the still water in preference to the rough. The decoys should therefore be placed so that the mallards will approach them coming up wind, for they fly much lower than and are less suspicious than when flying with the wind. If they come down wind they are harder to decoy, for they will then make a detour before alighting, and as they circle around they are suspicious and their sharp eyes will observe the slightest movement of the wild fowler. The more decoys used the better, for numbers seem to dispel all doubt. Mallards when first alighting rarely ever drop in a bunch; they alight apart, and after feeding to their satisfaction they oftentimes swim together, and if the day is warm three or four, sometimes more, will tuck their heads beneath their wings and doze the time away. It is such times as this when the pot hunter gets in his work and kills from six to a dozen at one shot.

The glories of mallard shooting are to be had early in the morning and up to nine o'clock, then from about five o'clock until dark, and when one finds the place where they have been accustomed to come in and feed undisturbed, it is nothing unusual for one gunner to bag from thirty to sixty. The writer has done this frequently, and, jointly with another, has killed over fifty in an hour. When decoys are to set out the experienced wild fowler takes everything into consideration which will aid to make him successful. The spot selected should be as isolated as possible, where the ducks have been accustomed to alight and feed or rest undisturbed for days or weeks. A feeding place should be chosen in preference to any other, for there the birds come in at times with perfect recklessness, and it seems impossible to keep them out. At such a time the hunter appreciates and enjoys the impossible. As the mallards fly up and down the marsh, undecided just where they will alight, their eyes are constantly watching for a place where other ducks have preceded them. They are companionable and like to associate with not only their kind but with other ducks, and when blue bills are bobbing on the rougher waters of the lakes outside the margin of the wild rice and rushes their presence seems to toll the wary mallards that in the recesses of the marsh and in proximity to the blue bills there are places where the mallards can find a feeding place and regale themselves on seeds and larvae, which may be skimmed from the surface of the water, or the wild rice, which is as fondly desired by the mallard as ice cream is by the budding woman.

As the mallards come within a few hundred yards of the decoys the wild fowler calls to them, imitating the cry of mallards when they are in the marshes enjoying seclusion and contentment. This call is made by using a duck call made especially for the purpose or by calling with the human voice. The duck shooter presses his lips and teeth together, and when the birds are within hailing distance he calls softly, "Me-emb," "Me-emb." This cry, if properly given, results in turning the birds toward the concealed hunter, and they fly toward the decoys. The mallards frequently answer these calls; if they do the hunter is sure to get a good shot if he remains motionless and concealed, and, as he watches the birds come to him with wings bowed preparatory to alighting, his heart throbs fast as his eyes rest on the rump and mottled female mallard and then on the splendid drake, whose deep green head and white band around his head draw first to him the hunter's eye. Just as the birds are over the decoys and their red feet are extended and ready to alight, and they are checking their satisfaction of finding this place, which they have long sought, the wild fowler selects his bird, a drake by all means, and, as one report rapidly follows another, the stricken birds fall limp and dead, while their mates at first frightened cries and seek escape to

rapid flight. It often happens that when two hunters are shooting from the same blind each will make a double, i. e., each kill his pair of birds.

The steel gun men in having good duck shooting is as the Irishmen said: "Plenty of very wet weather." Unless there is plenty of water in the marshes one cannot feel assured of getting the best of wild fowl shooting. If there are occasional ponds to be found throughout some extensive swamp ducks may frequent that swamp in great numbers, but the hunter will scarcely find them worth the seeking, for the marsh will be one vast bed of muck and the hunter will soon become tired and disgusted with the situation. The ducks seem to realize the protection they find amid such surroundings, and, instead of flying about, they remain in their secluded places and sip and feed and squawk from morning till night.

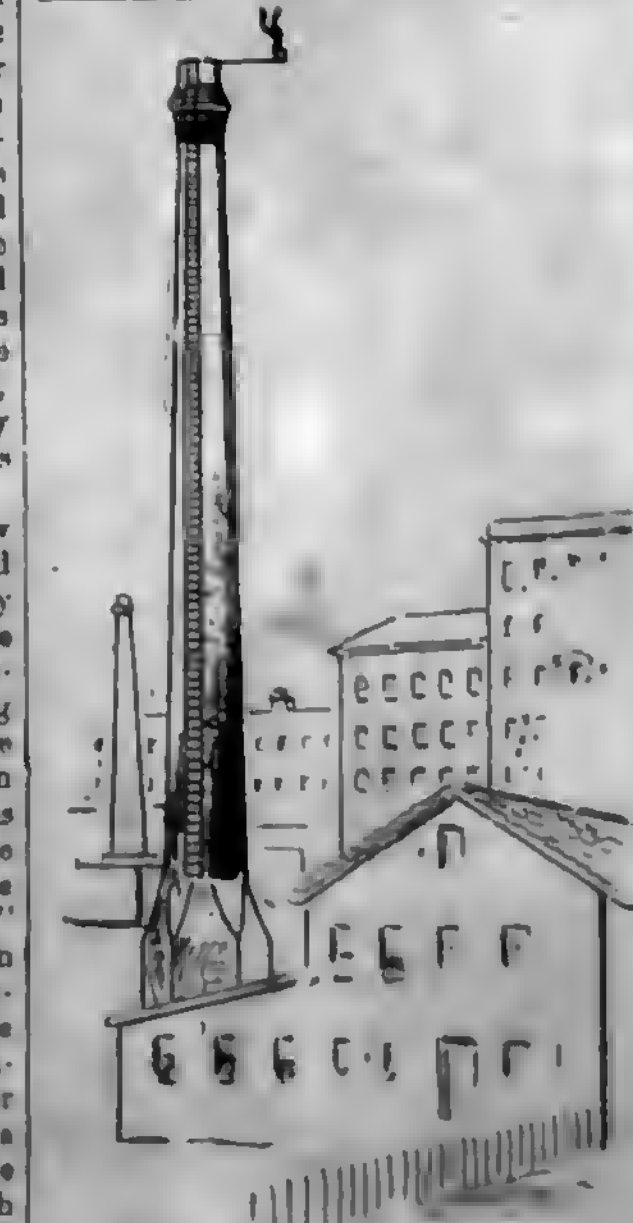
A well trained retriever is one of the greatest blessings the duck shooter was ever favored with. Such a dog is almost worth its weight in gold to the wild fowler, for in no other way can the hunter get his birds out of the thick rushes and wild rice. The dog must be obedient, have a good nose, be powerful and courageous. He must be of a neutral color. The best breed of dogs is the Chesapeake. They are a dead color of a faded buffalo robe; are not afraid of mud, rushes or ice, and will dive if necessary to get their bird. I have seen them retrieve a floating ice in a swift current and it was mere play for them. I have seen another mark where a goose fell and retrieve it from a distance of fully one-half mile, carrying a weight of twelve pounds in his mouth as if it was a stick.

The wild fowler of to-day has changed his ideas about the firearms he uses. The large bore, such as six or eight, are but seldom used, and the one who uses them now is decidedly behind the times. The favorite duck gun among expert shots is the twelve gauge hammerless, bored a full choke, shooting 4½ ounces of shot and 3½ drams of nitro-powder. Such a gun, with the load mentioned, is a far-killing weapon. Black powder is used but very little by the majority of sportsmen. The noise, the report and the smoke incident to black powder are mostly done away with when one uses nitro-powder, and one's pleasures are consequently enhanced. Nitro or smokeless powder has gun cotton for its foundation, and its advantages are slight recoil, very little noise and an almost total absence of smoke, thus enabling the shooter to use the second barrel quickly without interference from smoke, which from powder made of charcoal and saltpeter oftentimes prevents a second shot.—Chicago Herald.

Monkey Tricks in Midair.

John William Mayman, known throughout the country as "Steeple Jack," died at Fall River, Mass., recently. He had drunk heavily. Death was due to exposure.

Some time ago he finished building an addition to a chimney owned by the Smith Paper Company's mill, near Boston. The chimney is 130 feet high. Several planks had been drawn up and placed across the top to hold material, and an iron rod had been put through the top of the chimney. One Sunday afternoon Mayman had been drinking and went to the top of the chimney to show how steady his nerve was. Taking a stout plank he



STEEPLE JACK'S TERRIFIC FEAT.

inserted one end under the rod, letting the other end project into the air about eight feet. He first tried the plank with his foot, then walked along in the end, stooped, grasped the plank with both hands and stood on his head at the extreme end. All the spectators grew faint at the sight and most of them turned away, being unable to look at the terrifying performance.

Titles were used in houses in Rome 500 B. C.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO CARE A LAD OF MUTTON.

There are an endless difficulties in learning how to carve, and, with a little study and patience, any one may quickly learn to perform the task with sufficient skill to at least avoid remark, and every head of a household ought to make its study. It is not an easy matter to prepare a good dinner, but it is an easy matter to spoil the effect by hutchering the waste. Flattery is one of the foods an amateur carver thrives on, tell him how handsome his hands are and what graceful angles his palpitating elbows make in mid-air, and he may not throw grease beyond the carving net. It is not good form for the carver to remove his coat.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

HINTS FOR DUSTING DAY.

Dusting a room is not the simple matter lookers-on think it. It does not consist in wearing a pretty apron and so affective cap and waving a feather duster after the picturesque fashion of Phyllis to the plays. In fact a feather duster is one of the least useful implements a woman who intends to dust could find. It merely puts the particles of dust in circulation in the air and after while they all settle again on mantels and mirrors, pianos and chairs, to disconcert the housewife later when she finds callers gazing with admiration upon the all-over gray cloud that is spread over all her furniture.

A dust-cloth is the proper thing to remove dust from all wood and hard materials. A stiff brush should be used for upholstered furniture. It will remove dust from plush, tapestry and the like, set it moving about in the air and as smooth surfaces have a greater attraction for dust than rough ones, it will settle again on the tables and chairs. Then a soft, slightly damp rag will remove it. It is, consequently, always wise to brush the upholstered goods first, to allow a few minutes' intermission before dusting.

The trials of dusting day can be greatly reduced if the housewife will, during sweeping, put under cover all her bric-a-brac and books, and will, as far as possible, protect her upholstered furniture from dust by covering it with coarse sheets.—New York World.

SOUTHERN PICKLES AND SAUCES.

Oil Cucumber Pickles.—This very delicious compound is prepared as follows: Pare and slice four dozen cucumbers as if for serving on tables, put them into brine strong enough to bear an egg, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Slice a dozen or fourteen onions; cover with brine for two days. Shake off the brine thoroughly and arrange in a jar alternate layers of cucumbers and onions, adding to each layer one tablespoonful of mustard seed and a saltspoonful of celery seed. Pour olive oil and vinegar over each layer. The longer this pickle stands the better. If made in July, it should not be used till December. About one quart of olive oil is required.

Yellow Piccalille.—Five gallons of pure vinegar, one pound of red ginger, one pound of black pepper, one pound of horseradish, one pound of black mustard seed, one pound of garlic, two ounces of nutmeg, two ounces of mace, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of turmeric mixed with sufficient sweet oil to form a paste, two ounces of red pepper about a finger long, one dozen small hard heads of early York cabbage split in two pieces, one dozen clingstone peaches, two bunches of asparagus, twelve heads of small celery, one quart of green apples, one quart of small white onions, two dozen ears of corn about the size of the finger, and one pint of tender snap beans. Everything except the peaches, celery and sweet spices must be scalded, and remain in the water twelve hours, and then be dried in the sun, with salt sprinkled over them. Add one small bottle of London mustard, mixed with good olive oil. The pickle should be kept in a stone jar, and stirred occasionally with a wood spoon. The housekeeper who furnished this receipt said that she commenced making the pickle in early summer, adding the various fruits and vegetables mentioned as they came in season.

Chow Chow.—Twenty-five cucumbers pared and sliced very thin, fifteen white onions, cut very fine, a little horseradish, a quarter of a pound of white mustard seed, a half-ounce of celery seed, a quarter of a cup of ground pepper, tumeric and cayenne (equal quantities of each), the measure being of the three mixed. Cut the vegetables fine and pack in salt for twenty-four hours; then drain a week for two days in vinegar and salt, drain again and mix in the evening. Boil three quarts of vinegar and add a half pound of brown sugar, half an hour and pour over while hot. Do this for three days in a stone jar, using of mace, the same quantity of sugar. Then mix with mustard and a half pint of vinegar and pour over the pickle. Pack three heads of cabbage and may be eaten. — Harper's House.

Ham and Cheese, the quantity of which is not given, is to be used in a recipe for a salad.



SHOOTING MALLARDS FROM A BLIND.

greater than the speed of the birds, he also knows it takes time to decide to shoot, to pull the trigger, to the cap to explode, for the shot to leave from the barrel, and then to reach the bird, all that time, slight though it is, the swift flying bird has flown from sight to too far, and, unless the hunter has aimed the distance ahead of the bird, depending on the distance the bird is from him, the probability of his getting the bird is small. The shot will come in a moment. No. 7 and 8 shot are the favorite size when shooting teal.

There is another blind, very similar to the teal, and yet more like the female mallard, which frequents the marsh and pays tribute to the hunter's skill. This is the gray duck, and it is very common throughout the United States, as goodly quantities of gray and gray. It is very common in open areas in the light of the moon and is

around the narrow winding stream the birds will fly out, presenting the easiest kind of shots. It is very easy to hit mallards when they fly up out of a marsh, for they invariably "climb"—that is, they keep rising until they have reached a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, when they start off in a direct line. When the shooter shoots at the bird he should hold a few inches or a foot over it to allow for its rise.

The second method which may be employed in mallard shooting early in the season is in light shooting. This is done by the wild fowler selecting himself at some point or under the cover of flight when he has noticed the birds fly on back and forth to and from some low ground. At times one can get a float shooting in this manner, and it is very sport to kill the birds in their flight. There is no more to it than to see a bird and shoot

Very True, but It Kills All Pains,
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There Is No Pain.

Bar. H. L. Potter, is holding a
 illustrated meeting this week.
 PETER T. A. KNITCHER.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

We are favored with an interesting letter from Dr. Moomau, our representative, which is given to the public this week.

WARD McALISTER is dead. He was authority on all matters pertaining to society. The predilections of the man, who has a world-wide reputation, were whist, billiards, and small talk.

WAR seems almost certain between Mexico and Guatemala concerning some unfulfilled treaty affairs of long standing, and boundary limits. The war fever is said to be raging among all classes in Mexico, and more especially among the students of the law, medical, and military schools.

It seems the Bar Association of West Virginia have in view more rigid tests of qualifications for licensure to practice in the courts of our state. The provisions recommended will virtually exclude all applicants except college trained, and considerable opposition may be expected from the rural districts.

SENATOR DAVID B. HILL made a wonderful address at a club dinner in New York, last week, showing where the Democratic party had missed it. Among other things said was that they placed too much hope in the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing bill, which was of no especial importance, and then instead of proceeding to supply its place by financial legislation, went to work on the tariff, over which they split into numerous factions. What we need now, he said, is a revision of our money system. As long as we have paper money depending for its desirability on different basises, the government will suffer by capitalists who accumulate gold certificates by the exchange of greenbacks, and use them to have the gold reserve at their mercy. He speaks hopefully of the prospect of renewed activity in commercial circles, which will give the government enough revenue for its expenses, and that this borrowing is but temporary. He claims that the income tax was unjustly imposed, as it was no part of the party platform.

Dr. C. L. Austin's Good Luck.

The news that Dr. Austin, of Green Bank, had been appointed assistant physician of the hospital for the insane, at West Va., was received by his many friends of the county with surprise, as they did not know that he was an applicant for the position. We regret that his work will keep him from our country while he holds this post, but we congratulate him on his high position, and wish him every success. The hospital was founded in 1887, and is now one of the best in the South. It is a large building, and is well equipped with all the latest appliances. The patients are well cared for, and the staff is composed of the best medical men. The hospital is a great benefit to the community, and we hope it will continue to be so for many years to come.

The Legislature.

The movement to establish an industrial school for girls, has received a fresh impetus from Hon. H. G. Davis, who offers in a public letter to the Legislature to give \$50,000 towards it, if the State will make an appropriation of \$10,000 or \$15,000 yearly to its support. The trail of a very harmless serpent is seen over the tail end of this letter, as the offer also includes grounds at Davis or Elkins, the towns in which Mr. Davis is interested, and one of which would be materially enhanced by the institution if established there. There could not be a better point than Elkins found for its location. The school would fit young, friendless girls for the affairs of life, and a man would be hard to find who would say that funds so appropriated would be misapplied.

Our representative has introduced a bill (House Bill No. 264) relating to the pay of physicians summoned as expert witnesses.

When Governor MacCorkle vetoed the first bill, it was not the sensational affair that every one had looked forward to. The bill vetoed was that one relating to the establishment of the new county of Mingo, on the grounds that the bill was unconstitutional. The defect of the bill was that it included in its provisions an appointment of county commissioners, which power lies only with the governor of the state. It may yet pass in an amended form.

The Republicans have met in caucus and appointed an advisory committee to look over proposed legislation. This completes the chain reaching from Elkins as the head right down to the final reading of the bill. The whole thing is working like a machine with hardly a jar.

Colonel St. Clair is the author of the bill to prevent railroad companies dealing in coal and coke, which was introduced by our Senator Haynes. Colonel St. Clair represents the coal operators.

The new school books adopted are Montgomery's instead of Holmes' history; Meserve's instead of Mayo's book-keeping; and Hyde's for Harvey's grammar. Lewis' History of West Virginia is added to the list. A reduction of 40 per cent. from the present contract price has been provided.

A bill defining a lawful fence was scornfully rejected. There is nothing rural about this legislature.

The Democrats say that it is impossible to finish the business before the legislature in the forty-five days, but the Republicans only say "Wait and see!"

Weather Report.

(FOR JANUARY, 1895.)

1, clear; 2, snow; 3, partly clear; 4, snow; 5, clear; 6, rain; 7, cloudy; 8, 9, snow; 10, rain; 11, 12, 13, snow; 14, partly clear; 15, 16, rain; 17, 18, partly clear; 19, cloudy; 20, partly clear; 21, rain; 22, 23, snow; 24, clear; 25, 26, snow; 27, clear; 28, snow; 29, cloudy; 30, partly clear; 31, cloudy. M. G. MATHEWS.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 14th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

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Marlinton, W. Va.

No fee to taxpayers.

All persons who are interested in the school should apply to the principal.

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Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References: R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whitting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Right sold in one day. For particulars, write to R. M. BEARD, Academy, W. Va. 12901

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME.—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that no my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

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All country produce taken.

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First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

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A limited number of horses boarded.

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I may perform all deeds of great renown
 & gloriously act in millions' midst;
 Yet in my little labors up and down
 I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
 & carve a statue by the world confessed
 A work of art, yet will not cease
 To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
 The outer page of common life impressed;
 But I'll keep marking, marking just the same.

And do my very best,
 As if I were some fellow-traveler riss
 Far, far above me, still with quiet breast
 I keep on climbing, climbing toward the
 skies.

And do my very best,
 I may not be the beautiful and grand,
 But I must try to be as careful
 As I'll be what's put into my hand—
 My very best.

—Henry Clay Casleton.

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 The story of the coin, city and Tolson, is a story of the life of a man who has been a part of the life of the nation for many years. It is a story of the life of a man who has been a part of the life of the nation for many years. It is a story of the life of a man who has been a part of the life of the nation for many years.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.
LAKE KETCHER IN THE WASH.
 By putting two handkerchiefs in warm water in which are a few drops of ammonia, and using castile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful, clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchiefs out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind and you will find handkerchiefs lasting three as long as before.—New York Journal.

HINTS ABOUT MENDING.
 Nothing keeps flannels and stockings and other underwear looking so well as darning and mending and repairing material that matches perfectly. A hole seems almost preferable to a gray stocking darned with blue, or black undershirt bound with red, or a brown patch where there should be a black one. Buttons, all kinds of mending threads, in cotton, linen, silk, and wool, bindings in taffeta ribbons by the roll, and white cotton tape of all widths, and even webbing by the yard are to be bought at most reasonable prices for making old things as good as new, and for keeping the new in perfect condition. It also seems to be an economy in the same direction to buy the same makes and colors in flannels and hose from season to season, so that one may have material to reinforce weak places without buying it.—New York Post.

IT WILL BE WISE.
 To rub spotted lamp chimneys with salt before washing them.
 To restore gilded picture frames by first removing the dust with a soft brush and washing the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled. Then dry quickly with a cloth.
 To wear well-fitting shoes about the housework; they will be less fatiguing than loose, untidy slippers that are supposed to be worn for comfort.
 To remember that the usual methods for removing paint spots from clothing will not be satisfactory if the paint has become hard and dry. In this case use equal parts of ammonia and turpentine, saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.
 To cut doughnuts out an hour or more before they are fried and allow them time for rising. They will be much lighter than when fried as soon as they are out. Try cutting them at night and frying them in the morning.
 To use melted lard for a handy cement. It may be quickly prepared, and may be used for mending anything which will not come to contact with heat and water.
 To keep the ironing board and table firmly and evenly covered with a thick blanket and sheet, with a quantity of hot water convenient, so that the towels will not be burned out in their service.—New York Recorder.

CAKES FOR THE CHILDREN.
Plain Cup Cake.—For two sheets of cake use one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls and three-quarters of sifted flour, the rind and juice of one lemon, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Mix the flour, soda and cream of tartar and sift the mixture. Beat the butter to a cream. Gradually beat in the sugar. Beat the eggs till light and beat them into the butter and sugar. Now add the milk, and lastly the flour. Beat vigorously for half a minute. Spread the mixture in two buttered shallow pans. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cook for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.
Raisin Cake.—Take two and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two spoonfuls of cream, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon and a bit of nutmeg. Flour enough to knead. Roll out on a thick cloth. Cut into oblong pieces. Bake quickly.
Soft Gingerbread.—Stir two tea-spoonfuls of soda and one of ginger into one cup of molasses. Add one-third of a cup of butter and one cup of warm water in which one teaspoonful of cream of tartar has been dissolved. Add three small cups of flour, less the cup for soda.

CAKES FOR THE CHILDREN.
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He Killed Him.
 Vestris, the great dancing master, died at 83, and it was said he would have lived till a hundred but for a sudden and mortal blow in the shape of an advertisement. One day he asked for a newspaper—probably for the first time in his life. Scarcely had he opened the sheet, when his eyes lighted upon the following: "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Must be a skillful choreographer at the same time." He took to his bed and never left it again alive.

The Barber's Beaver.
 There is a big insulated wire telegraph which transmits the bulk of daily intelligence; there is a big insulated wire in the human system which can bear the burden of more pain than all the rest of the system combined, and is known as the sciatic nerve. Sometimes the wire can cut off its current; sometimes the surgeon's knife is used to cut the nerve to relieve excruciating pain. But there is one thing which avoids this radical treatment: one cure which penetrates to the pain-spot, and actually has been cured almost without fail by the use of St. Jacob's Oil. It reaches misery's seat and destroys it. Thus attacked and routed in its hidden ambush, pain seldom returns in any way. The great remedy does its work well.

Too Honest.
 Uncle D. P. Oliver, now a prosperous store keeper in a prosperous Iowa village, once practiced law in Ohio. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for the particulars of his giving up the profession.
 "Didn't it agree with your health?"
 "Oh, yes," answered Uncle David.
 "Didn't it pay?"
 "Fire rate."
 "Met with sufficient favor from the courts?"
 "All I could ask."
 "Then what was it compelled you to quit?"
 "Well, I'll tell you. I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused Uncle David into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement and nailed it to his shop counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on.
 "When did you find this out?"
 "In my very last case."
 "What was that?"
 "The one in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."
 "And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?"
 "No; he was convicted."
 "Then he was guilty?"
 "No; he was innocent."
 "But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?"
 "Certainly it did."
 "Then why do you say he was innocent?"
 "Because I had killed the dog myself a few nights before trespassing on my poultry; and I came to the conclusion that any business that would aid a man to convict a neighbor of his own crimes was not the business for me; so I gave it up."

Have Plenty of Room.
 A man has thirty times greater chance of life if he live in a four-roomed house than if he is only able to rent a single chamber.

More men than dogs need muzzling.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical health, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embodied in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.
 Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, a reliable and truly beneficial preparation of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, bronchitis and fevers, and promoting a good digestion. It is purely a natural remedy, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities.

PICTURE FREE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Trying the Mind Cure.
 A New York merchant is reported by the Tribune to have found his office boy weathering one of the terribly hot days of last summer highly philosophical, and therefore worthy—in its spirit, at least—of general imitation.

It was a dull day, with nothing going on. The boy had taken off his coat and vest, and would have taken off his collar but that his employer objected. By and by the merchant saw him writing—putting down a word or two and looking out of the window alternately.

The merchant's curiosity was excited, and he stepped up behind the boy and looked over his shoulder. In front of him lay a foolscap sheet half filled with words like these:
 "Ice-cream, icebergs, ice cold soda, North Pole, Greenland, Iceland," and so on.

98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment: as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like *fallacies*. Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent, are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions," and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSION JOHN W. THORNTON, Washington, D. C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Principal Examiner: U. S. Pension Bureau. 3700 10th St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS TRADE MARK Registration and advice as to patent rights. Consult PATRICK O'NEILL, Washington, D. C. 10th St., N. W.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION



The Key to Success

The merchant took the blot, and began to feel more comfortable immediately.

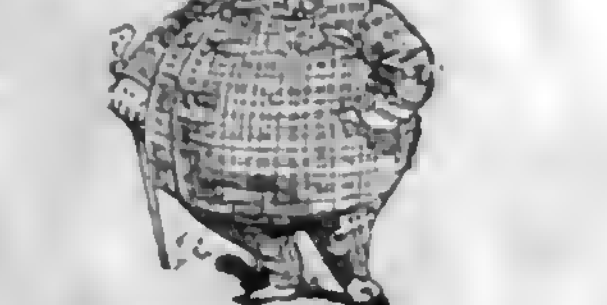
Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Duferin, once displeased his father, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed:
 "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!"
 "Sir," said his son, in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE
 IS THE BEST. NO OTHER KING.
 15. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELED CALF.
 4.35 FINE CALF & HAWAIIAN.
 4.35 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
 4.25 2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
 4.25 1.25 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
 4.25 LADIES.
 4.35 12.4.25 BEST GONGOLA.
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
 W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at a lower price for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

P. N. U. 47 '94

AN EXAGGERATED CASE.



For that full feeling that comes after eating there is a remedy. Simple but effective—and immediate.

A. Ripans • Tabule.

Take one at the time, swallow it and there you are. One who gets just as full in any other way is not so uncomfortable at the time. That sensation, to him, comes later. To prevent it, take a tabule before going to bed.

LINEE REVERSIBLE

The "LINEE" are the best and most economical collars and cuffs worn. They are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and are reversible. One collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty Five Cents.
 A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name and address. Address: REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kirby St., Boston.

EASTMAN COLLEGE, BOSTON

COLLEGE

in washing and cleaning is Pearline. By doing away with the rubbing, it opens the way to easy work; with Pearlina, a weekly wash can be done by

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Recent figures show that the total value of matches made and consumed throughout the world is but little short of \$500,000,000.

In 100 home families in New York, on the average, are found sixty-three that live their home, fifteen that own with incumbrance, and twenty-one that own without incumbrance.

"In the United States three-fifths of the entire wealth of the country is owned by 31,000 persons—less than one-twelfth of one per cent. of the population," asserts the Farmers' Tribune.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has decided to gradually do away with the service of interpreters at the various agencies, etc., and to employ instead the Indian children who have been educated at the expense of the Government.

Twenty-five miles of the Congo Railroad in Africa, forming the first section between Matange and Kenge, are now completed. The work has cost \$100,000 a mile. The line will be ninety-three miles long in all, and will connect the immense waterways above Stanley Falls with the sea.

Since Florida orange growers have turned their attention to the developing of early and late kinds of fruit, it is possible to have oranges here all the year through, states the Philadelphia Presbyterian. With the aid of cold storage, the presence of fruit on the table is much more common than it used to be.

Iceland can hardly be considered as a new country, admits the Washington Star, for it was colonized before the Vikings made an extension to the North American coast. Yet attention is now being directed to the resources of the island, and projects for development are being planned and pushed with the vigor usual when a new land has been opened for settlement. An English syndicate has secured a concession to build railways, and a line of steamers is to be established to run all the year between Iceland and Liverpool. The export sheep trade is the incentive that has given life to these commercial projects. Iceland's geographic position is such as to suggest it as a field for American enterprise.

It is encouraging to know that the scientific application of electricity to therapeutical work is gaining ground rapidly. Not only are medical men themselves actively investigating the subject, but electricians like Edison, Tesla, Edison Thomson, A. E. Kennelly, J. J. Carty and others, are devoting considerable time and study to it. American medical papers contain many notes on new lines of work, and even the more conservative English press finds space to record advances in the electro-therapeutic art. The London Lancet contains interesting references to the very successful use of electricity in curing trigeminal neuralgia, and to long continued treatment of cases of tied-on floor, which is practically the same thing, with long and short applications of the current. Success is uniform in all cases.

The Director of the United States Mint has estimated and the Secretary of the Treasury has proclaimed the value of foreign coins, as required by Section 22 of the act of August 28, 1874. The changes made are as follows:

	Value.	Value.
July 1,	1874	1874
August 1	1874	1874
September 1	1874	1874
October 1	1874	1874
November 1	1874	1874
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MIGHTY PEKIN.

ALL ABOUT THE QUEER SIGHTS AND STRANGE PEOPLE.

Capital of One-third of the World—Walls of Peking and Three Different Cities Enclosed—Its Great Markets.

PEKIN, writes Frank O. Carpenter in the Washington Star, is perhaps one of the least known cities of the world. I have paid two visits to it, and I spent a month in it six years ago. During the present spring I traveled about its streets for days and devoted myself to making a study of the town and its people. It is an immense city. It contains about fifteen hundred thousand, but these are scattered over an area of twenty-five square miles, and the people as a rule live in one-story houses. The city is surrounded by walls which were built hundreds of years ago, and which must have cost many millions of dollars. These walls are in good condition with the exception of one or two places where the floods of last winter undermined them and carried part of their surface away. It is hard to get an American an idea of one of these walled cities of China. The walls of Peking are sixty feet thick at the bottom. They would fill the average country road or city street, and they are as tall as a four-story house. They are so wide at the top that you could run three railroad trains side by side around them, and they are so solid that the cars would move more smoothly over these tracks than they do on the trunk lines between New York and Chicago. These walls are faced inside and out with bricks, each as big as a four-dollar bill, and the space between is filled with earth and stones rammed down that the ages have made the whole one solid mass. They are built, in fact, much like the great wall of China, and the bricks of the two are almost exactly the same. I have before me a brick which I brought from the great wall. It weighs about twenty pounds, or is much as a two-year-old baby. It is blue gray in color, and it is covered with patches of white lime mortar just like those that I saw in the broken places of the walls of Peking.

In approaching Peking, long before you get to the city, you see the immense towers which stand on the top of this wall over the gates which enter the city. These towers are as tall as a big New York flat. They rise nine stories above the wall, and they have roofs of blue tiles. They were used in the past as watch-towers, and they have many port holes for cannon. There are thirteen gates which lead into the city, and the towers and the walls near these are plastered over with proclamations and bills much like a theatre billboard. The gates of Peking are merely holes through this wall, and they are about as wide as the ordinary street and perhaps twenty feet high. They are lined with stone and are beautifully arched. They are closed at night with great doors studded with iron, and they are paved with heavy slabs of stone. The walls of Peking are twenty-seven miles long, and the area which they enclose is irregular in shape, and it consists of two big parallelograms. The one at the north is the real capital of China, for it contains the Tartar city, the great Government departments, the foreign legations and the Imperial city, in which, surrounded by from five to ten thousand eunuchs, the Emperor lives. The lower parallelogram joins the Tartar city. It has half a dozen temples, including the Temple of Heaven, which was burned down not long ago, and which now is being rebuilt of Oregon pine.

The Chinese city is where all the mercantile business of this great capital is done. It is cut up into narrow streets, and it is filled with all sorts of stores. It has markets of all

wool, of the kind that our ladies use for long opera cloaks. This Chinese city is a city of banks and of stock exchanges. I visited one morning the silver exchange. It was a room like a barn, and the people were buying and selling stocks just as they do on Wall street, yelling and howling and pushing each other like mad as they did so. It is a city of book stores, and there are some streets which contain no other shops. We have the idea that the Chinese merely live upon rice and on rats, and that their chief industries are the making of matting, of fans and of silks. The truth is that China does a vast business, and she produces all sorts of commodities. Nearly every one of these Chinese streets contains shops of all kinds, and the main business of China is not the supplying goods for the foreign markets, but the making of those required for her own people. They have as many wants as we have, and they require as good goods. The nobles dress in the finest of silk, and there are hundreds of stores which sell nothing but pictures. The art displayed in most of the paintings is abominable, but they are pictures nevertheless, and the Chinese pay good money for them.

I wish I could show you the markets of Peking. You can get as good meat there as you can in New York, and there is no liver mutton in the world than that of North China. The sheep are of the fat-tailed variety, and I saw many which had tails weighing over a pound. It is queer how they kill the animals which they sell. They have no slaughter houses, and a sheep is often butchered in front of the shop and the blood lies on the ground while you buy. There are all sorts of fish, and they are always sold alive. No Chinaman would buy a dead fish, and in case you want to buy less than a whole fish at a time, the Chinese peddler will pull the fish out of the water, lay him quivering on the block, and cut a piece of quivering flesh out of his side for you while you wait. He does not kill the fish, and after you are through he throws it back into a separate pool of water and waits for another customer to take off the rest. One of the chief meats sold is pork.



THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT PEKIN.

and you see hogs trotting about through the streets of Peking. They wallow in the puddles right under the shadow of the Emperor's palaces, and they are the dirtiest hogs in the world. There are all kinds of game for sale in the markets, and you can get snipe and quail and squirrels of all kinds. The Chinese are the best raisers of poultry in the world. They have duck farms and goose farms, and they know all about artificial incubation. They sell great quantities of dried geese and dried ducks, and they carry basket-baskets full of dried ducks about the city for sale. They sell all kinds of fruit and they are adepts in the raising of the choicest of vegetables. They bury their grape vines in the north in the winter, and you can buy your nuts by the bushel. As to cats, dogs and rats, I did not see any sold in Peking, and I don't believe that the better class are accustomed to use them. I am told, however, that such cats as are sold in the south are raised and fattened especially for the market, and that their diet is usually rice. Dogs' flesh is supposed, by the people, to give heroic properties to those who feed on it, and the same effect is produced by bears' meat and the ground-up bones of wild tigers. These things ought to bring a high price just now in Peking, for the people certainly have reason to increase their courage. Another queer article that you see in the Peking market is false hair. I passed several places where long-headed Chinamen stood beside a board upon which were hung long bunches of black Chinese locks. Each of these was a false pigtail, and it is said that one of the chief articles of export from Korea to China is human hair. The Chinese beard extra locks into their beards and they often patch out their queues with silk thread.

I might write a full letter about the queer things shown in the Chinese part of the city of Peking. I could tell you of a vast business in gold and silver paper which the Chinese burn at the graves to furnish their dead with money to pay their passage to heaven. I could show you about some of the things which are sold in the markets of the kind not as high as our own, and where

the dandified son often buys his father a coffin and make it a present to the old man years before his death. I could



A NOTED PEKIN BEGGAR.

tell you of stories where thousands of dollars' worth of incense or joss sticks are sold every month, and I could take you into establishments which sell nothing but birds and gold fishes. There are big stores full of furniture and shops which make nothing but porcelain stoves. There are places where wood is sold in bundles by weight and establishments where coal dust is mixed up with mud and sold in lumps the size and shape of a baseball at so much apiece. There are great markets for the selling of chickens and flowers, and all sorts of toy stores and stores for the selling of paper and cloth. There are lock peddlers by hundreds and hardware establishments, and if you are very hard up and in want of a meal I can show you a little hole round the corner where you can get camel's meat soap and auncle roast at low prices. There are places for gambling and dime museum shows. There are restaurants of every description and opium joints without number. There are, in fact, stores of every sort and description, and the best things in China come to Peking.

framework boxes backed with white paper, and they are seldom lighted except during full moon. It is absolutely unsafe to move about in the night time without a lantern, if you wish to keep your feet clean, and you have to balance yourself in the day to keep out of the mud. All of the houses are of one story, and the Government departments look more like broken down barns than the offices of a great empire.

I went one morning to visit the State Department, and as I looked at it I thought of our great building of the State, War and Navy, which cost, you know, more than ten million dollars, and which is the biggest granite building in the world. The street was a mud puddle, and I bugged low, shakily buildings till I finally came to a gate at which a dirty official was standing. He shook his head as I entered, but I pretended not to see him, and pushed my way in. I entered a court, which looked for all the world like a barn yard surrounded by low wooden stables, with heavy tiled roofs. This court was filled with donkeys, horses and dogs, and half-naked children sprawled in front of the doors to these buildings, which were, in fact, the offices of the department. The

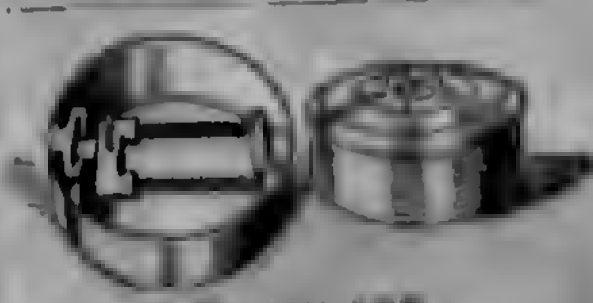


MANDARIN SALUTING.

buildings were filled with clerks, who wrote away at bare tables, the light coming in through latticework walls backed with white paper. They bowed at me as I looked, and one of them gave me a nudge and that I had better move on. I next visited the famous Hanlin College. It was worse than the State Department, and everything about it was shabby and going to seed. I tried to get into the board of punishments, where the horrible cruelties which the Chinese Government metes out to its rebels and criminals are passed upon, and where torture is common, but I was stopped at the door and was positively told that I could not go in. It was the same with all the Government departments. They could not have been shabbier had they been knocked up out of old pieces of old Noah's ark, and everything was filthy and the picture of ruin. The only really new things in the city seemed to be the clothes of the officials, and I laughed again and again as I saw these mandarins bow down in the mud and go through the forms of the Chinese court amid their filthy surroundings. They are among themselves, as far as words go, the most polite of all nations, and they look upon us as bores and barbarians. The most of the people believe that they will conquer the world, and I doubt whether a thousand out of the million and a half people in Peking know anything of the Japanese victories. The court officials distribute all sorts of lies, and they have probably told the people that they have whipped the Japanese on both land and on sea, and that the Mikado will be brought to Peking. The majority of the citizens of the Chinese capital really believe that America is subject to China. They think that Colonel Denby is sent to the capital to pay Uncle Sam's tribute to their Emperor, and this, I am told, is their opinion as to every foreign legation. They have nicknamed the street upon which the foreign ministers live "the street of the subject nations," and they would consider it a disgrace to ask our ministers to dinner, and I venture that Colonel Denby has never been on intimate terms with a dozen high-class Chinese officials. This, I know, will seem strange to Americans, but it is actually the truth.

An Anarchist Toy.

France is anarchy mad. The craze has even spread to the toy shops, in which baby bombs are everywhere for sale. Two small sprightly project energetically against the capsule, which is filled with fulminate of mercury and rests on an anvil, over it a cylindrical hammer; as long as the cover remains on the box the small hammer is stopped in its course by a prop. As soon as one opens the machine the prop is loosened, the spring works, the hammer explodes the capsule, and the toy becomes a dangerous thing. It has in itself the ingenious simplicity which



THE BABY BOMB.

characterize all the products of Parisian industry, and at the same time it is called forth by a powerful reality.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a bottle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils and then let it cool gradually.

DRAGON HOPEFUL'S IDEAS.

Dear friends, when I am dead as' goes, Don't have no weel-takin' on, Don't act so farllyly born, As though they weren't no scabbies left, Don't multiply your stock o' woes By sorry looks an' gloomy clothes, An' make the trouble ten times a worse By allers jollies a' hearse.

When I depart, it's my idee, The most consol'th' thing for me 'd be to hear the ones I tried 'Ter comfort here before I died, Say, sort o' 'gullin' through their tears, 'Well, enophow, far years as' years We had him here, an' let's be glad, An' thankful for the joy we had."

It ain't no use ter make a luv, When death comes after a' o' us, The ways o' Providence, I know, Are as they should be, enophow, Things suit me purty middlin' well, An' even at a funeral, I'm singin', amid the griel and woe, 'Praise God, from whom all blessing flow."

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

HONOR OF THE RAY.

Geologists report that their collections are hard.

Penitence is very apt to follow punishment.—Judge.

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.—Milwaukee Journal.

Each morning, evening and noon, He's played for many moons; And though he's always out of tune, He's never out of tune.

—Truth.

The only persons who should be allowed to hold up trains are the women who persist in wearing them.—Albany Argus.

Politics are full of uncertainties. To-day a man is on the stump and next week he may be all up a tree.—Boston Transcript.

Young Chip—"What causes so much sickness, father?" Old Black—"Too much talking about it, my son."—Boston Courier.

Why is it that a woman always uses more common sense in dealing with another's love affair than with her own?—Albany Argus.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," Thus said a man who'd gone And made a million selling pork To feed the soldiers on.

—Detroit Free Press.

The first time a man goes out hunting his wife has so much confidence in him that she doesn't buy any meat for supper.—Atchison Globe.

If these fat Georgia hickory nuts would only crack wide open when they drop what a great country this would be!—Atlanta Constitution.

Many a man will blubbery tell you that he cuts no ice; but he always harbors a different opinion when he gets a skato on.—Adams Freeman.

O man! Poor man! Your title but a spurr; Yet while you live you seem At least a six-horse team.

Lord Duffer—"You're a girl after my heart." Miss Price—"And you're a man after my money." (Engagement not announced.)—Boston Budget.

He—"Why do you wish you had been born a man?" She—"A man has some one his annoyances every day, while a woman suffers from forty odd little ones."—Pack.

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back." "Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."—Le Figaro.

"Why don't you drop me a line occasionally, Mattie?" asked the forward young man. "Line's busy," replied the telephone girl in an abstracted manner.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—Philadelphia Record.

"Is it true that Houser is hustling for the postoffice?" "Once it is, I heard his wife tell him if he didn't get her letter mailed inside of twenty minutes she'd know the reason why."—Buffalo Courier.

Income-tax Assessor—"You can't claim exemption, Mr. Smiles. Why, man, you must spend \$7000 a year the way you live." Smiles—"I know that, sir, but I live beyond my income."—Harper's Bazar.

A composer in this town wrote several dead marches and could not find a publisher. He sent them to Philadelphia. They were at once accepted and published, and they are now used by the local bands as quicksteps.—Boston Journal.

Greatest Five Naval Powers.

The five greatest naval powers in the world are in the order named: Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and Italy. As will be seen by the following figures, showing the number of vessels of all kinds (including torpedo boats) in each navy in December, 1903, a small glance of the French and Russian navies would considerably excite the British navy in strength: Great Britain, 229 vessels; France, 414; Russia, 371; Germany, 201; Italy, 244.—New York Sun.



THE BUSY PEKIN.

and its for market overtaken across the river as well as to run for market, and I have seen at a glance in the market and found perhaps a thousand different articles for sale. I saw a lot of fish of all kinds, and I saw a lot of birds of all kinds, and I saw a lot of other things which I had never seen before. I saw a lot of people, and I saw a lot of things which I had never seen before. I saw a lot of people, and I saw a lot of things which I had never seen before.

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Mending neatly done.
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Important to You

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, poll-evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loderer and Susan J. Loderer, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$107.46, dated on the 6th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Roanoke, Roanoke, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 6th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loderer, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

6th day of March, 1895,

county court day, to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder,

for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to wit:

One brown horse, one two-year-old, one set double harness, one third wheel in a threshing machine, and one third wheel in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loderer. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to D. W. Loderer and Paul Armstrong.

Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing six acres or thereabouts in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, on the 1st day of June, 1894, was conveyed by D. W. Loderer and wife to said Withrow McClintic by deed of record on the 6th day of June, 1894, in deed Book No. 25, page 297, and the said Withrow McClintic, as aforesaid, is the owner of said land.

Commissioner's Notice.

Commissioner's Office,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 7, 1895.
James M. Simmons,
vs.
R. H. Simmons, Adm'r.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county rendered in the above styled cause on the 6th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, to receive the 16th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the next term of said circuit court the following matters of account, to wit:

1st. An account showing all the debts due against the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons, together with all their dates, and priorities.

2d. An account showing the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons subject to the liens aforesaid.

3d. Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest to be stated.

W. A. BRATT N.,
Commissioner.
(1-11-95-41)

TO all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate of any part thereof of R. H. Simmons. In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas county, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said R. H. Simmons to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said R. H. Simmons, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on or before the 16th day of February 1895. Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1895.
W. A. BRATT N.,
Commissioner.
(1-11-95-41)

Commissioner's Notice.

Office of Commissioner L. M. McClintic,
Marlinton, W. Va. Jan. 9th, 1895.
George C. Hill's Adm'r.

Rebecca J. Hill and others.

NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested in the above styled cause that pursuant to a decree entered in said cause on the 16th day of October, 1894, I will proceed, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, W. Va. on the 20th day of February, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to wit:

1st. A statement of the account of R. W. Hill, Administrator, cum testamento annexo, of George C. Hill, dec'd.

2d. An account of all the debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, showing their several amounts, priorities, and the persons to whom payable, and showing the amount of the debts mentioned in decree in this cause made October 21st, 1890, exactly as stated in said decree.

3d. A special statement of all debts against the estate of George C. Hill, dec'd, discharged by the administrator thereof, together with the amount of such debts as should have been liquidated from the personalty of said estate, and showing the amount of such debts discharged by the administrator to which he is entitled to be substituted as creditor against the real assets of said estate in lieu of the creditors whose claims he has discharged.

4th. A statement showing all the costs of this suit and to whom due.

5th. Any other matter deemed pertinent to the commissioner or required by any party in interest to be specially stated.

At which time and place you may attend.
L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Commissioner.
1-11-95.

E. H. Smith,

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M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
Marlinton, W. Va.

ARMSTRONG ON JAILS.

A Few Particulars of a Late Attempt to Escape from Jail. Cut This Out.

We were too much crowded last week to give a full account of the night Armstrong put in in his vain endeavor to deliver himself, being confined in the Huntersville jail. He has wished since that he had fully appreciated the comforts of his cell at Huntersville, and had not trilled with the "best jail in the State."

Armstrong was put in jail on Saturday, January 26th. On the next night he had pulled away the sink in one corner of his room and found that the sink in the next room connected with this one by means of a pipe. This gave him a hole through the six-inch partition to begin with. Waiting over a week, he and his cellmate, Barton Douglas, another negro, pulled away the sink again, late Tuesday night of last week, took a piece of their bedstead and pushed away the sink in the other room. They then saturated the oak with kerosene, set fire to it, and enlarged the hole sufficiently for them to crawl through.

All went well until the smoke began to choke them. They threw water on it, which made the smoke worse. They crawled through, and found the empty cell next as securely locked as their own. Now the smoke question was getting serious. The oak wood was smoking strong enough to have cured all the Homs in Pocahontas of everything. The negroes in the ground floor smelt the smoke, for there was not a chink for it to escape. They thought the jail was on fire, and yelled like demons. Armstrong and Douglas raised the window, but they said that just drove the smoke in. Then they raised their voices, too, and the old jail must have sounded as though the famous "forty devils" were confined therein. The four negroes yelled all night, until the town woke up about five o'clock next morning. The prisoners' eyes were almost put out, and even late in the day they could scarcely see anything.

Now Armstrong finds out what his effort cost him. He is buried alive in the new Marlinton jail, which is a terror to all possible prisoners. He is in a steel cage and outside he can look through to where a stove is kept burning to warm him. He exchanged a comfortable room, with a wood fire and light, for this metal concern. Formerly he could look out of a window on a road, but now he is too far from the window to see anything, and will not even catch a glimpse of the sky when the frost is on the glass. Nobody can come in and chat with him, and his surroundings will give him as much satisfaction as if he were at the bottom of a well.

What Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pains.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Furghman's keen nose for business. It threatens to become a formidable rival of Sioux Falls as a divorce center.

American meat can still be imported into Germany in small quantities carefully packed away under the veil.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th.

Summer term begins April 14th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing and lodging \$2.00 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to J. H. Mendenhall, Principal, Concord, N. C.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. O. C. Orsmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
Quebec, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."

H. A. Amers, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria and although we only have a small medical supply what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria have won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
**LIGHTNING
HOT DROPS.**

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bees, etc.

BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. No Relief, No Pay.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March, 1883
Cash Capital \$2,000,000

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

**BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wagon Repairs.**

C. Z. HEVNER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shop situated at the Junction of Main Street and Duff Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FEED, LIVERY

AND
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

177 Horses for Sale and Hire

RETAIL AND DAYTON PA

A small number of horses for

All persons having horses to sell or hire should apply to J. H. Mendenhall, Principal, Concord, N. C.

FOR RENT

In
**Poor
Health**

means so much more to you imagine—serious fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

**Brown's
Iron
Bitters**

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous Debility, Women's Complaints.

Call on your grocer or druggist for a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters. It is the only medicine that will cure all these troubles.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed receiver of the estate of J. H. Mendenhall, deceased, and will receive all claims against said estate.

J. H. Mendenhall, Receiver.

Marlinton, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 30.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns.
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, O. C. Arbogast.
Commissioners of Court, C. E. Beard, O. M. Koo, A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Baxter.
Clerk of the Court, George P. Moore.
Deputy Clerk, A. O. L. Galloway, Spili.
Marshall, Charles Cook, H. H. Brown.
Clerk of the Court, Wm. L. Brown.
Deputy Clerk, O. R. Curry, Academy.
Thomas Haffley, Lohelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. G. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. M. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

H. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least once a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every week and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's. Will visit Pocahontas County every week and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. HANNEY, M. D.,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every week and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

COUNTY newspapers have an interest to the reader that is peculiarly their own. For one thing it represents to a great extent the county it is in. When sent out it is a little bit broken off the county as it were, and the stranger who picks it up looks first to see where it comes from. Then as he reads it he absorbs a good deal of knowledge of the county which supports it. He can see that it is evidently off the railroad a good ways. A good deal of local knowledge is in it. The county is a very big thing to the people.

There seems to be a number of "trippers" in the county. They are not employed regularly, but are paid by the hour. The strikers claim that these men often wait from ten to seventeen hours to secure one of the "trippers," for which they get forty cents. The "trippers" seem to be the main trouble for the strikers are willing to let other companies work the "trippers." If the companies can keep up the "trippers," the force of the regular motormen would be reduced to almost nothing, and the cars could be run for wages less than what is paid to the slaves of the coal mines.

A RELIGIOUS journal presents the following interesting reflections on the snow which has been such a feature this present winter: "There is nothing on earth so unearthly as snow. The earth does not produce anything so fair and unsoiled. It comes to us from the skies, white and radiant and spotless as the upper world. The microscope tells of more than a thousand forms of snow-crystals; stars of every kind, crowns adorned with brilliant, bridges supported by buttresses, temples with spires and gleaming pinnacles. As if each of the uncounted multitude would tell of the heaven from which it came. With what feathery gentleness and graceful curving it floats down upon the world. Upon the brown leaves and glossy evergreens, on fence and barn, and forest, and field, making draperies no earthly art can imitate, it covers all far and wide with its white mantle; freely, forgivingly, mercifully covering good and evil as with heaven's charity."

It is a fine accomplishment for young people to perceive something beautiful in what passes around us as the seasons come and go. The foregoing quotation is well worthy a place in the memory and gives the mind something very instructive to reflect upon when the snow is falling.

For the TIMES.
What a Pity!

A philosopher thought out a wise proverb in a long ago good decade. (Capt. It was a small maxim, but well kept—"Money that's saved is made.")

Now Uncle Sam, as he understands, Had pursued this plan for years. But he had two Congresses on his hands And he finds himself in arrears.

So he hies away to the New York State, To hunt up a millionaire, And he finds him going his golden gait, And tucks him then and there.

He asks for a loan, to be returned, At an interest bearing rate. As soon as this Congress has adjourned And he can recuperate.

His Congressmen his funds abuse— And his gold reserves they raid— They've spent the cash, and now refuse To have more money made!

They blink the game to affairs of state, And he has to pay the cost. Cleveland and Hill grow affectionate A month after all is lost!

The old man pledges to pay the debt, Badly enough I wote. "I had thought," he says in deep regret, "I would never have come to this!"

strike in Brooklyn is an ordinary significance. More than six thousand motormen and conductors of surface railroads went into a strike Monday morning, January 14. They were confronted with seven or eight thousand armed men, equipped with improved weapons, and while apparent peace now reigns, the questions at issue are not settled to the satisfaction of the working men. The controversy seems to go on less time or more pay, and the abolition of the "tripper" system. Ten hours pay for ten hours work did not seem to be in regard to the strikers, it seems a "tripper" only during the morning and the men who run the cars are not employed regularly, but are paid by the hour. The strikers claim that these men often wait from ten to seventeen hours to secure one of the "trippers," for which they get forty cents. The "trippers" seem to be the main trouble for the strikers are willing to let other companies work the "trippers." If the companies can keep up the "trippers," the force of the regular motormen would be reduced to almost nothing, and the cars could be run for wages less than what is paid to the slaves of the coal mines.

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Local Indian History.

In glancing over a diary kept by the writer during his residence at the Warm Springs, 1857-60, the attention was attracted by an historical item, communicated by the late Squire William McClintic, of Jackson's River, Bath County, Va., and written while fresh in memory at the time. Mr. McClintic's memory was rather remarkable, and it will be always a source of regret that I did not improve the opportunities our pleasant acquaintance afforded to acquire more from his valuable fund of historical knowledge.

Joseph Mayse, the father of Hon. George Mayse, was captured by the Indians in June, 1764, and was rescued at Marlin's Bottom some three or four days thereafter. The Indians were moving slowly as they had only come about three miles the day before. They seem to have had no fear of pursuit, and were resting, and fishing, and hunting at Marlin's Bottom. The pursuers, one of whom was Jacob Warwick, learned from their scouts that the Indians, with their captives, were in camp at Marlin's Bottom. It was their intention to surprise them just at day-break. During the night it rained heavily, and the guns were so soaked as to be useless. They quietly withdrew out of hearing to fire off their guns, as they had no bullet screws to draw the balls with.

Before they could return daylight had come, and the Indians were on the move. They were in the act of separating into two parties, one considerably larger than the other. The larger party seemed on the point of moving up the east bank of the Greenbrier towards Stony Creek, and the other faced as if they were going to retrace their course up Knapp's Creek, for what purpose is only a matter of conjecture. It seems, too, they had separated the prisoners. The smaller and nearer party had in charge the boy Joseph Mayse, a man named McClanahan, and an unknown woman with an infant in her arms.

The whites saw that this party would soon come upon their trail just made a few hours before, and if so, would kill the prisoners and make their escape. By rushing forward and firing at the Indians as they ran, they hoped to surprise this party, and while panic-stricken, leave the prisoners unharmed, and flee for their lives. In this they were sadly disappointed. The woman was wounded, the child dashed to death, several blows were aimed at McClanahan, the boy Mayse was on a horse that took fright and ran off towards the Island Ford, and threw him off, hurting him badly. He was insensible when found by the rescuers, and restored to consciousness.

The child's grave may yet be traced near where the road crosses the Marlin Run, and is to be remembered as, perhaps, the first white child buried west of the Alleghenies.

The large party escaped having Mrs. Mayse and others as prisoners. These prisoners were restored at Fort Pitt when Colonel Buckley led an expedition from north-west Virginia.

Messrs. Bolar, McClung, and Warwick were with this expedition. Bolar and McClung attempted to reach the Indian towns beyond Pittsburg, without the consent of their officer. They wanted to see how the Indians looked in their own homes.

As they came near they found some Indian women at work near a stream of water. They made signs of peace to the squaws, but they fled toward the village making a fearful outcry. The men were met by an Indian who told them to go right back or they would all be killed. Without any doubt, the squaws had raised such an excitement in the place.

About Panthers.

The panther has been the terror of the mountains of the Eastern United States. The animal was the only one really feared by the hunter. Its snaking disposition knows how to take advantage of men, and refuses to meet him in a fair open fight. The more time even yet always have an apprehensive feeling that one is following them when they travel through the woods at night. The panther has almost disappeared, though one is occasionally seen or heard. It has a desperate scream, or what is more blood curdling, a rasping snarl when prowling around the camp-fire of the hunters. There is a wide division as to the belief that the panther fears a camp-fire. Some hunters saying that a fire however small is a perfect safeguard, and others who aver that a panther lay and watched them all night within three feet of the fire, built before the open door way of their shanty. All agree that the panther is practically fearless of men at night.

Panthers hunt deer with the greatest sagacity. A deer freshly killed by a panther was found and appropriated by a hunter on Elk this winter. Another hunter was in danger from one lately on Elk. He was tracking a deer in the snow. A friend crossed the track and found that a large panther was tracking them both. He followed on the trail which seemed apt to become a path, and found that the panther had trailed him a long distance.

A great many years ago two Cogers of Webster, were hunting, and killed a large panther in Gaudy Mountain. They proceeded to skin it, though one of them felt a strange fear, and insisted on leaving it. As this seemed foolish, he put it aside, and commenced work. He could not help glancing around uneasily from time to time. At last he thought he saw something peculiar about a fallen tree trunk not more than fifty feet away. He could plainly see the top of another panther's head over the top of it. He could not be convinced of this however, until it raised its head to look over, which it would do and duck down again. They both gathered up their guns and retired a little way. They concealed themselves and covered the place the panther lay with their guns. Presently the animal raised its head again, and seeing that the hunters had disappeared slowly brought its shoulders and breast into view. The men fired simultaneously, and the panther ran off. It was getting too near night to be caught out, and the men went to their somewhat distant camp. Returning the next day, they found the panther that they had been skinning, lying untouched, and the marks about one hundred yards from it, with two rifle balls in its breast.

As an example of the panther's leaping powers the following is probably true. A long time ago, two brothers named Hammond were hunting in this same Gaudy country. They were following the trail of a deer. Presently they saw where a panther had come on the trail, and was following it. They tramped along in this order until a point where the panther had left the deer's trail. Rightly judging as the tracks were so fresh that the panther was then making a detour to pull down the deer, the hunters silently took the spot of the panther. Necessarily they followed on in soft snow, until the trail ended. For a long time they paced around in vain to find what had become of the trail. Finally they looked below them. As it was on a hillside, and they saw the deer lying freshly killed. By actual measurement, the panther had sprang off a big down the hill, a distance of thirty three paces, and caught the deer. The panther had evidently seen the hunters for he had clunked a lateral patch without warning the deer. The hunters stalked the deer, and left very quietly.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Feb. 22, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.00 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

ONE of the saddest reflections the Republican party will have after the next election, will be that they once had the power and feared to use it.

THE Legislature adjourns on the date of this paper. No material changes have been made in the laws of this State. It is a practicable endorsement of the existing statutes, the product of Democratic times.

FAR be it from us to complain of the Legislature, for making larger appropriations for the expenses of the State than ever before. Freed from the incubus of debt, West Virginia can afford to be luxurious.

SOMETHING runs up our coat-sleeve informing us that Pocahontas is on the eve of getting a railroad. Those who know, are once more expecting a speedy development of Marlinton.

THE editor of this paper felt complimented when he saw that the Webster Echo had copied no less than ten of his news items of one week, comprising about a column of matter. We are more than ever inclined to believe that the editor of the Echo knows a good thing when he sees it.

THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY.

No people seem more successful than the Greek in resisting the blighting influence of the Moslems. It is generally agreed that this phenomenal patriotic result was due to the attention those people paid to ancestral examples, and the pains that were taken to stimulate the youth to emulate the character and the deeds of those who did so much for their country. The Greek idea was that the same valor and noble principles required to establish a nation, were just as essential to the perpetuity of those precious institutions. Washington was a just man. It was his firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others to be overawed; never to be seduced, betrayed, or hurried away by his own weakness or self-delusion any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties any more than by spoils on the giddy heights of fortune. Without such qualities our liberties would not have been achieved, and our government never materialized. Should our institutions ever pass into the control of parties destitute of these traits of character, then self government will prove a failure, and tyranny will once more enslave humanity, and the last state will be worse than the first.

A Total Loss.

One of our most successful merchants evidently knows more about making money than he does about hunting. Some days ago a local hunter brought in two birds of about the size of a small chicken. They were of the largest species of wood pecker, commonly known as the wood-bun. One of its marks is its crimson crest. He offered them to the merchant as wood-peckers. Seeing wood-peckers rated very high on the price list, a good price was paid for the birds by the merchant. He was disgustingly surprised to find that no credit was allowed him by the merchant, and that the birds were returned for the price of wood.

The Washington Post AND THE Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE OF \$1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at nominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

The Legislature.

Only five more days of the present session of the Legislature remain, but there is great deal of important business which remains to be completed. The general appropriation bill has been laid upon the table in the House of Delegates and it will probably remain there. It is generally understood the House will wait till the appropriation bill comes over from the Senate and take up that bill and try to agree on it. Of course there will be a disagreement, and a conference committee will have to be appointed to harmonize the differences between the two houses. The Senate has completed its bill on the second reading and it may pass that body to-day. The principal point of difference between the Senate and the House bills is, that in the Senate bill appears an item of \$10,000 for an exhibit of the State's resources at the Baltimore Centennial, which the House bill does not contain. The question of making an appropriation of \$10,000 for an exhibit at the Baltimore Centennial, was discussed in the House last Friday and the amendment proposing the appropriation was defeated by a large majority. If the Senate bill be taken up in the House the fight over the appropriation will be gone over again and the matter will likely be referred to the Conference committee for settlement.—Gazette, Feb. 18.

Owing to conflicting or different ways of presenting matters, it is difficult to report the progress made by the Legislature since the last issue of the TIMES. The body seems to have gotten a move on itself, as a resolution to hold three sessions per day was adopted. The morning session to begin at 10 o'clock.

The State Levy will not be reduced in favor of the School Levy, as a recent examination of the Auditor's books show that it would seriously embarrass governmental administration to make the proposed reduction.

The latest proposed arrangement for judicial circuits puts Pocahontas in the 14th circuit, with Monroe and Greenbrier Counties. Hence a new slate for this Judgeship is in order. The senate is for eighteen circuits and nineteen Judges; two for the 1st circuit, which includes Wheeling.

Charleston and Elk City were consolidated into one city, against their will, so as to have a large city for a capitol. This has been done in spite of what the old adage teaches:

"Little head, little wit,
Big head, not a bit."

The Governor has signed the bill defining a lawful fence.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely crushing it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farm or is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Light sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD, Academy, W. Va. 1894

To-day is the 163d anniversary of Washington's birth in Westmoreland County, Va. The old home was about a mile from the junction of Pope's Creek with the Potomac, the spot is highly interesting, not only from the associations connected with its history but also in virtue of the natural beauties with which it is adorned.

The visitor is charmed with a view of the Maryland shore of the Potomac, one of the most majestic of rivers, and of its course for miles towards the Chesapeake. The dwelling burned before the Revolution was a low-pitched, single storied, frame building with four rooms on the first floor and an enormous chimney at each end on the outside, this being the style of the better class of residences in those days.

In his famous oration, contrasting Washington and Napoleon, Lord Brougham said: "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious American, and until time shall be no more will be a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue to be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

The Hinton Independent-Herald mentions an incident worthy of careful consideration. It seems the various ministers mutually agreed to preach sermons against gossip. Five sermons were preached to good and attentive congregations. The Baptist Elder's text was Philippians 4: 8—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue and any praise, think on these things." The Episcopal rector discoursed on Exodus 20: 16—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Rev. Mr. Holt, Presbyterian pastor, preached from Psalm 101: 5—"Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off; him that bath a high look and a proud heart will I not suffer." The Methodist preacher, Rev. O. C. Beal, commented on James 4: 11, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the law; but if thou judge the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge." From our exchanges we infer that Hinton is not the only town that is tormented with people given to this low-minded, objectionable habit of retailing dirty things about their neighbors. As Pocahontas people let us use our tongues in a way that better things may be expected of us.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses as 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or C. A. YEAGER. Proprietor.

Waverley BICYCLES.



Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 7, 1894
Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:
GENTLEMEN:—The Waverley Scorch and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however Detachable Tire, Scorch high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents. Yours truly, WALTER C. MERRICK & C.

High grade, Wood Rim, Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same weights \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME.—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that an establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line has than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR

REASON POCKET HEALTH

West End of Bridge. P. GOLDEN, Marlinton, W. Va.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65

HOME NEWS

The man in the moon is looking at you, and will feel really disappointed if you do not buy one of P. Golden's \$1.25 hats he is selling for 91.00.

Mr. J. S. McClintic, who has operated the McClintic mill the past two years, is arranging to take charge of the McLaughlin mill near Hairy, March the first.

Pawa. Pause a moment when you come to Marlinton, and step into P. Golden's store. You will be pleasantly surprised at the variety of the large stock, and the bargain he is offering in clothing and general merchandise.

The editor of this paper was absent during Valentine week, so the humblest employee of this office was enabled to realize a modest competence by sending and selling the comic valentines, sent in by admiring friends to the missing editor.

John Andrew Clunen, eldest son of the late Timothy Clunen, of Beckey, moved West fifteen years since and resides in Andrew County, north-west Missouri. Information comes that his wife died on the 10th inst. of pulmonary trouble, leaving four children.

Persons sometimes speak discouragingly of the distance and inconvenience of marketing facilities. The great secret in regard to markets is to have something to sell. No one lives farther away from the markets than the person who has nothing to sell, and everything to buy.

The law students at Morgantown are very much aroused over the proposed legislation to extend the time of study in preparing for the bar, and protest quite vehemently. There seems to be no opposition to similar legislation with reference to physicians, so far as our exchanges are advised. No matter what the legislation may be, there will always be room at the top for the diligent and energetic.

It is reported that an indulgent parent gave his little boy a quarter and a nickel and told him he might have his choice which to throw into the Sunday collection. Upon returning from service, his father inquired which he gave. The boy replied: I intended to give the quarter, but when the preacher told us the Lord loved a cheerful giver the most, I then gave the nickel, as I could do that more cheerfully than the other.

The members of Greenbrier Presbytery are notified to meet in Alderson, February 26th, to release the Rev. J. H. Lewis of the pastoral care of the Muddy Creek church, near the Blue Sulphur Springs. Also to release Rev. J. E. Melane from the pastorate of Raven's Eye church, in Fayette County. Mr. Lewis is laid aside by broken health, which will be restored by rest as many friends hope and pray. Mr. Melane's services are to be concentrated on lower points.

There is a county in Tennessee that has three remarkable families. The first to be mentioned consists of four persons, the parents and a son and a daughter whose height ranges from 6 feet 2 inches to 7 feet 8 inches. The heavy family is composed of the parents and a daughter. Their combined weight is 940 pounds. The featherweight family consists of the parents and eight children, and their combined weight is 600 pounds. The average is a little over 100 pounds.

One matter seems to be assumed that the prosperity of these who are so very prominently in Pocahontas will largely depend on grazing facilities. Whatever promotes the fertility of meadows and pastures is conducive to the welfare of the citizens. The appearance and spread of a contagious disease among the horses, it is hoped, will take the matter in hand, and by means of a very successful vaccination and inquiry according to the method by which the disease may be prevented, and the loss already sustained by the owners of the horses, and the loss to the community, it will be well to make it a point to have a vaccination of all the horses in the county.

Our thanks are due Hon. J. M. Sydenstricker, Commissioner of Labor for the State of West Virginia, for his elaborate and instructive report, submitted to the Governor. It is the Commissioner's duty to furnish information in relation to the financial, social, educational, and sanitary conditions of the laboring classes, and all statistical information that may tend to increase the prosperity of the State. Upon complaint and request of any three or more reputable persons visit and inspect any place where labor is employed, and make true report of the result of his inspection. According to the statistics given from Pocahontas county, farming operations, show more expenses than gains the past year. The lowest money wages \$11.00, highest \$14.00. The highest daily wages 75cts lowest 50cts. The showing for Greenbrier county something more favorable.

Mr. Joseph Weeks, of Pittsburg, an authority on iron industries, writes to the New York Herald, and says that he has never known such extensive preparations as have been recently made to take full advantage of trade not yet in sight. The engineering officers are crowded with construction work. One firm has two millions in orders on its books. He predicts that an almost unprecedented revival in business will result before another twelve months have passed away. Other correspondents from Pittsburg, speaks in glowing terms of new mills and the extension of old ones for the manufacture of tinplate in and around that leading city of important industries.

Correct answer to the "Stock problem," in last week's issue were received from messrs. O. W. Buckman, Edray, Ligon Marshall, and W. H. Dilley, Dilley's Mill, and J. E. Wise, of Huttonsville. Mr. Wise's solution will be printed in full next week, together with problem.

Mr. John A. McLaughlin, of Pocahontas County, came from his home last week, and will begin teaching at Cowarden about the first of March. He is a Dunsmore College graduate. —Bath News.

A & B bought 100 pounds of beef for \$5. A paid \$3, and B \$2, but as A got the best beef he had to pay 1 cent more per pound than B, how many pounds had each?

Personal.

The residents of Marlinton are keenly alive to the advantages of education and refined culture. Miss Anna Wallace has an interesting music class, Prof. Sinton is giving instruction in painting, drawing, and sketching. Prof. Wyson is teaching a graded school, and it is expected that Miss Brownlee will open a select school in March.

The many friends of the popular Englishman, Mr. Arthur Lawson, proprietor of Drifryn, near Mingo, will be pleased to hear of his return after an absence of several months.

Messrs. W. A. Bratton and E. I. Holt are in New York on important business.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. Forest Hill has just closed an interesting session of the Edray public school. There is material for a graded school at that point which it would be well to have improved right away.

Miss Allie Baxter has finished a prosperous term at Fair View, and is now at home.

Mr. Douglas McNeill, of Buckeye, has finished his first term with marked acceptance to his patrons, and is now at Hillsboro diligently employed in advanced studies.

Captain J. M. McNeill, a disabled veteran, is quietly and pleasantly passing the winter at his well-earned home. He takes a lively interest in current events, and wonders where it will all end.

Mr. Edgar Sharp, of Verdant Valley, paid as a pleasant visit last week.

Mr. Oliver E. Wilson, who has been in the Mill Point roller mill more than a year, dropped in a few minutes as we hope for our mutual advantage.

Messrs. L. M. McNeill and Andrew Price returned from

Hillsboro. PAINT.

The newspapers get no little figure as educators of the people. We are continually seeking information through their columns and often find subjects discussed, and suggestions made that are of great importance to us. Therefore if the readers of the Times will kindly indulge us in a short talk on the subject of house paints, we will try to present some of the evils, which confront those having houses to paint. We have been brought up in the faith of two attitudes, one of them linseed oil, the other white lead. Architects specify them, the people expect them. Why? Because they are considered the best, most durable and economical paint. They have always been considered the standard paint. But we ask the question are they maintaining their high standard of excellence? We think not. We have abundant evidence all around us, that there is something wrong with the white lead and oil we have been using here during the last three or four years. Some of the last houses in Hillsboro have been painted but a short time, with standard brands of white lead, and it is coming off. Of late years most any kind of paint wears as well as white lead. How do we account for this deterioration? We think partly from the fact that the market is flooded with mixtures branded pure white lead which is composed largely of oxide of zinc, and barytes; a heavy substance, without body or merit of any kind as a paint, and is added solely for the reason that it costs only one cent per pound, and gives weight to the paint in imitation of pure white lead. Then again white lead, is not corroded as it used to be by what was called "The old dutch process," requiring from two to four months to turn out the perfect article. To-day it is corroded by the aid of powerful acids in a few days. This rapid cheap method of producing it, is very inferior to the old way. It retains a portion of the acid, which on exposure to the sun and atmosphere injures the oil destroys its elasticity, and finally decomposes it so that you have on your building nothing but a coating of chalk which rubs off leaving the wood bare and unprotected. Linseed oil, which is the life of paint, is largely adulterated with cotton seed oil, peanut oil, corn oil, sunflower seed oil and various parasites. Now these facts should put every one having painting to do to thinking. There will be a great deal of painting to do throughout this country during the present year, and there is no one that wants to throw away money on cheap adulterated paints that will fade and rub off within a year after they are applied. Allow us to suggest to those who buy white lead and oil, to have it tested before using, and also allow us to suggest the use of the Liquid Rubber Paints put up by A. W. Ingersoll, of Brooklyn N. Y. These paints are made of good materials, and put together in a scientific way in accordance with the chemical laws of nature, and are guaranteed to withstand the action of the elements. We honestly believe they will out last white lead and oil hand mixed three times, and are of handsome finish.

LUMBER BOUGHT

Mr. C. W. Callison, well known in this county as a lumber operator, has secured a valuable lot of timber in Eastern Tennessee; about 15,000,000 feet of it is choice poplar, running from 2 to 4 feet in diameter. There is also some excellent oak and white pine. Mr. Callison will convert it into plank and run it by means of tram roads to the Norfolk & Western R. R. which runs within 7 miles of it, thus avoiding the heavy expense of driving and rafting on water courses. He wants to commence operations the first of next month. We wish him success.

FARM SOLD.

Mr. John Hill has sold his farm (13 acres) lying in the suburbs of Hillsboro to Mr. S. J. Payne, for \$1,200. Mr. Payne expects to put up a store building on it next summer.

PAINTFUL ACCIDENT.

Mrs. A. C. Hamill, while opening a glass jar recently, accidentally broke it into pieces, badly cutting two fingers of the right hand on the sharp edges of the glass.

Mr. Nat Kleumou's potatoes were all frozen during the recent cold weather, and Mrs. Lillian Israel's large collection of beautiful flowers about the same fate.

There is a petition in circulation here with a good many subscribers, asking the County Court to appropriate a small sum of money for the purpose of securing additional funds to assist in the prosecution of Alex. Armstrong and one Chamberland now in jail, awaiting trial, for the robbery of Captain A. M. Edgar, the 4th of this month one year ago.

Miss R. F. Clark who left here recently, for Logan C. H. this State to take charge of a school there, went by rail as far as Kenova, a small station on the Norfolk & Western R. R. and finding her way from there by a stage line, so blocked up with snow that there was no possible way of getting through it for several weeks, returned to her home at this place.

Mr. R. I. Hoyt is off on a business trip to Charleston, Baltimore and other cities. —"JENKINS."

Dilley's Mill.

EFFECT OF COLD WINTER.

We have had winter in abundance. The blizzard lasted three days, a steady gale, and stock suffered intensely from the cutting wind. Some stock have frozen feet and a calf belonging to Mr. George Fertig froze to death. Chickens, geese, and geese froze to death. This winter will be long remembered. Feed is very scarce. Many are feeding a great deal of grain to lengthen their rough feed. The roads are impassable in many parts. The road from Mr. Clayton Dilley's to Mr. Morgan Grimes' is impassable.

Rev. R. B. Little held his last quarterly meeting, for this Conference year, at Frost, Sunday. He preached a very able sermon.

Miss Florence Hively closed her school at Oak Grove, and will start to school at Core Hill.

TO THOUGHTFUL PATRIOTS

Washington day is the most sacred of our national anniversaries. George Washington was born at Bridges' Creek, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. His early home was a plain, wooden, farm house, built on the old Virginia style. Other American generals were as brilliant in battle; but Washington alone could conquer defeat.

STRONG WORDS.

We and many others are glad the State Bar Association has endorsed the bill preventing quick lawyers, quaffing. For sure there are some who should be debarred from lending men to ruin. Some there are who, when they hear of any difficulty between neighbors, make a special visit to urge them into court; swindling people who they can lead.

Rev. C. M. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion on the first Sunday in March, at 11 A. M. Last time for this year.

People are making good use of the snow sledging in their summer wood.

We are sorry to hear of the death of the Widow Chapman, in Webster County. She was the mother of thirteen children. Her home was twelve miles this side of Addison Springs, and she always made her house very pleasant to travelers.

Mrs. Jasper Dilley is very sick of pneumonia, but is slowly improving. Dr. Lockridge is attending her.

ANONYMOUS.

Died.

A letter to the undersigned, from Woodland, Cal., brings the sad news of the death of Mrs. W. T. Curry. She died on the 2nd of February at 8 o'clock p. m. The funeral took place the next day. Aged 35 years and 1 month.

"Peaceful be thy silent slumbers, Peaceful in thy grave below; And in heaven we hope to meet her, When our pilgrimage is o'er."

Green Bank, W. Va. J. H. CORRY.

HOW A MAN CAN BE HIS GRANDFATHER. — I married a widow who had a daughter. My father visited our house frequently, fell in love and married my step-daughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. My step-daughter had also a son, he was of course my brother, and at the same time, my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandfather, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband, and at the same time, her grandchild, and as the husband of a person's grand mother is his grand father, so I was my own grand father. — Exchange.

Dunmore.

Still it continues a little cool. Capt. E. A. Smith, wife and daughter, and "Grandpa" Geo. McLaughlin, and wife, of Marlinton, were up on visits.

Messrs. Geo. S. Taylor and Labe Mann, of Edray were up on a visit last week.

Mr. Frank McElwee and Miss Mattie McElwee, were on a visit to Driscoll last week.

Miss Lizzie Arbogast, was in our town last week.

B. M. Yeager, Esq., passed through town on his way from the North Pole.

There is now being a tow laid out at Point Look Out.

Stonewall is on a visit to Clover Lick.

The Misses Viot were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Peter Carpenter and Mrs. Peter Oliver, are on the sick list, with Dr. Little in attendance.

Mr. B. D. McElwee, is now putting up furniture at Dunmore.

Jacob Taylor has met his match — he has a young monkey and a pet coon.

We understand Mr. Jack Noonan, has a new way of keeping his feet warm, in cold weather. Good for Jack. — Tickle Britches.

Clover Lick.

The people of this part are still alive so far as we know.

We have had dreadfully cold weather. Some people have frozen feet, and some stock frozen. We cannot tell how cold it was, for the few thermometers owned to this section were taken in to keep them from freezing up. We do not wish Mr. Hicks any harm, but hope that his prediction of the weather of the 25th may be wrong.

Do not attempt to travel this road, for it is impassable.

Jobo Shinnberry had his mule badly crippled in a snow-drift at the old Lick House the other day.

The wild turkeys have come down to the runs, and to the hay and oat stacks, for food and shelter, and occasionally you can hear of one being killed. Mr. J. C. Price had to protect his oat stack to prevent the wild turkeys from destroying it.

Mr. Thomas Showalter shot a red fox the other day.

MARYELOUS.

Over a hundred polecats have been caught on Elk near Linwood. The hunters have this large boundary laid off in territories, and each cannot cross the line. E. H. Showalter belongs to this company, and the other day he dug out a polecat, that was lazing sumptuously on a ground-hog, which he had eaten half up, though still alive. That ground-hog did not see his shadow. — PUMPKINHEAD.

Green Bank.

The sun is shining once more. Mr. H. P. McLaughlin, of Huttonsville, was in town last Friday. Mr. Harvey Manpin and wife passed through town last week en route to Travelers' Repose.

We are sorry to lose Dr. C. L. Austin from our village, as he was a good doctor and a good neighbor, but hope the change may be beneficial to him in every respect.

Mr. Henry Sheets lost a horse some days since that was 32 years old. It could eat corn from the cob with ease.

There is considerable sickness in this part of the county at this time. — C.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this county. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address IMAH BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the Virginia News published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the Pocahontas Times and the Times at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.00 for both papers. Every old subscriber and every new subscriber should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at a low price. The Times has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of the State.

Picture Taking is Easy

KODAK
IF YOU DO IT WITH A
KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposures and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 50 page, illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodaks and Kodaks, free for the asking.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

ROCKFORD, ILL. Rochester, N. Y.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and buy in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG
FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-sprain, curb, poll-evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also, general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowels-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address: **T. J. WILLIAMS**, Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loderer and Susan J. Loderer, his wife, to L. M. McCulloch, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McCulloch as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$107.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Bonecorte, Bonecorte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Book No. 25, page 227, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loderer, and said Withrow McCulloch having paid said note as endorser, the said Withrow McCulloch, undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McCulloch, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the 5th day of March, 1895.

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder, for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt and the costs attending the execution of this deed, to wit:

One brown horse, one two-year-old colt, one double harness, one three-quarter interest in a small lot of property of the said D. W. Loderer, the other to three interest in said three-quarter interest and so on until the sum of \$107.46 and costs are paid. Also a certain tract of land in Pocahontas county, West Virginia, on which a deed of trust was executed by the said D. W. Loderer and his wife to the said L. M. McCulloch, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless the said Withrow McCulloch as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$107.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Bonecorte, Bonecorte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Book No. 25, page 227, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loderer, and said Withrow McCulloch having paid said note as endorser, the said Withrow McCulloch, undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McCulloch, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the 5th day of March, 1895.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BUNN,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as in me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

C. B. SWECKER,
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice: Dinwiddie, W. Va., or Alexandria, W. Va.

ROOFING
Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT
red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDER
that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER
heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

PRICE
low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery
—Store and Shop—

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of **HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.**

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent.

Room 29, City Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

The first time was the celebration of the birth of the great American philanthropist, George Washington.

Not in Stock.

Lady (to dog dealer)—"I live in a lonely house in the country, and I want a good house dog."

"Yes, marm."

"But I don't want one that will keep me awake at night barking at nothing."

"No, marm."

"He must be very strong and fierce, yet as gentle as a lamb with us you know."

"Yes, marm."

"And he must pounce upon and drive every tramp away that comes to the house."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not interfere with any baneful person coming along."

"No, marm. Anything more?"

"Yes; if a harglar comes, the dog should attack him instantly."

"Yes, marm."

"But he must not molest any one who makes a friendly call at any time."

"No, marm."

"And, of course, he must not interfere with any person who may have to come to see my husband, for he is a doctor, and so a great many people call."

"No, marm. I quite see what you want. You want a thought-reading dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, marm, but I am quite out of the kind you want."

Advertiser.

Sage Not Sagacious.

From the Springfield Republican.

If Sage were half way decent he would long ago, without a murmur, have voluntarily made full compensation to the poor clerk, Laidlaw, whose body received the injuries aimed at Sage. Meantime Lawyer Joseph H. Choate, counsel for Laidlaw, is having a vast amount of fun with the stingy and unfeeling old stock jobber, and he announces that he will stand by Laidlaw "if it takes twenty trials before this man Sage is brought before the bar of justice."

NEW RIVER VALLEY BANK, is the name of a new bank established at Hinton. It will be ready for business by June 1st.

CHARLEY C. one of the youngest Sam Purdy colts, raised by Winfield Liggett, of Harrisonburg, broke the five-mile trotting record, at Onondaga, Can., His time was 13:20 minutes.

A BEAR tried to break into the basement of the Homestead Hotel at the Hot Springs.

The United States Senate is a tie between the two great parties at the present. The Vice President giving the decided vote.

The Union Theological Seminary, at Haden Sydney, is to be removed to Richmond.

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When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria.
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A thrilling report comes from Tucker county, of two school children, a brother and sister perishing in the Blizzard that raged on the 13th of February. The brother's age was 12 years and he took off and wrapped his coat around his sister aged 10 years, and when found they were folded in each other's arms. The papers are speaking of this self-sacrificing act in highest terms of eulogy. The *New York Express*, says: This conduct had in it all the highest elements of heroism. It was not inspired by love of glory or hope of reward, it was born of instinctive chivalry, and inspired by dauntless courage. To die in the blaze of battle is far less difficult, than to perish by inches after having deliberately sacrificed the last glimmer of safety in order to cool another. There could be no more trial of heroism than this West Virginia boy shed the heat and the pain that hot iron had been for such as well as to see that he was made of the right stuff by And to a country

A publication owned by a big Eastern thread company says that over 7,000,000 miles of thread are annually used in the United States.

Observes the Louisville Courier-Journal: Countess Wachtmeister says the future man will have a sixth sense. It is to be hoped it will be common sense.

London Engineering says that the new magazine gun adopted for the United States Army possesses "all the requisites now universally admitted to be necessary to a perfect magazine gun."

The practice of grasping a loaded gun by the muzzle is still in vogue, laments the San Francisco Examiner. There is never a closed season for the particular sort of a hunter who fails to realize the relative ability of the two ends of his weapon.

Considerable attention has been drawn to the statement by the Russian Minister of Finance, M. Witte, that during the past six years it was frequently the Czar's personal influence that maintained peace; that frequently there were warlike threats which he never answered.

The Japanese scheme of dividing China into three independent kingdoms, each to be ruled by a native prince, is, in the estimation of the Philadelphia Ledger, an ingenious one. The attempts of the three princes to do each other up would probably relieve Japan of any further unholying efforts in China.

The cotton seed oil mills of England import their cotton seed almost exclusively from Egypt. The oil is used in soap factories, and a considerable quantity of it is shipped to the Mediterranean where, without doubt, observes the New York Independent, it is transformed into "pure olive oil," much of which is sent to the United States and purchased by our people in preference to the really pure oil made in California.

Says the New York Independent: Our dailies show a great lack of reverence in describing the weather. The Tribune spoke of the expected cyclone from the Gulf as coming north at an "easy jog;" the Times said it "seems to have bumped against a Nova Scotia 'high' (area of high pressure); the Herald characterized it as "a very slow cyclone," and said it "must put on more steam;" the World told its readers that the great storm is on its way, but "is taking things easier than the weather sharps thought." Thus do our great papers exhibit their genius in making the oldest and commonest of topics interesting.

A good many people appear to think that resistance to a blow is a test of hardness in minerals, whereas it is resistance to erosion. Ignorance of this fact led a man in this city, relates the New York Sun, to experiment on what appeared to be a large and unusually clear garnet of rather light red color. He took a hammer to it and smashed it to atoms. A diamond is the hardest substance in the world, yet it may be broken by a tap from a hammer, or even a fall on the sidewalk, as it is apt to split along the cleavage lines, which are parallel to its faces. Experts test an undetermined gem first with a file and after with fragments of stone of differing hardness. If it yields to the file it is glass, or something no more durable than that.

That glorious theme of song and story, the old frigate Constitution, apostrophized the New York Press, is to devote the rest of her days to the training of youth; and that these days may be long to the wish of every true American who remembers her services to her country. She is to be turned over to the Massachusetts naval militia for use as a training ship, and will leave her present refuge at Portsmouth at once. Her more fitting career could be improved for the Constitution, than that of an educational, and the young Massachusetts sailors are for instance. There is a history in every plank of the old warrior, a story in every spar. The sails of battle fought and won in such an atmosphere of romance to country patriots will I doubt as well as sailors.

WE WON'T GIVE IN.

Storms may howl from East to West—
Sun hide out by day;
Cotton worms do their best—
Country short on hay;
Still, we ain't a-going to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
Let the cotton rise an' fall!
Let the corn give out!
Let the strongest horses stall,
Floods rise an' about!
Ain't a bit o' use to give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
If the crop is short, the land
Still is broad an' long;
Still the hoe is in the hand—
Still the mule is strong!
Never givin' in see as give in
While the world owes all a livin'!
What's the use to sit an' pine
When the cold wind blows?
Takes a lot o' rain an' shine
Just to make a rose!
Roses die an' violets give in,
But the world owes folks a livin'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

SELINDA'S SATCHEL.

BY SOPHIE AWEET.



"H, Selindy, I wish you could go!" Little Miss Kittredge elevated her sunny forehead in a way that she had when she was worried, until her eyebrows reached almost to her "widow's peak."

Selinda gave the finishing touch to the pink waist she was ironing and set the iron down hard.

"It's of no use to talk, mother. I never can go anywhere," she said. "And I do wish you wouldn't call me Selindy."

The ironed things went into the clothes basket with a sweep and a toss, and the basket went into the closet with a thump, and Selinda ran up stairs to her own room and buried her head in the pillow. It was only a foolish little seventeen-year-old head, although its owner taught the Bend school and sang in the church choir, and was an officer of the Village Improvement Society. Miss Kittredge dropped the boy's blouse she was mending, and folded her little knotty, toil worn hands in her lap; her glasses had grown suddenly so misty that she could not see.

"Poor little Selindy-dal! It does seem too bad," she murmured. "If Enoch would only pay me, as he said he would, for keepin' house for him and nurin' him through that rheumatic fever, more'n a year ago. I can't hear to say anything—monget relations, so—and Enoch is terrible nigh. And if I do speak it'll only make him cast a slur upon Amasa, his own brother that's dead and gone, because he hadn't more faculty and didn't leave us better off. But then! Selindy does feel so bad now that the Pritchard girls and Naomi Jenks are going to the World's Fair. And it does seem kind of providential that Enoch will be goin' by here home from market this afternoon."

The little woman arose, slowly, but with resolution, and took her mending out to the porch. But the mending was neglected, and she peered anxiously through the fluttering hopvine, down the long, dusty road. She actually trembled when a tall, gaunt figure, upon the seat of an open farm wagon, came suddenly into view.

"Enoch, I want to speak to you just a minute," she called, hurrying out to the gate.

Enoch was thin-lipped, and dried like leather. He flicked a fly from his horse's back without looking up, and with a distinctly discouraging air.

"It ain't any use talkin' to me about huff," he said, before the little woman found her breath or her courage to speak. "He's got to make his own way, just as my boys would, if I had any. I don't care anything about machinery or lectricity, or any of the fol-de-rols that he's got his head full of. I don't expect he'll ever amount to as much as Selindy does—"

"It's Selindy that I want to speak to you about," said the widow, hastily. "You know I don't like to say anything about it, Enoch, but you said you'd give a little something for takin' care of you when you was sick, and now—Selindy she wants so bad to go to the World's Fair. I expect you'll think it's extravagant, but she worked hard keepin' school, and Rufe he's done real well in the mill, and seems as if now was just the time if you did think of givin' me anything—"

"You want me to give it to Selindy, do you?" The grim mouth relaxed a very little. If Uncle Enoch had a weakness it was for his niece Selinda, whom all Carmel accounted "smart." "I did think she had more sense than to go gabblin' off to Chicago, a squanderin' money, but well! I'll give her a little something to keep her along. I'm goin' over to B-day after tea-morrow, and I'll stop on my way home—"

"A little something to help her along—did not sound like enough to me," Selinda's response to the Fair, but there was no good thing about Uncle

Enoch, he was apt to promise something less than he meant to perform; and Selinda's mother remembered hopefully how he had said, after she had nursed him through those long weeks of illness, "I'll remember you handsomely, M'rie, handsomely."

That was, indeed, after he had suffered very severe twinges of rheumatism, and Rufe had said it would "take more than rheumatism to take the kinks out of Uncle Enoch so they'd stay out!" nevertheless, Mrs. Kittredge's worn face was aglow as she called to Selinda, who was still protesting and tearful, and told her just what a hope Uncle Enoch had held out. Selinda was sanguine also. She dried her eyes, and ripped the skirt of the "changeable" silk that had been her mother's wedding dress, to make a "stylish" waist to wear with her old black cashmere skirt. And then she couldn't resist the temptation to run across the field to Naomi Jenks's to tell her of the joyous prospect. And she was really angry with Rufe because he shook his head doubtfully, gnawing right on eating huckleberry pie, when she told him of Uncle Enoch's promise.

When the day came she ran out as soon as she had wiped the dinner dishes to watch for Uncle Enoch. He was late and in a hurry. He handed her out a rather large-sized pasteboard box.

"There, I ain't one to be small when I make up my mind to go a-shoppin'; if you take good care of that 'twill last you till the next World's Fair comes round," with a grim chuckle. "You tell your mother it's her own risk lettin' you go; 'tain't any of my doin'." I've got other uses for my money."

Selinda carried the box into the house. It was light, but oh, how heavy her heart was! And Rufe, who had been standing behind the great hatter-out-tree, turned a somersault. Rufe always had provokingly little to say for himself, and he turned somersaults as an expression of his feelings on the most inopportune occasions. Selinda thought that even a boy ought to have more sense. There was silence in the room for the space of a full minute after the cover was taken off the box; then Mrs. Kittredge said with a fearful gasp, "Oh, don't feel so bad, Selindy; it's a real pretty satchel."

Selinda had a temper. I wish that she had had it as fully under control as all but the very bad girls in stories do; but alas! she flung the pretty satchel with all strength, box and all, up into the high cupboard beside the mantelpiece. The box came tumbling down, and the cover followed it, and Rufe carried them off, saying he had been wanting some pasteboard to make a fan for his winnowing machine. (Rufe spent his leisure experimenting upon miniature machinery.) The bag stayed up in the closet, and Selinda sulked and cried, with intervals of trying to be good and make the best of things, and her mother took the egg money, with which she was to have bought herself a pair of gloves, and bought a gilt belt for Selinda, and she made a great many oream pies in anxious, silent sympathy, and opened the strawberry preserves, of which Selinda was very fond.

Sometimes when Selinda was away, Mrs. Kittredge opened the cupboard door and looked at the satchel, and said regretfully, "It's a real pretty satchel." At last one day, three weeks after the satchel had been flung up there she said it in Selinda's hearing. "You think so much of pretty things," said Selinda, a little contemptuously. "You wanted some pink vases like those the minister's wife had, and a watch and chain like Mrs. Deacon Palmer had, and a spray of lilac in your bonnet like aunt Jemima's! You always liked pretty things and—"

Selinda looked up, suddenly, as if struck by a new thought—"you never had any!"

Rufe looked up from the tiny wheel that he was scowering with emery paper. "I wonder if this is the first time you ever thought of that!" he said in a gruff voice, as if he had a lump in his throat. And he scowled meditatively at her, as Selinda now remembered she had caught him scowling at her before.

"Well, I don't know," was all that their mother said, in a weak, half-guilty little voice, and Selinda saw her tortively wipe away a tear.

"Aunt Jemima has sent word by Phoebe Bason that she wants you to come over and help her get ready to go to the World's Fair," said Selinda when she came home from the dress-maker's the next day. (She was flinging a little consolation in the changeable silk waist, although she couldn't wear it to the Fair.) "Aunt Jemima is going, and Mrs. Prentice and Roxy Fowler, with Jonas for an escort."

"I'm real glad for Jemima. They'll have a beautiful time. I guess I will go over and help her fix up. If you think you and Rufe can get along," said Mrs. Kittredge.

Selinda was at the dressmaker's again the next day when Mrs. Kittredge's nephew, Jonas, came after her. Going to the cupboard for her best handkerchief and her gloves, where she kept them "hastily" for Sundays, Mrs. Kittredge caught sight of Selinda's satchel.

"I don't believe Selinda would care a wit if I should take it. She said she never would carry it, and it would

look as if I had things like folks," she said to herself.

"Mother does like so much to go visitin'," said Selinda, as Rufe came in that night. She was in the pantry, with her back toward him, but she kept on talking. "She'd be a regular gad about, like Aunt Jemima, if she could." Selinda's tone was slightly aggrieved; she did hate to do housework.

"And she never had a chance to go anywhere!"

Rufe's voice was so gruff now that it made Selinda come out of the pantry and stare at him. His face was red, and he breathed quickly, as if he had been running.

"She's gone, has she?" he said. "But I can go over to Aunt Jemima's; it won't be too late." He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and spread them out before Selinda's eyes. "I've been doing extra work for a long time, and I got Mr. Pritchard to pay me to-day. And then I sold those jumping jacks that I made, and the little wooden wagons—you thought I couldn't, but I did—and I've saved every cent I could, and at last there's enough—enough for mother to go to the World's Fair!"

"For mother to go to the World's Fair?" echoed Selinda in utter amazement. She almost laughed, it seemed so ridiculous. And then a sudden revulsion of feeling swept over her. Instead of laughter there was a threatening of tears—a blessed mist that cleared long blinded eyes. "Oh, Rufe, I never thought! It was only mother! And though you're only a boy you did think! Oh, she'll have such a good time! But you, Rufe, I never thought of you, either; and there's the machinery—there are all sorts of things that it would be a real benefit to you to see!"

Rufe turned his back to her, and swallowed a lump in his throat—a lump that went down hard. But he raised his head proudly.

"I shall be a man, and make my way, and see things," said he. "But mother never had a chance."

Rufe planned to go over to aunt Jemima's next morning; but there was no need, for bright and early, their cousin Jonas came driving like mad up to the porch, with Mrs. Kittredge beaming with delight beside him.

"Oh, Selindy, he wasn't so bad—your Uncle Enoch, I mean," she grasped. "Just see!" She opened the satchel, and showed a little inner pocket from which she drew five crisp new twenty-dollar bills. "I found them last night when I was showing the bag to your aunt Jemima. Now, Selindy, you can get ready right off!"

But Selinda shook her head firmly; if she had one little pang of temptation no one will ever know it—and told Rufe's story, while Rufe retired, shame-facedly, behind the wood-shed door, for there was cousin Jonas listening—and added her own plan, which was that her mother should go to Chicago, escorted by her own big boy, Rufe, who would learn twice as much as she—Selinda—would. And Selinda had been so much in the habit of having her own way that of course she had it now.

Little Mrs. Kittredge went off with her sister Jemima, and her cronies, half-dressed with delight, almost as uncertain of herself as the little old woman on the King's highway who cried "O Lawd! a mercy on me this surely can't be!"

And Rufe—but only a boy with a burning desire to "find out things" knows what going to the Fair meant to Rufe. As for Selinda, perhaps there were moments of misgiving, even tears; but she says she had a good time all alone at home. And when her Uncle Enoch, driving by, called out to her:

"Well, Selindy, you found what I put in the bag for you?" she answered, with a happy face:

"Oh, Uncle Enoch, I found the money—and a great deal more!"

Uncle Enoch thought he must be getting deaf; he didn't know what she meant. But it didn't matter much what a girl meant, anyhow.—Portland Transcript.

Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.

According to L. Hoepke, it is to a slow oxidation and to the resulting disengagement of heat that must be attributed the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of coal. The danger is so much the greater in proportion as the surface exposed to the air is wider. It is a maximum with coal dust. The loading and unloading should, therefore, be so done as to avoid as much as possible the crumbling of the coal under the influence of the ship's motion. The smallest vessels are preferable for the carriage of coal.

Mr. Hoepke does not believe in the possibility of the spontaneous combustion of cargoes of damp cotton. But it is possible that a spark falling accidentally upon a bale may remain ignited for weeks and afterward set fire to the mass. Greasy cotton, on the contrary, very easily takes fire spontaneously. The same is the case with flax, jute and tow. Stacks of hay, and bales of tobacco and hops are likewise liable to spontaneous combustion. —Scientific American.

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next. —Athenian Globe.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LEFT-OVER STEWED TOMATOES.

If, as often happens, you have a little stewed tomatoes left over from dinner this is a nice way of using them: Boil two-thirds of a cup of rice in two cups of water (or steam it in the double boiler) adding half a teaspoon of salt at the time you pour the boiling water on to the rice. Cook until soft, which will be in a half or three-quarters of an hour. Remove the cover and stir the rice carefully with a fork to let the steam escape and dry off the rice. Heat the tomatoes which were left, season them quite highly with salt and pepper, using a little cayenne to brighten the taste, add to the rice a tablespoonful of butter, stir carefully in, and when melted pour over the tomatoes and stir that also into the rice. Serve at once as a vegetable and you will be surprised to find it so good. —New York Advertiser.

COOKING BANANAS.

Cooked bananas make delicious desserts. As fritters, they are excellent. Sliced, fried and sprinkled with powdered sugar they are good. Made into a pudding by slicing them, placing in a pudding dish with alternate slices of sponge cake, the whole being soaked with beaten egg and baked, they are not to be despised. Preserved bananas are also delicious. Boil together a pound of sugar, a half pint of water and the juice of one lemon and one orange. Skim this and when it is syrup-like put in six peeled bananas sliced in two. Cook for about forty minutes and serve cold.

To bake bananas loosen the skin so that the fruit may be slipped out, but do not take it out until after the baking. Bake for half an hour. Then remove the loosened skins and cover with a sauce made by boiling half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water five minutes and adding a teaspoon of butter and the juice of half a lemon. —New York World.

THE SERVANT OF SMALL THINGS.

There is a prospect that, before we are much older, nearly all our house-keeping will be done by machinery. Not only by special machines for special purposes, but by great co-operative machinery for the whole house-keeping.

But the faithful housekeeper is quite sure that there is one servant who will never be supplanted—the servant of small things. The servant, paid or unpaid, who picks up the trifles every one else drops, and puts away the articles every one else forgets. The servant who carries up and down stairs odd cups and glasses and spoons; who finds overshoes and slates and schoolbooks and hats; who gathers the scattered playthings and discovers the misplaced hook or sewing; who makes ready the chair and the footstool for the coming occupant, and who takes up all the dropped stitches, moral and material, in the family life.

There may arise housekeeping machines, big and little, working with marvelous skill and accuracy. But until a method is discovered of putting a heart as well as hands into them, of giving them a soul as well as a body, it is certain that the sphere of the servant of small things can never be perfectly filled by such contrivances. —Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

After washing never wring worsted dress goods. Shake them.

Soak millowed clothes in butter-milk and spread on the grass in the sun.

Acid phosphate will remove ink stains from the hands when everything else fails.

Milk, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double-wire gridiron and served with lemon are appetizing.

One of the easiest ways of "taking cold" is to drop asleep without an extra wrap over the shoulders.

No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

These are days when extra care should be taken to keep the feet perfectly dry. A fresh pair of stockings should be used every day.

Canned tomatoes are more delicious baked than stewed. About ten minutes before removing from the oven spread buttered bread-crumbs over the top.

Written yellow linen by boiling half an hour in one pound of fine soap melted in one gallon of milk. Then wash in soda, then in two cold waters with a little bluing.

Calicoes, gingham and chambray cannot be properly washed with the white clothes. They need a much quicker process, and the long-draw of an ordinary washday would ruin them.

Two uses of eggs are not generally known or appreciated. A fresh egg beaten and thickened with corn meal, will relieve hoarseness, and the skin of a boiled egg, wet and applied to a boil, will draw out contents.

In Russia it was once the common belief that bear and lion were a

OSTRICH FARMING.

SCENES ON AN OSTRICH CAMP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Habits of This Curious Bird—How the Brothers are Secured—Narrow Mode of Attack of an Unwieldy Beast.

YOU arrive at the Cape Colony homestead, a square, red brick building, with a high of red-tiled, and glad to be out of the blinding glare and sandy plain. On every homestead the same familiar sights meet the eye. On the one side of the house stand the kraals; on the other, the shed and wagon house. In front stands the dam, adjoining the vegetable garden and lands, with farther away the camp. Behind the house are the chaff house, tramp floor and butcher's shop, where the natives are rationed. In the camp run the large stock, cattle, ostriches and



OSTRICH FARM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

horses; and on the flats and mountains the sheep and goats. In this article I shall confine my remarks to ostriches.

A well-fenced and secure inclosure is quite a luxury in this colony, and is only to be met with on the wealthier farms, the owners of which can afford to keep them in repair and to place in them stock of the more expensive kinds. Every ostrich farmer has his camp, which varies in size considerably, from 3000 to 8000 acres, and in it he keeps his 500 or 500 birds, as well as a few cattle and horses. A camp is always selected as being the best piece of grazing ground on the farm, and capable of holding more stock in proportion than any other part of the farm. Here the birds remain year in and year out, and are only collected and brought together, on the average, once every four months.

These occasions are, let us say, in June, to pluck the prime feathers. By these we mean the long whites, numbering from eighteen to twenty

any sickness, death usually resulting from a broken leg, killed fighting, or from scarcity of food in times of drought.

The nest of an ostrich is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hollow carved out in the sandy ground. Sometimes the female bird may be



OSTRICH ON NEST.

be seen scratching in the ground preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one spot. One pair of birds will lay from ten to twenty eggs, but, as is often the case, three or four birds will lay in the one nest, thus making the number of eggs up to seventy or eighty. These, of course, have to be weeded out, as a bird cannot comfortably cover more than sixteen eggs, the remainder being thrown on one side and left to decay.

Forty-four days is the recognized time to allow for hatching. When a nest is hatched out the family are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed where they come into continual contact with the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarce, must be fed morning and evening on barley or rape.

It is during the breeding season that the male becomes so savage, and his note of defiance—"brooming," as the Dutch call it—is heard night and day. The bird inflates his neck in a cobra-like fashion, and gives utterance to three deep roars. The first two are short, but the third very prolonged. Lion hunters all agree to asserting that the roar of the king of beasts and the most foolish of birds resemble one another almost exactly. When the birds are properly savage they become a great source of amusement—or, as some think, of danger.

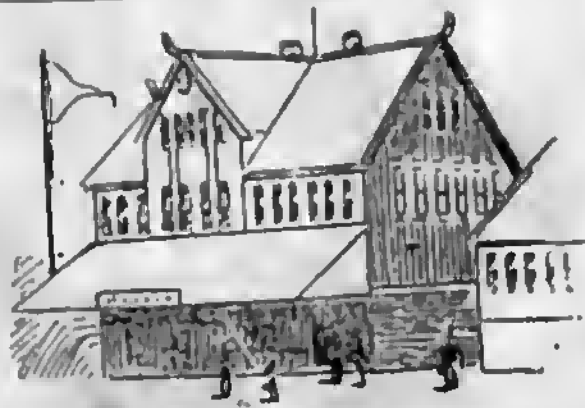
I have seen a bird so savage as to charge seven times in fifteen minutes, twice receiving the prongs of the fork through his neck. On horseback one

is the belief that the female leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This is not so. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days, the male at night, the female during the daytime. An article of food, an ostrich egg, to my taste, the most nutritious of dishes, and far more suitable as an effective weapon in Chinese and political warfare than to grace a breakfast table.

From all one had heard previous to becoming oneself an owner of ostriches, the actual plucking of the birds is very uninteresting and disappointing. The birds are all buddled together in a kraal—when every bird becomes as meek as a lamb—and are caught one by one; a bag or stocking is placed over the head and neck, while two experienced natives clip the feathers. During winter the birds must be attended to and carefully watched, as sometimes the weather is very inclement for weeks together—the thermometer often registering ten degrees of frost—and birds are apt to fall off in condition. If a bird once begins to sink in condition, the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting him right again, and often no amount of extra feeding will pull him through. —Strand Magazine.

Northernmost Railroad in the World.

The northern part of King Oscar's realm has often been called "Sweden's America" because of the richness of the land, although it is still uncultivated. The poorer class of Sweden, however, preferred to emigrate to the



NORTHERNMOST RAILWAY STATION.

United States instead of seeking new homes in Norrland, because that part of the kingdom lacked means of communication by land with the capital and the southern provinces. The coast cities suffered in the winter when ice covered the sea as much as the interior settlements suffered the year round. When it was discovered that Norrland has great hidden riches the Government decided to grant money for the building of a railway which shall connect the extremes of the kingdom.

This Northern Trunk Line of Sweden is now completed, and has just been formally opened by King Oscar. King Oscar is said to be Sweden's ablest orator, and he made "the speech of his life." The festivities surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before in that country.

The new railroad connects at Boden, near the Gulf of Bothnia, with the northernmost railroad in the world, running from the airport of Lulea up to the Gellivara Iron Mountains, forty-seven miles north of the polar circle. This road has been in operation two years. It may be considered the end piece of the continuous line of railroad of about 1250 miles long, stretching north and south the whole length of Sweden.

Norrland provides not less than twenty per cent. of the lumber supply of the globe—or more than Canada and almost twice as much as the United States. The famous Gellivara iron mines, the largest in existence, are considered capable of supplying the world for centuries.

On a Chinese Gunboat.

During my stay at the Kiangnan arsenal, writes Frank G. Carpenter, I visited one of the Chinese gunboats, which was made at Foo Chow. Mr. Cornish, the foreign adviser of the arsenal, was with me, and our Chinese cards were sent into the captain. A moment later a round-faced Chinaman, standing at least six feet two, and weighing 200 pounds, appeared on deck. He bent over and shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion, and then asked Mr. Cornish and myself to step down into his cabin. This was a large room, built much like the saloons of one of our big boats. It was furnished with a number of two-foot tables, which stood against the walls of the room, between heavy armed teakwood chairs, so that as we sat down each of us had a table beside him, upon which later on tea and champagne were served. The tea was given us in Chinese cups, with saucers on their tops, so tilted into them as to keep the tea leaves out of our mouths.

The champagne was served in little glasses the size of an egg cup, and the captain snatched his lips as the amber fluid audibly gurgled down his throat. In the centre of the room on a table entered one of the officers of the ship was sitting on a stool with a copper basin in front of him and a barber behind him. The barber was shaving his head and braiding his queue, and the officer did not seem to regard our presence in the least. He rose and shook his own hands away, then bowed half a dozen times, and then had his man go on with the shaving. The

was, in fact, an unconventionality about the whole ship that was refreshing. A big mandarin was expected, and the marines were drawing themselves on board. One man pulled on his trousers as we came out of the captain's cabin on to the deck, and



A CHINESE MARINE.

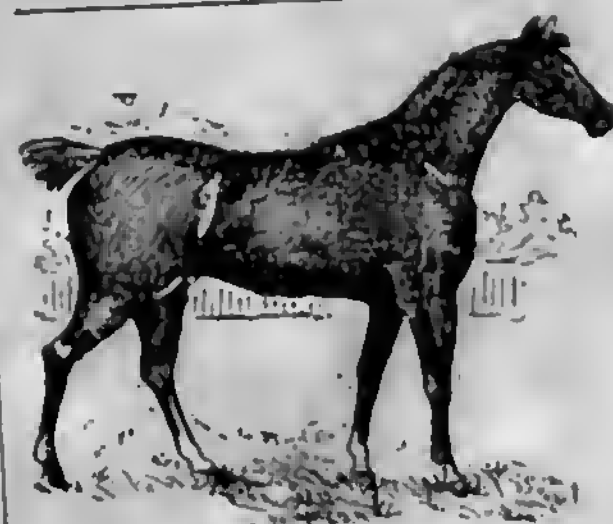
another hurriedly got himself into his coat.

The marines wore dark blue shirts or jackets and blue pantaloons of wadded cotton, which were tucked into thick black cloth boots. The shirts were bordered with wide bands of red and were embroidered on the breast with Chinese characters. I had one of the marines on deck photographed, and I noted that his gun was a muzzle loader, though he was standing beside a big Armstrong cannon at the time. I afterwards got a picture of a whole crew with their turned-up straw hats and their light blue clothes, as they posed for their photograph on one of the biggest ships of the Chinese navy, and I was struck with the nerve shown in their faces and the agility with which they moved about at their work.

Cleveland Bays.

The name of the breed is taken from Cleveland, in Yorkshire, England, where it has long been known, the term bay being added to indicate the prevailing color. The origin of the breed is unknown. They are supposed to be a cross between the racehorses and the original breeds in the country. In color they are bright bay, with black mane and tail, black points and usually a small white spot between the hocks of the heel. They are of medium size, weighing from 1100 to 1400 pounds. The head is of fair size, with an intelligent eye, finely arched neck, oblique shoulders, short back, long quarters and strong legs.

The Cleveland bay is a general purpose horse, heavy enough for all or-



PRICE CLEVELAND BAY.

inary farm work, active, stylish and speedy. He is easy to handle, very strong blooded and impresses his characteristics on his grade offspring with certainty. This breed has long been popular in all parts of Europe for coach purposes and for light artillery and cavalry.

Intensity of Confined Sound.

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a wall 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the water 182 feet below can be distinctly heard. —New York Dispatch.

A Rough Remider.



He said that he wanted to milk the cow once, just to remind him of the time when he was a boy on the farm. —Indiana.

What is the meaning of days, what is the thought they bring? Days that darkness to winter, days that sweeten in spring? Is there a fore to leave, is there a truth to be told? Hath the new dawn a ray that ever flashed from the old? Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day. What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say? Silence for aye and ay, and the heart beats never cease. Till toll and life and the day are the night and death and peace. —John Hall Ferguson, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Money talks; poverty also has a way of telling. Character is what we are in the dark. —Rain's Horn. This is the next year you expected so much of last year. —Atchison Globe. He—"What do you think is the way to win a woman?" She—"Hers." —Puck. "Then that cured my heart of aching, dear." Said she. "I'm a doctor of divinity." Quoth he. —Puck.

A Chicago astronomer thinks he has discovered green on the moon. But perhaps it's all in his eye. —Philadelphia Press.

Some men would have better wives if they didn't grow so much wealthier they give them a little money. —Rain's Horn.

Clergyman—"Do you take this woman to be your wife?" Politician (absently)—"I authorize the use of my name." —Puck.

Blackston—"I don't see why you wear your hair so short." Grayson—"No; you don't know my wife." —New York Herald.

Clara—"I'm so fond of music! I want to play the piano awfully." Laura—"Well, you do play it awfully." —New York Herald.

"What I tell my wife, goes." "Indeed?" "Yes; she takes it to her mother right away, and pretty soon it is everywhere." —Puck.

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think 'twould be awful nice to be an orphan." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Bancroft seems all upset and nervous this morning; do you know what's wrong?" "Yes; he caught the train without running for it." —Inter-Ocean.

There be the days that bring to me a melancholy shock; The frost is on the pumpkin; My overcoat in hook. —Philadelphia Record.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it. —Kate Field's Washington.

The importance of doing one thing at a time is illustrated by the fact that no steamship has ever broken the record and her shaft on the same trip. —Philadelphia Ledger.

And now the man of family Shows worry in his looks. For John and Tom and Sue and Bess Must all have new school books. —Kansas City Journal.

Grant Allen has written an article on the decline in wadlock. The title is an absurdity. If she declines there is no wadlock. And when there is wadlock she hasn't declined. —Brooklyn Eagle.

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's an account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle." —Pearson's Weekly.

The soul of the impetuous man is in the head with a dose of the blues. For he's trying to figure out how they will look. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Robbie—"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up." Charlie—"I'm going to be a train robber like Jesse James." Johnny—"Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake." —Truth.

"It must be pretty hard work panning the pavement with that great rammer," said the Miller. "Shure," said Mr. (Trogan), "it is not th' droppin' av th' thing on th' stones that is th' hard work at all. It is the hittin' av it up." —Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—"There is the loveliest house coat that I bought for Fone, and he doesn't seem to care for it the least bit." Clara—"I can tell you how to make him value it, every day." Ethel—"Oh, how?" Clara—"Tell him that you've got it sent to some poor man." —Boston Post.

The Earth Was Made Of.

What is man but a cat with a mouth, with many digmums in the way of nose, paws, whiskers, and claws? Yet through all these he gets at his hands and all the things of his mind—how surely the quality of him, the fineness of him, whether it be this or that, makes it all felt and is alone important. —John Barr.



A TROOP OF OSTRICHES.

In each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers and a few long blacks, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stumps of these feathers are drawn out, and two months later again—that is, six months after the primes—the short blacks and tail feathers are taken. Of these it is impossible to give any accurate number. As a rule, you pluck as many as possible without inflicting pain on the bird, and at the same time leaving enough to keep out the cold.

An ostrich, like most other animals, in its wild state is terribly afraid of man, or of any unfamiliar sight, and flees at the appearance of anything new to its ken. When domesticated it becomes docile, and after a time assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation.



From June up to September, or, if you will, till the end of the year, the birds are culled every year, and the culled birds are sent to the market. The culled birds are the old birds, and the old birds are the best birds, and the best birds are the most valuable birds, and the most valuable birds are the most valuable birds.

is even more obnoxious to an ostrich than on foot, but, so long as the horse is not afraid and will stand up to the bird, there is no fear of an accident. As he charges take care to have your horse well in hand, and as the bird strikes his first strike, catch him by the neck and hold on for all you're worth, till the bird becomes exhausted from want of breath and falls.

The female bird is seldom vicious. When she has a nest or brood of young chicks one must be prepared, but her manner of charging and whole demeanor is a very mild affair compared to the male's. Perhaps it may suggest itself to some of my readers: what would result apposing three or four birds tackled you at once? It is a very rare occurrence for more than one bird to charge at a time. Should three or four male birds all imagine at one particular moment, that you are the meat of each one of them separately, they first of all tackle one another, the conqueror fighting you.

Collecting birds for plucking is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given overnight to the Kaffirs and Hottentots to catch every available riding horse and have them saddled up and ready next morning at sunrise. This is done, and every "boy" on the farm who can find a horse is mounted, and a regular cavalcade enters the camp, under the superintendence of "De Bos van de Plaat"—the master of the farm. They split up into parties of two each, and start off in different directions to drive up the birds from the remote spots to which they have wandered. Warfare, of course, is freely indulged in. It is immaterial to an ostrich if there be one or fifty against him, he fights just as manfully. There exists a traveler's tale at home that, as soon as an ostrich catches sight of a human being, he turns tail and bolts in an opposite direction to his head in the sand. Another fallacy, equally devoid of foundation.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, Mar. 1, 1895

Office Paper of Pocahontas County

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

The path of glory lead but to the grave in China. A general or naval commander there is expected to go on fighting and winning battles, and to kill himself when he loses one. This saves a lot in pensions.

One of the wits of the Legislature moved to allow the lobbyists, who had so faithfully attended the past session, \$4.00 each per day for their services. This was a great year for the members of the Legislature. A great concourse of agreeable men were to be found ever ready to warp their views on every question in the most pleasant and seductive manner.

The misnomer "protection" is the grand secret of the Republican party's "road to success." It brings with it such a multitude of soothing thoughts. It is proclaimed from the housetops, and recruits come at the call. Our party has no such general rallying word. We seem to be too honest. The people listen to our arguments, but respond to that song of the siren which is composed of the word "protection." Who will invent a war-cry for our party that will neutralize the effect of that false cry "protection?"

It is hard to say just where our Republican Legislature missed it. They were so reluctant to take any well-defined and decisive course, that you can hardly fasten on them the guilt attending the sins of commission. If they have erred it has been on the side of omission. They pierced the veil of futurity, and when the questions concerning the Virginia debt, the compulsory school law, the constitutional convention, or the constitutionality of the present arrangement of the senatorial districts came up, they evaded the responsibility, for they saw the elections of 1896 looming up before them with all their various possibilities. They have argued and made a dumb show at legislating, but on minor points. They brought the session to a businesslike close, and it was the principle businesslike feature of the whole. Now for 1896.

A RATHER long article on "sangers" is published on the first page, from the columns of the New York Sun. While the picture may be slightly overdrawn, there may be a great deal of truth in it. For instance, many a mountaineer who digs ginseng and can find it as well as anyone, seriously objects to being called a "sanger." We can see the sanger come down out of the mountain generally followed by his women and children. Reports are very common of these sanger ex-lampers wives taking and selling lead. They kill each other about it, but all this is settled among themselves and they never come to court of law. They do not say their mother do they vote. If in these cases they had each other to help, that they need the added a physician, the women are represented as being due to no reason. We have heard of one sanger who was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church from childhood, and never fed upon the food of ill-health. It was her custom to marry and even to go with her family to school and pray with them in the family altar. The Methodist minister has said his faithful sangers have come to him for help and have come to him for help.

THE CLOSING SEANCE

The Legislature made it a point to adjourn on time last Friday. A great deal of business was being rushed through. The proposed rearranging of the judicial circuits was such that the Democratic members could not consent to forward it, and it failed. Senator Scott moved to adjourn about 10:30 p. m., and was ruled out of order. At 11:30 men came and set the clock back ninety minutes. At 12:50 they adjourned. Senator Scott objected to them turning the clock back, and was told to sit down. The Republican party claim that they have done nothing to embarrass them in the future. It is very hard to tell what has been passed and what rejected until the printed acts come out, which may be months hence.

The Democratic party gave up the ghost of a chance it had of carrying the city of Philadelphia. Pattison, the man whose name is a synonym for victory, was beaten by probably the most overwhelming majority ever given in a municipal election. The Republicans seem to want the earth.

THE RAILROAD!

NO FAKE THIS TIME! HUNTERSVILLE THE LUCKY TOWN!

Marlinton Only Six Miles from the Depot!

Our people were electrified by the report in the Philadelphia papers that Henry G. Davis would commence to extend his road southward at once, without waiting to complete his Hagerstown extension. Huntersville is the fortunate town chosen to be developed by this road. The grading as far as Huntersville will be completed this season.

Pocahontas Mutton.

This county has a distinction, that few of its inhabitants know of. On the wool and stock markets Pocahontas mutton ranks as the highest quality. A prominent West Virginian asked a city dealer what was meant by that term. He was told that it applied to all the best flocks of sheep from New Mexico to Maine, and that the name came from a county in West Virginia.

He explained that this county was on the very apex of the mountains of the Atlantic coast, and that sheep raised at a high altitude are much to be desired for their fine wool and the superiority of the mutton they make. So we have made a name for the best of sheep, and while many flocks are superior to any raised in this county, they are proud to be classed as Pocahontas mutton.

How's This?

Think carefully before you read this, for it may be a question you cannot answer:

ACADEMY, W. Va., Feb. 25, 1895.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

I send you the following problem to be inserted in your paper: How many acres of land must be enclosed with a rail fence so that one rail will fence a square acre? The fence is to be eight rails high, with the usual worn or sixteen rails to the rail. Send solution of problem with this proof.

Died.

MRS. JANE KENNISON.

At her home on Swago, February 19th, Mrs. Jane Kennison, aged about 65 years. For many months she has been a sufferer from a painful and emaciating complication of disease. She was a daughter of Captain John McNeil. Her husband was the late William Kennison. She was a kind, self-sacrificing mother, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church from childhood, and never fed upon the food of ill-health. It was her custom to marry and even to go with her family to school and pray with them in the family altar. The Methodist minister has said his faithful sangers have come to him for help and have come to him for help.

A MYSTERIOUS

DISAPPEARANCE BROUGHT TO AN UNTIMELY END!

A Missing Englishman Returns Unscaled!

Special to The Times.

Musso, W. Va., Feb. 23, 1895—For three months the friends of Mr. Arthur Lawson, of Duffryn, had been much concerned on account of his mysterious disappearance. He is the owner of a fine, well-stocked grazing estate near here, called Duffryn. He is the leader in all the sports of the British Colony. Last November he left on a business trip to Grafton, and for three months not a word was heard from him. The constant and steady arrival of letters from England left no room for the inference that he had gone home. Presently anxious inquiries came from England concerning him. Dark and bloody visions rose before the eyes of those he had left behind him. The most popular surmise was that he had been decoyed into some dark hole and been sand-bagged and robbed. His cattle, sheep, and property generally was kept intact, but there was little hope of his return.

Last week, however, the missing man appeared suddenly in our midst, followed by a mast enormous Irish wolf-hound. This dog weighs 120 pounds. In this effective style he returned and soon convinced the most sceptical that he was still in flesh and blood, and that it was not his wrath which stood before them. He found barrels of mail matter awaiting him. He had simply been taking a tour, and during the time and visited nearly all of the principle cities of United States and Canada, and had refrained from writing letters.

As to his tour, he says that "A man should hustle around and see the world a bit," adding from the "Imprisoned Huntsman."

"I hate to learn the ebb of time From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime, Or mark the shadows as they crawl, Inch after inch along the wall!"

Mr. Lawson is hard at work at the present getting his forces ready for the field day at Marlinton this month.

Trustee's Sale.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed by D. W. Loudernilk and Susan J. Loudernilk, his wife, to L. M. McClintic, trustee, to indemnify and save harmless Withrow McClintic as endorser on a certain negotiable note of the sum of \$167.46, dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and payable four months after date at the Bank of Roncoverte, Roncoverte, West Virginia, and any renewal of said note, said deed is dated on the 5th day of June, 1894, and is recorded in the county clerk's office of Pocahontas County, in Deed Book No. 25, page 297, and default in the payment of said note having been made by the said D. W. Loudernilk, and said Withrow McClintic having paid said note as endorser thereon as aforesaid, the undersigned Trustee, having been required by the said Withrow McClintic, will proceed at the front door of the court-house of Pocahontas county on the

5th Day of March, 1895,

(county court day) to sell by way of public auction, to the highest bidder, for Cash,

the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said debt, and the costs attending the execution of this trust, to-wit:

One brown horse, one two-horse wagon, one set double harness, one-third interest in a threshing machine, and one-third interest in a sawmill, the property of the said D. W. Loudernilk. The other two-thirds interest in said threshing machine and sawmill belong to G. A. Beverage and East Armstrong. Also a certain tract or parcel of land containing eighteen acres situate in Pocahontas county, west Virginia, on Spruce Flat, being the same land conveyed by G. A. Beverage and wife to said Susan J. Loudernilk by deed dated 16th day of April, 1891, of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Pocahontas county, in Deed Book No. 21, page 490, to which deed reference is here made for a full and complete description of said land.

L. M. McClintic, Trustee.

Jan. 23, 1895.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Leas Coal Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished. Locustville, Dunsmuir, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR RENT!

My two-story brick house at Edray lately occupied by J. E. Fane Edray, W. Va.

The Washington Post

AND THE

Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE

OF \$1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at annual sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST.

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA. S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self-evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

{West End} P. GOLDEN, {of Bridge.} Marlinton, W. Va.

Important to You—

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone (bone spavin curb poll evil, fistula, and heaves, colic, swellings and curbs guaranteed). I am also general agent for Eddred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bone troubles and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address: T. J. WILLIAMS, Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Nothing neat y done. Give me a call.

We have made arrangements with the Commercial Press published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the Pocahontas Times and the Washington Post at the extremely low rate of \$1.40 for both papers. Every old subscriber and every new subscriber should take advantage of this offer to secure this famous city paper at so low a price. The Post is the official organ of the county.

HOME NEWS

The last meeting of the Literary Society will be held next Wednesday night, March 6th.

W. McClintic drove thirty-seven fat cattle to Clifton Forge this week to market.

R. M. Beard and Harry Beard of Locust, returned from Randolph with a flock of sheep.

About 20 hands were employed for three days last week, opening out the road between Academy and Locust.

Mr. Woodcott (col.) is teaching the school at Macedonia. He comes from Roucouville, or according to Joe Wilson's pronunciation, "Rausburg."

Wild geese passed over Marlinton going north last Monday. At least so a gentleman told us, who had heard a fellow say that his father had been told by the men who saw them.

The stream that rises in the Warm Springs has been frozen over with ice three inches thick at McClintic's mill, a mile below the head. This is unprecedented, according to the *Bath News*.

King Solomon thought there was "nothing new under the sun," but the roof over P. Golden's store conceals from his rays many "new things" in General Merchandise, and the prices prevailing are exceptionally low.

The oldest inhabitant tells us that the south wind which has been blowing for a week or more, is the coldest south wind of his experience. He explains it as due to the snow which is all over the south, "between here and the South Pole."

Dr. Will Kinsport, a son of Mr. Porter Kinsport, died at his home in Cherrytree, Penn., Monday, February 18th. His father is well known here as one of the lumber operators of the St. Lawrence Company, and the gentleman himself has visited the county on hunting expeditions. He was a young man of great promise.

The air has been quite spring-like for a week. At least so it feels to people accustomed to the winter of 1894-5. The old-time winters have lost their prestige, and this winter will be remembered for twenty-five years as being the winter of them all. For over two months there has been good sledding.

Inquiries as to how feed is holding out, made of the farmers visiting town the last few weeks, make them look very doleful. The smile disappears from the face, and they age before your eyes. They tell you that it is bound to be very scarce, and nearly all say that they are eking out the "roughness" by feeding grain. Corn is 50 cents per bushel, the cheapest ever known in Pocahontas at this time of year. If there is not a lot of hay left over this spring, it will be the first time since 1867, and so we think that all will come out right.

The bursting of the principal bank of Lexington, Va., causes great distress in Rockbridge county. The principal losers are the stock holders. This stock was 50 per cent. above par up to the day of the closing of the bank. Public meetings have been held. As a member of some of the committees appointed, we notice the name of J. A. McNeel, formerly of this county, but now a citizen of Rockbridge. No trace of the whereabouts of the defaulting cashier has been discovered. His defaultation will amount to \$150,000, not counting his private creditors and endorses.

Investigation as to whether geese will eat up groundhogs as they are hibernating in their burrows, seems to establish the fact beyond doubt. Numerous testations are made by the hunting fraternity, all to the same effect, that the ground has been tracked into the burrowing hole, and on being dug out a fat groundhog was the usual result. It is said that the groundhog is driven out by the geese, and that the groundhog is driven out by the geese, and that the groundhog is driven out by the geese.

According to announcement, the Pocahontas Literary gave a public entertainment in the public school building last Friday evening. A large attendance graced the occasion, and the exercises were pronounced profitable and entertaining. Declarations were delivered by Messrs. Wysong, John Yeager, Lewis Yeager, and Emory Smith. Dialogues, Frank Anderson and J. D. Pullin. Resolved, that character is preferable to reputation, was sustained by H. Bird, J. Patterson, and H. Walton, while Ligon Marshall, P. Yeager, and Dennis McNeill argued well in the negative. Character is the foundation of useful reputation, and is all that is taken with us when we enter on our future state. The reprehensible bank disaster in the Valley teaches an object lesson illustrating the merits of the question. For twenty-three years the cashier had the best of reputations, and was trusted as few persons are. As to character, he was a secret, gentle, and regular consumer of stimulants of the most popular brands, renounced all pretensions to personal piety, and yet regularly at church, had no use for the Golden Rule, and while plain in dress and appearance, economical in table expenses, left no sensual, nameless indulgences ungratified, so far as money and opportunities could avail.

The Mingo Englishmen will be at Marlinton on Saturday, March 15th. An attractive program has been arranged. It will be a sort of a field day, and England and America will struggle for supremacy. The principle attraction will be the annual game of football. The date is not quite assured, but next week the public announcement of the day will be made. Every body is expected as usual.

Personal.

Mr. Levi Gay is off on a trip to Rockbridge on business connected with his land purchase there. He bought the Dunlap farm at a sale under a decree.

Dr. Lockridge, of Driscoll, was in town on Monday.

J. W. Oliver, a prominent Green Bank man, was in town this week.

Messrs. Godfrey Geiger and William Gay, of Clover Creek, dropped in to see us on Tuesday. They were in town on legal business.

Joseph Dem., Jr., of Lobelia, made his call most agreeable to the editor.

Dave McClure, Esq., of Edray, was in town on Monday.

Miss Mary Bell, who spent last winter in Marlinton, is spending the present winter at Owensboro, Florida.

Mr. C. K. Moore, of Dilley's Mill, was in town last Thursday in quest of the metaphorical dollars advertised by our business houses.

Mrs. C. A. Yeager has been quite unwell for some weeks from nervous prostration, but is now hopefully convalescent.

Mr. Quincy W. Poage was in town last Thursday on important business.

Capt. Hunter has placed a boom in the creek near Mr. Holt's to prevent the logs going out with the river ice. Several teams have been down the river fixing things for the coming flow.

Mr. George McCollum, our faithful constable, was in to see us, but not officially, we are happy to say as yet.

Special Notice.

For cash or good country produce, school draft or county order, you can buy your goods from E. H. Moore & Co., during the month of March, 1895, cheaper than you have ever bought them in the town of Hillsboro.

"WATCH AND SEE."

Put this notice in your hat or basket, but don't ask for credit unless you merit it.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to pay the same by the 1st of April, 1895, or give me a check for the same. If not paid by the 1st of April, 1895, I will be compelled to sell the property of the delinquent. E. H. Moore & Co.

Hillsboro.

We have had a few bright days, and the snow is slowly melting. Preparations are now being made for sugar making, and the season bids fair to be a good one.

ATTRACTIVE VIEW.

Many people have travelled the road from the top of what is known as the Vine Mountain to Hillsboro, unaware of its attractions. Shortly after leaving the top of the mountain one emerges from the deeply shaded timber to an eminence in the road from which the beautiful valley from Mill Point to the foot of the Droop Mountain, suddenly bursts upon the view with all its surpassing grandeur. No lover of the beautiful ever passed the place without halting, and contemplating in profound silence, the imposing scene outstretched before him. The village with its church spires pointing heavenward, farm houses dotted here and there, groves of flatter, winding roads, and magnificent fields of waving grain loathed in the sunlight of a June morning, make up a scene of grandeur beyond the power of the pen to describe. Going perhaps three quarters of a mile from this place we find but a short distance from the road side what is known as the Moccasin Spring. Many years ago a hunter tired out with the day's sport, dropped down in this secluded spot to recuperate. While sitting there meditating upon the ups and downs of a hunter's life, and other things in general, he saw some water trickling from a large rock, being thirsty and no water near him, he cut with a hatchet, a neat little trough in the rock to catch the water. While waiting for the trough to fill he discovered a huge moccasin snake lying near him, he dispatched it, and from that time, the place has gone by the name of the Moccasin Spring. Although the stream that supplies the spring is very weak, it never fails, and go there when you will you will find it slowly trickling, and the little trough in the rock full. The next and last place we shall mention on the road, is the Rattlesnake Den at the Tar Place near the foot of the mountain. Who is there in Hillsboro that does not know of the Rattlesnake Den? and haven't some of us been filled with a nameless dread as we cautiously picked our way through the labyrinth of barrels that leads to the home of the deadly rattler. The Den is situated among some large rocks, surrounded by a heavy growth of laurel. No wilder, rougher, spot can be found in that section of country. There was a time when the Den was full of rattlesnakes, but of late years they are not so plentiful. They still can be found there, however, and the time to look for them is in the spring when the weather begins to warm up. About the first of May they crawl out of the rocks, and stretch out where the sun will shine on them. Hardly a spring passes but what some one goes to the Den to capture a rattlesnake, either for his hide which makes beautiful belts, or for the oil which is used for medicinal purposes.

WM. COCHRAN DEAD.

Mr. Wm. Cochran died at his home near the Droop Church, on the 17th, aged about 70 yrs.

CITY ORDINANCE.

At a meeting of the council recently, an ordinance was passed in regard to cleaning the snow off the side walks. After a snow fall, all persons not taking the snow off the walks in front of their premises, within ten hours after it has fallen will be fined not less than one nor more than two dollars.

ANIMALS FROZEN.

Mr. M. A. Dunlap found twenty rats in his granary frozen to death, and there have been 15 gray squirrels found between J. L. Robinson and the river, frozen to death; one of the squirrels had been digging in the ground for a nut it had buried, and succumbed to the cold with the nut almost in its grasp.

DEAR KILLER.

Last week Mr. S. J. Payne purchased a large bear of Mr. Henry Perry. Mr. Perry killed it on the east side of the Greenbrier River near Splice Run. It was the fattest we have ever seen. Old hunters say, for fat, they have never seen anything like it. "BARKING."

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pains.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Lobelia.

Winter has broken up at last—granddads are out.

Quarterly meeting last Saturday and Sunday by Rev. R. B. Little.

Samuel Hill has a bad attack of pneumonia. Flossie Hill, who had rheumatism, is well again under treatment of Dr. McClintic.

Henry Waugh, Louie Waugh, and John Eagle started to Webster to work in the logging camps.

Messrs. Peter Overholt and John Brock wear high hats all because of two young boys.

Thomas Taylor and wife were visiting on the creek this week.

T. A. Bruffley will close his school tomorrow.

W. H. Hill sold a kill of timber to B. McCarty, who will build a house at Buck Lick.

J. B. Grimes is preparing to build a barn this summer.

Henry Caselott says he will have to browse one month.

Mrs. Serene Clark started to New York and New Haven to visit her son and brother. She will be gone several months.

E. Rogers is making some fine furniture. This is what we need—home factories.

A gentleman near Falling Springs is selling flour at \$15 per thousand pounds.

The preachers are having a hard time to collect their quarterage.

ACCIDENT.

We learn of the sad death of Daniel Henry, of Montgomery County, Va., a brother of our neighbor, Mr. Patrick Henry. He was a fireman, and the boiler of the engine burst and killed him. He was a lineal descendant of Patrick Henry.

NEEDED LEGISLATION.

We hope Congress will pass a law to prevent postmasters from selling or handling such damnable things as comic valentines!

OBSERVER.

Deer Creek.

GREEN BANK, W. VA.,
February 25, 1895.

We are still having cold weather up here, and the sleighing would be fine if it were not for the snow-drifts.

Mr. Wash Oliver warmed his hands and shoveled the snow out of the road, between Capt. G. W. Staples and the lord of the creek.

Stonewall Jackson was in this part one day last week.

Mr. D. D. Warwick, has returned from Cheat Bridge Lumber Camp, and reports the snow about three feet deep.

Mr. Jacob Hughes and sons, tracked a fine otter into the banks of the creek, but failed to get him.

Mrs. P. H. and Mrs. D. D. Warwick who have been on the sick list, are, we are glad to say, able to be out again.

Mr. W. Batcliff passed through this part last Saturday, enroute for Mr. Hugh McLaughlin's, of Dunmore.

We understand that Mr. Peter Oliver expects to move soon, into what is known as the McClintic house.

We hear it whispered around that C. P. Kerr expects to start up a new shore. We have not heard where, yet.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. R. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

The 2d Day of April, 1895,

offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton he said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, full to be due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES F. JONES, Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Dunmore.

The sun shines and the snow melts, and the lumbermen are thinking of giving their feet a bath.

Squire Taylor has a force of men at work building arks and flats for O'Connell and Dixon.

Mr. Withrow McClintic was in our neighborhood last week looking after cattle.

H. Nathan bought a fine lot of sheep at W. H. Hill.

Dr. Ligon and Samuel B. Hannah bought over 100 head of sheep on Knapp's Creek, last week.

Mr. J. A. Moore and Misses Myrtle Herold and Bertie Gibson, of Knapp's Creek, were all in town last week.

James Turner brought 2,500 lbs. from the Hot Springs, last week, on a sled.

Mr. John Beverage was in town yesterday. He contemplates building a dwelling house this summer.

Mr. Q. W. Peuge was in town yesterday.

Quita a big hop toad place near Oak Grove Monday night.

Mr. E. N. Moore has lost eight fine fat sheep, from cause unknown.

GREAT RUN-OFF.

Mr. E. N. Moore's team ran off near Dunmore, and tore the sled all to thunder; dragged Wash Moore one hundred yards and done him up; threw Peter W. Carpenter out in a fence corner, and Peter got badly done up; Charley Nottingham was thrown out in the woods, and when he came in he said it was a sight.

TOM SAWYER.

Driftwood.

Still it continues a little cold.

Miss Sallie McLaughlin has finished a prosperous term at Burr Valley, and is now visiting her many friends and relatives at this place.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach at this place on the first Sunday in March at 4 p. m. Last time for this year.

Miss Lizzie Wilfong, and Mrs. Agnes Gafford, of Buck Mountain, were down on a visit last week.

Miss Maggie E. Wilfong, is visiting relatives on Buck Mountain.

Mr. James Turner is off on a business trip to Hot Springs.

Our estimable teacher, Miss Lena McLaughlin, has not gotten able to return to her school.

Prof. Sutton passed through this place yesterday.

The girls of this neighborhood use the river for road, at present.

Mr. Nathan passed through this part with a valuable herd of improved stock of sheep.

Mrs. Jacob Sheets, of Green Bank, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. Walter Bird, of Thomas's Creek, was hauling hay from this place last week.

Mrs. Geo. They is still on the sick list.

TILDEN.

Green Bank.

We are having mild weather at this time, and the ground which has been covered in snow since the 26th of December is getting bare once more, and the creeks which have been frozen to the bottom are getting opened.

Mr. T. J. Williams, of Top Allegheny, was in our village last Tuesday.

Henry McCray, who has been carrying the mail from Wanless to Driftwood once a week thanks of putting in a bid for the contract, he carries it on his back.

Hay will be as scarce as this vicinity as hen teeth, this spring, people are hawking already.

Misses Myrtle Herold and Bertie Gibson, of Frost, were in our village last Friday.

Mr. P. H. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, was in our burg last Saturday.

Mr. H. Nathan, of Academy, was in this neighborhood last Monday, and bought W. H. Hill's sheep.

Mr. Harry Patterson, of Huntersville, and S. P. Patterson, of Rhode Hill, passed through our town last Sunday.

Mr. C. H. Swecker, and C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore, was in our town one day last week.

Rev. C. L. Potter will preach his last sermon here on the 10th of March.

Hilling and coaling flourishes during the berry season. Afterwards the hilling sometimes stops the coaling.

Picture Taking Is Easy

KODAK
IF YOU DO IT WITH A
KODAK

An illustrated manual, free with every instrument, tells all about making the exposure and how to "do the rest" but, of course "we do the rest" when you prefer.

A 4 page illustrated catalogue, telling all about Kodak and Kodaks, free for the asking

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. H. Smith,
PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varatides, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.
At E. H. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Organized March 1, 1857

Capital \$1,000,000

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dosty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00

per meal 25

lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at \$3.00 per feed.

Special rates made for the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale

and let at a low price. A first class

for a house. A first class

for a house. A first class

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments,
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery

—Store and Shop—

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on shortest notice.

Successors of G. P. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

PATTERSON SIMMONS.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19, Kelly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

State and General News Items.

One of the most sensational events that ever transpired in Southern banking affairs has recently occurred in Lexington, Va. The report is that C. M. Figgitt, the defuncting cashier of the Lexington Bank, is short about \$150,000. About \$50,000 in stock and \$70,000 belonging to depositors. He has been at this kind of crooked financing for twenty-three years. The bank was left with but \$50,000 of ready money, and so business is paralyzed for the time being. The Military Institute had \$20,000 on deposit, and the County Treasurer kept his accounts there. In reference to bondsmen, the situation is so complicated there is no fair prospect of recovering anything from them, he has had so many bondsmen during his term of service. In a note he says that he would not carry a cent with him, but eight thousand dollars deposited the day before he left cannot be found. When he left town he was seen to have two large valises with him, as he took a west-bound train. He comes of a highly respectable family, and possessed the entire confidence of the patrons of the bank. Much feeling prevails, and all the banks over the State will be looked into very closely. It is hardly possible for him to make good his escape.

SOME active minds in Randolph county thought out a division of that county, one part of which would have Womelsdorf for its county-seat, and the other, Huttonsville. In the scheme the upper part of Pocahontas was to form part of one of the new counties.

THE Italians lately in the employ of the Roaring Creek Railroad Company in Randolph are inclined to raise a disturbance over the lack of money to settle their claims. A good many are selling out at 50cts on the dollar.

OIL bearing sand has been found at the depth of 1600 feet, at Gratton.

CHARLESTON is having a hard time to get its new city government in working order.

Mathematics.

How many of each animal, can a man buy for \$100, and have 100 head of all, buying hogs at 50 cts., sheep at \$3, and cows at \$10?

An example in alligation.

Solution by Prof. J. E. Wise, of Huttonsville, W. Va:

50¢	50	1-50	90¢	494	\$17
\$1	\$3	1-200	1	1	3
10¢	1-1000	5	5	50	
Head 100					\$100

Make the average price \$1. In comparing one less with one greater than the average price, we have columns 1 and 2 indicating the gain or loss on one.

Columns 3 and 4 indicate proportional parts of 1 and 2.

Column 5 is the sum of the proportional parts or shows the number of each—94 hogs; 1 sheep; and 5 cows.

1. How much square-edged inch lumber can be cut from a log 40 inches in diameter, and 14 feet long?

2. How many bushels of shelled corn, or corn on the cob, or corn not shelled, will a wagon-bed hold that is 10½ feet long, 3½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep?

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$9.25 to \$11.00 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWANNY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH, W. VA.

MERCER CO.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. O. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, not use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kinsman,
Coeur d'Alene, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Anson, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, feel we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. BATH, D.D.S.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley Bicycles.



Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN:—The Waverley Scorcher and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is high praise, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however detachable tire. Scorcher high grade, as called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents. Yours truly, WALTER C. MENCHER & C.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs. \$85

Regular Frame, same weights \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs. . \$74

A - GOOD - ACENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. [Formerly of Weston, W. Va.] SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

B T W S A

...in their...

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases: In Poodomina and adjoining counties, viz., ring-bone, bone spavin, curb, poll evil, lamina, and heaves. I am also specific and cure guaranteed. I am also general agent for Fishel's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, blood troubles and pains of every description, external or internal. Its first use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Admrs.,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. V.

Peerless Feed Grinder.
It will last a lifetime. Ochohorse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make finely meal. Every big farmer or a buying one. Refer to R. W. Hill & E. E. Beard, Lee Board, C. W. Chatham, Frank Hill, Thos. W. Whiting, Wm. Allison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. You can reach all Agents in Pocahontas and Great Britain counties. Right sold in one day for part of cash, with no

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.
Boott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and 61.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.00 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

COURT begins Tuesday, the 2nd day of April.

CONGRESS adjourned last Monday. While it may be the last Democratic Congress to be seen at Washington for some time, we cannot deplore its ending or wish it back again.

Our President always shows to a better advantage when he is reigning with a Republican Congress. He is so constituted that he can agree to nothing and with nobody, and when he differs from the Republicans we think he is doing right.

At every recurring casualty, or tragedy, one is forced to think that we people of a thinly settled county lead a more eventful life than the common, crowded world outside. Some body is continually getting killed, robbed, or burned out, and altogether we whoop things up a good deal. It may be because we have room to spread, like trees in the open.

It is refreshing to hear of spunky husbands like the following: A man and his wife were passing near some school-boys. A fugitive snow-ball hit the lady. He became furiously angry, and justly so, too, and turning on the boys and shaking his fist in a most threatening manner, exclaimed in stentorian tones: "It's lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

It is generally supposed that as soon as it was discovered that Figgatt, at Lexington, had stolen more from the bank of which he was cashier than the bank thought it possessed, that the other banks of Virginia looked into their "inwards" to see where they were at. Anyway, the First National Bank at Lynchburg arrested its teller, charging him with stealing \$26,000. This sum seems insignificant beside Figgatt's steal, still it is enough to make it grand larceny.

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The pullet had to go.

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P. GOLDEN.

EDRAY W. VA. }
March, 5 1895.
Editor Pocahontas Times—Dear Sir: Please state in your issue of this week that I will preach at Marlinton, next Sunday the 10th, (D. V.) and oblige.
Yours Truly
W. A. SHARP.

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Miss Dora Brownlee closed her school at this place last Friday. She has taught the best disciplined school that has been taught here since the war. She expects to teach a subscription school at Marlinton this summer. We congratulate the people who are so fortunate as to get her to teach their children.

We are having real March weather at this writing, obnoxious every hour.

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Hon. J. P. Mootman, M. D. has been sick since his return from Charleston, having contracted a bad cold, but is some better at this writing.
C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and two from Newich's Valley. Four miles from turapike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town.
Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL

Clover Lick.
We are having fine weather just now.

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Mr. Jake Hill is at Dr. Ligon's. The hillsides are bare once more, and stock is grazing like summer-time. Some lambs are to be seen.

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Mr. Jacob Shewalter talks of going to live with his son-in-law, Sam Gibson, on Elk.

LATER: It is snowing again.
PUMPKINHEAD.

ROOFING
Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped everywhere.

PAINT
red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

LADDERS
that shorten or lengthen for ladders, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

PAPER
heavy building, for sheathing; lining rooms and floors

PRICES
low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.
Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the Confederate Veteran published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Veteran at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The Veteran has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 300 camps.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,

vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, D. q. Clerk.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Fanny Nemat
Very True, but it Kills All Pain
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of Levi Gay

vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeil, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895, Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeil, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,
Special Commissioner,
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.
J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. B. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895, offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES,
Commissioner.
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.
J. H. PATTERSON,
m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.

vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholi, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros. & Co. of \$418.06 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call, or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BRADY,
Deputy Sheriff.
The same as to me,
J. C. ARNDT, S. P. C.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and other the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 3rd, 1895,

in front of the court-house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County, Back Alleghany Mountain, 4 containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract contains 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gam and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company. Said land is partially improved and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this sale and expenses of sale, and upon credit as to the residue of the purchase money of \$, 12, and 18 months in equal installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred installments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

J. M. MCCLINTIC,
Special Commissioner
I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale
Valuable Lands
IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator vs. John T. McGraw, and other pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895.

In front of the court-house of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following estate situated in Pocahontas County, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in county, adjoining the lands of Ham Cury, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of W. Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to contain valuable iron ore. It is along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the land can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with proven personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURNER,
Special Commissioner
I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUND
FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING

EDRAY W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call!

C. B. SWECKE
General Auctioneer
and Real Estate

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Farms and Town Lots a specialty in the business. (Country and City) Real Estate a specialty. Real Estate, Insurance, W. Va. Examiner, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY
Architect and Superintendent
Room 10, Daily Block
Wheeling, W. Va.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

Court begins Tuesday, the 2nd day of April.

Congress adjourned last Monday. While it may be the last Democratic Congress to be seen at Washington for some time, we cannot deplore its ending or wish it back again.

OUR President always shows to a better advantage when he is reigning with a Republican Congress. He is so constituted that he can agree to nothing and with nobody, and when he differs from the Republicans we think he is doing right.

At every recurring casualty, or tragedy, one is forced to think that we people of a thinly settled county lead a more eventful life than the common, crowded world outside. Some body is continually getting killed, robbed, or burned out, and altogether we whoop things up a good deal. It may be because we have room to spread, like trees in the open.

It is refreshing to hear of spunky husbands like the following: A man and his wife were passing near some school-boys. A fugitive snow-ball hit the lady. He became furiously angry, and justly so, too, and turning on the boys and shaking his fist in a most threatening manner, exclaimed in stentorian tones: "Its lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

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Labella W. Va. W. B. HILL.

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LADDERS that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters, fruit growers, etc.
PAPER heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors.
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Wheeling, W. Va.
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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Order of Publication.

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{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit: }
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W. A. Bratton, trustee,

vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia. It is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

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What a Funny Remedy
Very True, but it KILLS All Pains
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Notice to T
All parties wh
unpaid must mak
aside on my next
property to satisfy
Respect
B. K.
The name as in
J. C. AND

HOME NEWS

It is reported that several thousand logs were carried over the boom at Hancock by the ice.

The Crummett building was knocked down to R. H. Smith, agent for his father, Capt. Smith, at \$750. The sale was by way of public auction under a deed of trust.

Mr. James Auldridge and son, George, have recently completed neat and convenient improvements on their farm near Edray; a dwelling, granary, lumber-house, woodshed, and stable.

When you come to Marlinton to buy goods, go straight to S. W. Holt's store. He will be expecting you, and has taken special pains to have everything in stock you want to buy at the right kind of prices.

The apple trees first planted about the Drennon dwelling, near Edray, and on the river near Geo. Gibson's, were carried by Laurence Drinnia from the old fields in Harby County, a few miles north of Moorefield.

The Pine Grove school-house, now occupied by Superintendent Barlow's school, took fire a few days since. By prompt and effective application of snowballs and water the threatening flames were subdued before much damage was done.

It is gratifying to observe the progress already made in opening a road from Levi Gay's to Pleasant Hill, in the Brushy Lick flatwoods. The grade is easy, and when widened will be much used by persons coming to Marlinton from Poage's Lane and beyond.

The Circuit Clerk, Mr. J. H. Patterson, has completed the copying of the record in the case of Hugh McLaughlin v. Hugh McLaughlin's heirs, in which an appeal will be asked. The record contains over three hundred pages of legal-cap paper.

An otter was seen near the bridge last Sunday, recklessly exhibiting a pelt worth from eight to ten dollars. Several men are hunting him. There is a theory among trappers that the fur of an otter will turn a ballet.

At the junction of the Indian Draft and the western prong, the remains of a person were found some years since, supposed to have been those of a French officer who led the Indians in one of their raids into this region, and most probably about 1761. He paused to light his pipe by striking with flint and steel, and was shot by a scout who was watching the course the Indians were likely to take.

Mrs. Mary Rackman, on the Indian Draft, has a pillow case made of material woven about 1780. It was first used as a dress by old Mrs. Brown when a little girl. It is of cotton, picked, carded, and spun on the little wheel. The old people say that cotton just from the pod was more difficult to pick than wool full of burs. It must have been a tiresome task.

There is an old outfit for making saltpetre in the cave from which Swago creek rises. It was used in the manufacture of gunpowder. Jonathan McNeil had a gunpowder factory in the old stone house near Withrow McClinton's mill. It was in operation during the war of 1812. As there was a blockade, powder became scarce, and as this was a hunting country, and a country infested with Indians, it was absolutely necessary to have powder.

Mrs. Julia Sharp, at Edray, has an heirloom in her possession that is very interesting and is highly prized. It is a double bed-quilted, and was woven in colors and figures. The material is cotton and wool, picked, carded, and spun by hand, and then dyed and twisted. It has been in use about a hundred years, and shows but little sign of wearing out. It was woven by one Henry Jones, a professional weaver, who had the same loom at the house and used to make and weave the famous red and blue quilts. It is a very old quilt, and as it may be compared to two quilts in use. Mr. Jones lived in Harby County about 1812, at a very advanced age. He was with others in

In looking over our exchange and reflecting upon the state of affairs over our country as presented in the journals, the writer feels that the people of this county are those whose lines have fallen in about as pleasant places as the earth affords at present. While we read of Legislatures appropriating hundreds of thousands to purchase seed grain for farmers, and food for hungry people, and how people in towns go to bed to keep warm for want of light and fuel, when so far as known to us our people have a plenty of the necessities of life, many of its comforts, and not a few of its luxuries. Talking over hard times, and brooding over low prices, and short profits, all seem uncalled for. Our neighbors while seated before a blazing fire, with barn, granary, and a neat tub well supplied, are the most fortunate of people, in spite of sixty-cent-wheat, cheap corn, and two-dollar sheep with horses to throw in.

Maple sugar is being made in those camps from which the snow has disappeared. There is very little to be made in the manufacture of maple-sugar at ten cents a pound, and it is only because thrifty people are used to making every edge cut that its manufacture is carried on at all. When the season is over they have perhaps fifty dollars worth of sugar and molasses, to say nothing of the beer, and are not behind with their other work. In fact they have that where they would have had nothing. The exposure attending the work causes a lot of sickness. The ground generally wet and sloppy; up late at night; frozen on one side and hot on the other by the fire; scalding yourself, or putting your eyes out with the smoke; these are some of the discomforts of the sugar camp.

There was a row on the street last Tuesday. Two young fellows got their fighting blood up, and after indulging in some highly seasoned personal remarks, came to blows. They fell in the mud, and the top man was pounding the under man. Quite a number of men got implicated and all of us bystanders seemed to have a dark suspicion that the nearest man was an adversary. A fight was nearly caused by one part wishing to separate them and another who said to let them fight it out. R. K. Burns, Deputy-Sheriff, pulled them apart and dispelled the warlike appearance, and the majesty of the law was upheld. One man was covered with blood and glory. No harm was done, and the bruises will just loosen the skin and make the boys grow.

One of the most aggravating things in a small way occurred to some of our town friends last week, in connection with their bank. The trouble must first be ascribed to the irregularities of the mail service which has plunged us in a hopeless state of despondency for the past week or so. This firm was notified that they had a note of forty-odd dollars in bank due Feb. 24-27. They sent the money in time, but it was delayed one day, and the bank received it on the 28th. The note had been protested and was sent back for collection, and on Saturday of that week process was served on the firm for the full amount of the note plus the protest fees. This made two sets of costs which will about knock the profits off the transaction for which the note was given.

There was a six-foot raise in the river last week. The ice was well rotted before the flood, and so did not do any damage. Several rafts went by with their customary crew, and perhaps a horse or two to lighten the walk back. Captain Smith is down the river and has been driving no doubt.

In front of the original Robert Moore dwelling, traces of which may be yet seen, are two Lombardy poplars, planted there nearly a century since, and perhaps the first of their kind west of the Alleghenies. Though from sunny Italy, these trees flourished luxuriantly until a few years since.

I. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, inform us that last Saturday, about 10 o'clock, a certain special delivery was placed for the week in our paper that they did a very good business, and were their usual selves, and that they were very busy.

KILLED!

HAM COLLINS KILLED BY CHAS. SLAVIN

Violent Death of a Noted Character.

Ham. Collins, the hero of a thousand escapades, the fighter, and noted for the number of scrapes through which he has come unharméd, came to his death from a shot from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin, on Cheat Mountain, in the upper part of Pocahontas County, last Saturday evening about dusk.

Green Bank district is without a magistrate, so Justice William H. Grose, of Huntersville, was sent far to hold an inquest, Slavin being arrested charged with the crime.

THE JURY.

A jury consisting of the following gentlemen was empaneled at the home of the dead man: G. D. Oliver, W. A. Gladwell, John H. Ralston, J. P. Wooddell, P. H. Hemilton, and C. O. Arbogast, with Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

THE EVIDENCE.

The evidence given below is the substance of the testimony of Jasper Varner, Frank Hancock, Leo Collins, and Peter Kramer: It seems that Ham. Collins, Leo Collins, Jasper Varner, and Peter Kramer were coming from Cheat Bridge down the mountain to the Slavia Cabin, where Ham. lived. Ham, who had been drinking, stopped to talk to a man near Robert Kerr's place. Jasper Varner went back to join him, the crowd having passed on, and about the time they overtook their companions, Varner and Collins came to blows. Collins beat and abused Varner terribly; nearly biting his nose off, for one thing. This was about a quarter of a mile from Ham's house, and near Charles Slavin's home. Slavin heard the fuss and took his Winchester rifle and started for the scene, thinking that it was his brother that was in a fight. He met Varner, who was coming away beaten and bruised, and who told him what was up. Slavin went on and talked to Ham in a friendly manner, until Kramer said, "Do you take up Collins' and Varner's fight?" Slavin said, "Don't know that I am," and took his gun off his shoulder. It seems that the whole crowd, and Frank Hancock, who had come off with Slavin, joined in a struggle to disarm Slavin. In the effort, the struggling group went over the roadside, and the gun was discharged, the bullet entered the ground. Slavin then wrenched the gun away, and jumping aside a few steps, shot Ham, who was standing motionless a few yards away. Ham said "I'm killed," and fell, and as he fell, Slavin fired again. Both bullets took effect in the left side and passed entirely through the body, one near the heart. Slavin went to Grati Slavin's, and Ham was carried home.

SLAVIN'S EVIDENCE.

The testimony of the prisoner varied in some particulars. He said that he took his gun down to throw it aside and fight Kramer with his fist, claiming he had insulted him by his words. That when they tried to disarm him he resisted, and that when he found himself free, he mechanically threw a ball in his Winchester, and that Ham started towards him with a drawn dirk. There was no knife of this kind found at the place of the tragedy.

THE VERDICT.

"We the jury find that the deceased Ham. Collins comes to his death from two shots from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin."

The dead man was buried at the Hoover graveyard on Tuesday. He was a man aged about fifty years, of immense frame, and had a checkered career. It is said that he saved the life of Gen. O. O. Watts, of Charleston, at one time by catching up his arm a blow aimed at Gen. Watts' head. His arm was broken. He had a row in Randolph county, broke jail and came to Pocahontas. He went to Utah on a trip in 1893, had a big fight at the Hot Springs, was arrested and broke jail there. He came back and moved from Clover Creek to Cheat Mountain. He leaves several children.

Charles Slavin is a native of Pocahontas, and is quite a young man. He was tried a few years ago for cutting a man, but was cleared of the charge of felony on the grounds of self defense. He is in jail at Huntersville.

As usual in such cases there is much feeling aroused. Slavin is well connected and well liked and many who are a question to judge about his action was justifiable.

All the country has said that there was sure to be blood spilt between Collins and the Slavin's, and Slavin was once held up by Collins. The evidence given in our readers this week is against Slavin but the public will do well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this case and the prisoner has much evidence in his favor not yet produced.

Public sentiment is with Slavin.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Patterson, of Huntersville, has been quite a sufferer much of the winter from rheumatic troubles; much relieved, however, at present.

Miss Jones closed her pleasant school at Mr. Rucker's, and returned to her eastern Virginia home last week.

Mr. Louis Yeager taught the public school at Huntersville quite acceptably to his patrons, and has finished his term. He is now canvassing for an interesting book.

Aunt Betsey McLaughlin is about well from her severe fall upon the icy ground at Mr. C. L. Moore's.

Mr. William Anderson from Pendleton County, passed through Marlinton last Thursday in search of Greenbrier cattle.

Miss Lucy Curry, of Huntersville, is visiting friends in Hillsboro and vicinity.

Wyllis McComb has sold his property on Cumming's Creek, and thinks of locating at Huntersville.

The concert of sacred music at Driecol was well attended, led by Professors Friel, Harold, and White.

A recent letter from Colonel Turk gives information of his conferring with parties with a view to a high school in the public buildings about to be vacated.

Calls were made at this office on court-day by Messrs. Isaac McNeel, William Gibson, George W. Callison, Robert Gibson, A. W. McNeel, and John R. Moore. All having an eye to the necessities of the editor.

Perry Buzzard was here on business last week.

W. A. Bratton, attorney, and E. I. Holt, Esq., returned from a business trip to Baltimore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker attended court, and auctioneered the sale of the Crummett building.

Mr. Crook, of Toledo, Ohio, was here to contract for furniture for the new court-house.

Mr. Munly met the court as usual.

Rev. Charles Fultz and wife were in Marlinton last Saturday.

Miss Mary Brown, of Green Bank, is visiting her brother, S. L. Brown, Esq., and her numerous friends in Marlinton.

Prize Sayings.

London *Tid-bits* offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their heads in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 10th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Hockeys (Clark Kellison), 5th, 4 days. M.M. Point, 10th, 4 days. Huntersville 15th, 3 days. Green Bank 19th, 3 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

The road between this place and Hancock is muddy beyond all belief.

FOOTBALL

ANNUAL ASSOCIATION MATCH WITH MINGO.

To be Played Saturday March 16.

The long expected match with the English team from Mingo, Randolph County, will be played at Marlinton on March 16th. The public is invited to attend. Special preparations will be made for ladies to see the game comfortably. The names, position, and weight of the players is here given.

THE TEAMS.

Mingo
FORWARD
B. B. Earnshaw, 182, J. H. Wilson, 166.
RIGHT WING
Arthur Lawson, 182, A. Price, (C.) 180, Ernest Hedden, 180, N. R. Price, 143.
LEFT WING
H. P. Earnshaw, 140, L. Yeager, 162, S. E. L. Grews, (C.) 141, T. Ricketts, 145.
HALF BACK
E. Brooke-Hunt, 165, J. Smith, 160, Richard C. Hales, 165, J. Yeager, 160, George Tompkins, 146, F. Anderson, 170.
FULL BACK
O. K. Dakers, 142, W. Yeager, 175, Platt Marshall, 170, W. McLaughlin, 165.
GOAL-KEEPERS
R. Tuke, 162, H. Bird, 160.
[Umpire, A. N. Other, Esq.]
Marlinton reserve: Pat Simmons and Blake King.

Mingo sends the above weights as the fighting weight of each member, with the motto: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Armstrong and Cumberland.

Nothing has ever created deeper interest through the county generally than the arrest and incarceration of the negroes, Armstrong and Cumberland, charged with the robbery of Capt. Edgar. As usual the State's attorney is getting his evidence in shape before court. It is a little way that he has and he generally surprises those busy-bodies who claim to know more about each case than any body else, when such a case is to be disposed of, and who come in with their officious and idiotic suggestions. There will be some strong evidence produced on the part of the State, but as it takes the strongest evidence to cause our juries to bring in a verdict of guilty, it is foolish to hazard opinion as to the likelihood, of their conviction or acquittal.

DEPOSITIONS.

Some depositions were taken by County Clerk S. L. Brown, of Armstrong and Cumberland, last week to be read as evidence in case pending in Marietta, O.

It seems that a room had been rented to these two men and others, and that gaming was carried on in that room. The owner of the room being on trial for allowing gaming to be carried on in property owned by him is endeavoring to prove that it was without his knowledge or consent. The testimony was that any gaming carried on in that room was kept from such owner's knowledge.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The writer had an interview with Armstrong. He is undoubtedly a very intelligent man. He is a fluent speaker and he sets forth his innocence in a most convincing manner. He consents to the publication of the following points, as he relies on them as a part of his defense. There is other important evidence in his favor which he does not wish to be made public. The robbery was on the night of January 4th, 1894, at about 8 p. m., thirty-two miles from the railroad. He claims that the journey to Marietta, O., his home, could not be made in less than thirty-six hours. He has a letter from a female student of the colored college at Marietta, stating that she returned to school on the 5th, and saw him that day. She fixes the date by her school report. A barber states that he saw him on the 5th, fixing the date by the sale of his barber-shop. Armstrong's friends have examined the books of the American Express Company, and write him that he had signed the receipt of a package on January 5th at their office. They have also seen a Justice of the Peace who will testify that Armstrong paid him some money on a mortgage about the 5th or 6th. Attorneys John W. Stephenson and H. S. Rucker are the defendants' counsel.

Notice.

All parties indebted in the undersigned, will please pay up by the 1st of April, as beyond indulgence will not be given. Take heed and answer.

BRIGHT & CALLAHAN.

Germany is now second only to Great Britain in steam navigation.

London has grown so great in area that it now involves a journey of thirty miles to go across the city.

Of the California fruit product twenty per cent. may be classed as green, fifteen as canned and sixty-five as dried.

Husband and wife as law partners is something unknown in Great Britain. There are no less than twenty-one such firms in the United States.

Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent astronomer of Italy, treats with great scorn the suggestion that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are signalling to the earth.

Where can you get a better picture to hang over your desk than an accurate map of your farm, with the fields numbered and correctly measured? asks the Rural New Yorker.

A high iron fence is to be erected about the campus of Yale University, with a lodge at the gate, and any student who wants to come in after a certain hour of the night will have to interview the janitor before he can gain admission.

The failure of the railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem seems to be complete, and, according to the Presbyterians, there is little prospect that it will ever be able to pay its running expenses. The road has passed into the hands of the Rothschilds, who made advances upon it, and are now owners.

It is a cast-iron rule that when the head of the Astor family arrives at a certain age his photograph is taken and inserted in a frame which contains also those of his predecessors. These framed photographs stand in the head office in New York City, where the business of handling the vast estate is carried on, and every day a bunch of flowers is placed in a vase in front of them.

A dentist in New York has given up laughing gas for mesmerism. A young woman who was put under the influence of the spell says that a few passes of the dentist's hands over her forehead sufficed to produce a dreamy feeling, which soon merged into insensibility. Can the dentist keep a person mesmerized during the few passes of the hand which follow the grasping of the forceps? If he can, the Rochester Post Express thinks his name should be written side by side with the discoverer of cocaine.

According to the Pittsburgh Dispatch a prominent surgeon says that if children are taken in hand when quite young, their noses can be adapted to eyeglasses without danger or much pain, and he is willing to make the experiment if any mother will furnish the subject. He will charge nothing. His idea is to engrave a protuberance on each side of the nose as a sort of saddle for the glasses to rest on. They would be no disfigurement, as the glasses would cover them. When man was formed glasses were unknown, hence many noses were unprovided with the necessary hump to keep them on. It is highly important that this oversight should be remedied.

The New York Independent says: Emperor William made an address at a banquet at Konigsberg, at which nearly all the provincial authorities were present, in which he made it evident that he feels the necessity of preserving and fostering the monarchy as the real pillars of the monarchy. This has aroused very bitter feelings on the part of the Prussian nobles, and some of them have manifested so much opposition to the Emperor that he rebuked them very sharply, claiming they are bound to follow his lead on account of his imperial authority, and even cancelled the names of three from the invitation to the banquet. This has aroused still more opposition, and has created very sharp feeling, which manifested itself in not a little discourtesy at the banquet. It is thought that this will only increase the hostility between the different factions and may result in sharp attacks upon the Emperor.

A SONG OF HAPPY DAYS

Sing a song of happy days—
Sing it all the time!
Roses bloom in the ways—
Bells that sweetly chime!
Night or wrong,
Still sing the song—
For happy singing pays!

Sing a song of happy years—
Sing it day and night!
Let the rain shed all the tears—
Let the heart be light!
Night or wrong,
Still sing that song—
And keep the harp strings bright!

Sing a song of happy lives—
Sing it loud and long!
Brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Join the thrilling song!
Night or wrong,
Still sing that song,
Till angels to the chorus throng!
—F. L. Staeton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY NEW FOUND COUSIN.

BY ARTHUR JONES.



O begin with, no fellow was ever more fortunate than I in having a host of pretty girl cousins. And what's better, I am always discovering more. I seldom go anywhere without adding a new one to my list. In short, I am no longer surprised at any-

thing in this direction.

Last year I was studying at the School of Fine Art, in Paris, adding the finishing touches to my education in art. I was thoroughly devoted to my work and took little share in the social affairs of the American colony. The few people I cultivated were of the bohemian world, mostly students at the Fine Arts or the University. The novelty of living in this free, outdoor atmosphere was so absorbing that I missed very little the society of the drawing-room.

Late one afternoon the postman brought me a letter, postmarked Paris and addressed in an interesting feminine hand: "Mr. Arthur Jones, Rue de Sevres, No. 163."

"Who can this be from?" I asked myself as I scanned the envelope and address. I tore it open without more ado. "Daisy Tillotson," I read, looking first at the end. "Who on earth is Daisy Tillotson?"

But here is the letter, copied from the original, which is still in my possession:

BOULEVARD HAUSMANN, No. 72.
Paris, April 17, 1893.

Mr. Arthur Jones:
I will explain at once who I am, and then you will understand why I write you. Your mother is a favorite cousin of my mother's, and Mamma made me promise when I left New York to hunt you up—which I am doing in the best way I know of.

I sincerely hope you are the Mr. Jones, for I don't know your first name. I only knew you were studying art in Paris. They gave me your address at the Fine Arts.

I shall be here several weeks with my friends, the Paynes, of St. Louis, and I hope I may see you soon. Yours sincerely,
DAISY TILLOTSON.

"Daisy Tillotson, Daisy Tillotson," I repeated to myself. "I don't remember of any Tillotsons in our family. However, she seems to know. That's the trouble with having so many relations. I suppose I'll have to look her up, or Mother will never forgive me. I'll call at once, to-night—I've nothing special on—and get it off my hands. She's probably one of those formal ornaments, and I shan't have to call a second time."

So I added a few careless touches to my toilet—for my life among the students had made me affect the extreme negligé style of dress—walked to the Place Obatelet and took a seat on top of an Arc de Triomphe bus.

Al! what a spectacle that is—to sit perched on the top of a great lumbering, careening, three horse bus and see the world of Paris, from one end to the other, pass in review before you! The lights along the Rue de Rivoli have just been lit. The shops are closed, but the cafes are bustling with pent-up expectancy, for Paris is just beginning to wake up for the night. But I must not tarry on the way.

Boulevard Hausmann, No. 72. A very respectable apartment house. Mrs. Payne received me. "Oh, yes, you're Miss Tillotson's cousin. She's expecting you. I almost feel as if I knew you myself, Mr. Jones. I've heard Daisy rave so over your pictures." And she shook heads with the regular Western cordiality.

There was a rattle in the next room. A girl appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in red, a warm red. My critical eye at once saw that it just suited her. I thought then I had never seen a prettier girl, and certainly I have not changed my mind since.

"Daisy, this is your cousin, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Payne. "Now, you can have a good visit together."

We got on from the very first. I am the closest fellow in the world to get acquainted with. If you will give me a chance, though I do close up like a clam when I come in contact with an unacquainted object.

My mother and her mother, it seemed, had been intimate together

er, though I didn't ever remember ever having heard my mother speak of it. Strange thing, too, that in all my life I had never heard that the Tillotsons were relations of ours. And yet ours is such a large family, it was hardly to be wondered at.

But we didn't have to confound ourselves to talking over family matters. We found common ground enough that was more profitable. I had not been home for a year, and she told me all that had been going on in art and music meantime. She was thoroughly conversant and in sympathy with these subjects. She was herself a student of the piano. So there was enough to talk about.

I looked at my watch. I was after eleven o'clock. How the time had passed! Three hours had slipped away and I hadn't realized it. What better proof that I had found my newly-discovered cousin absorbing. It was a new sensation for me—me, who, with my surfeit of fair cousins, had always been inclined to take the society of women at a discount.

"Why, I do believe I am actually a little in love with this girl," I soliloquized on the way back to my lodgings. "But it will do no harm. She's my cousin." So interested was I in the subject, however, that at that late hour I sat down upon reaching home and wrote a letter to my mother in New York, telling her all about Daisy Tillotson. She was an acquisition to the family, I said.

I had arranged to take my cousin to the Luxembourg gallery the next day. Then we wouldn't go to the opera in the evening. This was my plan. I called for her in the morning with a carriage. Think of my riding in a carriage! Why, like a true bohemian, I had always hated anything less plebeian than a public omnibus or a bicycle. But then, "she's my cousin," I argued to myself, "and I must make her stay in Paris memorable. It's all on her account."

Yes, she certainly did look pretty, that fresh, inspiring April morning. She must have studied to look her best. I took this to myself as a compliment. In turn, I had myself given unwonted attention to my toilet and had spent some little time trying to decide which cravat I should wear.

"What a romantic and unconventional situation fate has thrust us into," Miss Tillotson, I remarked as the carriage rolled off toward the Luxembourg. "Here are two young people who have never known and scarcely heard of each other before, and suddenly together, far away from home and left to each other without sponsor or chaperon. It sounds too bookish to be a reality."

"Yes, I've been thinking of it," she answered, "but you know we're cousins, and that's different."

"After all," I persisted with the idea of teasing her—for I'm a confirmed tease—"are you perfectly sure of that? You never knew me. Jones is a common name. There may be half a dozen painters in Paris by the name of Jones. In fact, I know one myself. You picked me out at random. Perhaps I'm not your cousin at all. Maybe the other Jones is the fortunate one."

"Oh, you're just trying to tease me," she responded, "and I shan't be teased. I know you'd like to pretend to get rid of me, but it's quite a privilege to have a cousin in Paris who knows everything, and I'm not going to let you go so easily, Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones, indeed," said I in an injured tone. "If you call me 'Mr. Jones' I am no cousin of yours. My name is Arthur—to my cousins. And I'm going to call you Daisy. May I? 'Miss Tillotson' is so long, you know."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," she said, a little coquettishly, "if you're my cousin."

It was a gala day for me. How I enjoyed telling her what I knew about the pictures. And in the evening, how I enjoyed hearing her talk of the opera—it was "Carmen." Music was as familiar ground to her as art was to me. And how often we found that a truth was applicable to one art as to the other. We had both been progressing in the same field—art in the abstract—along different but parallel paths; and the comparisons of views were interesting and broadening to us both. Ponder the subject well and you will find that there are numerous essential analogies that run through pictorial, musical and literary art.

For two weeks I scarcely touched a brush. During that time the doors of the Fine Arts knew me not. My art had been temporarily eclipsed. "Oh, well, a fellow doesn't run across such a cousin every day," I urged to myself in excuse for my neglect of study. I was trying to persuade myself that I was interested in Daisy Tillotson simply because she was my cousin. But I knew better. I began to wish she were not my cousin.

We were very frank with each other. There was no reason to be otherwise. One afternoon we were out at St. Cloud—out under the budding horse chestnuts whose shade Napoleon so loved. I had been reading "Paul and Virginia" to her in French, I remember.

"You have no right to be my cousin, Daisy," I said. "What a perversion of circumstances. Here you are the only woman I have ever come across that has forced from me any real affection of the tender sort. And you are my cousin."

"But maybe I am not your cousin," she responded with a merry twinkle. "You have said often enough that you are not sure of it. Perhaps I am some adventurer who, counting on your brilliant future, has set a trap for you and baited it with this cousin pretext so as not to frighten you away. There's no telling. Aren't you a little suspicious?"

And so we kept up the sentimental skirmish. It would have been a real courtship if that consoling barrier had not stood between us. And still I felt that it was that very consoling barrier that made me so bold, and her too. Without it, I presume, we should never, under the conditions, have become more than casual acquaintances. With it we had been almost like brother and sister from the very first, and here at the end of two weeks it seemed as if we had known each other a lifetime.

One evening when I was at Mrs. Payne's there came a ring at the door, and the maid brought a card in to Daisy. It read: "Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Do you know him? Is he a relative of yours?" asked Daisy, handing the card to me. "Know him?" said I. "Know Tony Jones? I ought to. He's an artist, too. He's the one I spoke of. We've been up into Normandy sketching together more than once. But he's been in Munich since Christmas. Perhaps he's the cousin you were looking for when you found me, Ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Jones, the other Mr. Jones, entered. Daisy rose to meet him. "Why, how are you, Mr. Jones?" said he, seeing me; "I didn't expect to find you here." "Nor I you," I returned jocosely.

"Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Tillotson," I went on. "Miss Tillotson—Mr. Jones, Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Your cousin?" said he inquiringly. "Why, she's my cousin, too, then. I must explain, Miss Tillotson. My mother is a cousin of your mother's, I believe. She has written commanding me to call upon you and make myself known. Fortunately Arthur, here, has relieved me of the awkwardness of introducing myself."

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jones," she mustered self-command enough to say. "I'm afraid I have made a terrible blunder, though, unless you are both my cousins."

I came to her rescue and explained the situation to the other Mr. Jones. "Why, it's very theatrical," said he, laughing; "it's very much like a comedy. But which of us is the real cousin, and which the impostor. Or, are we both her cousins, and so ourselves cousins of the tenth degree or thereabouts."

"I don't see any way to decide for the present," said I. "Miss Tillotson, I'm afraid, will have to remain in uncertainty until our credentials can be compared."

Jones, that in the other Jones, was an admirable fellow, and it was not long before we were all laughing and chatting freely over the humor of the situation. Daisy brought Mrs. Payne in and we all had a game of whist together. Whatever our relationship might prove to be, it was a jolly, congenial party, that's certain.

The next day I received a letter from my mother in answer to the one I had written two weeks before. She had no cousin of the name of Tillotson, she said. There were no Tillotsons in the family that she had ever heard of.

"Well, well, what an amusing mistake! I'll go and explain it to Daisy—Miss Tillotson, I mean—at once," thought I. "It's due to her. I'll tease her about it. But it's no more than a good joke anyway, and no harm's done."

So I went and told her! What a good laugh we had over it all. "But we're not cousins any longer," said I, suddenly drawing myself up with make-believe dignity. "So I suppose I must go back to my painting and leave you to your real cousin, the other Mr. Jones."

"You wouldn't do that, Arthur," she said. "I found you, you know, and I claim you by right of discovery. A friend who once found is too valuable a thing to be thrown away, and I shan't be the one to disclaim our friendship, begun though it was purely by chance."

"Bless you," I said. "I'm glad, after all, that you're not my cousin, and I wouldn't change places with the other Mr. Jones if I had the chance, for now—"

So it was, you see, that Daisy Tillotson became Mr. Arthur Jones, if you must know. Oftentimes her cousin Tony, the other Mr. Jones, comes to see us, and we have another laugh over the whole affair. If you should happen out way we'd be glad to see you. You can find the address easily enough. Only be sure not to get the wrong Mr. Jones.—The Path-finder.

Anonymous in the Civil War.

Late statistics in odd things in the history of the United States Army show that no less than 180 women disguised as men served as soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.—New York Mail and Express.

The world is full of people who never acquire above palting something down.—Milwaukee Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CLEANING DELICATE LACES.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lace-maker, who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mrs. Modjeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skilful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven. Mrs. Modjeska is quite an adept at the art of lacemaking and fashions many dainty patterns with her deft fingers.—New York Telegram.

THE REMEDIAL USES OF APPLES.

In all temperate climates the apple grows freely, and might be obtained in practically unlimited quantities. That it is not more used than it is is probably due to the fact that, being so plenty, it is undervalued. Yet almost every one likes the fruit in some fashion, and it should form a part of at least two meals out of every three during the year round; for even when the fresh fruit is not in season, canned, dried or "evaporated" apples may always be had.

"Chemically," says a writer in the North American Practitioner, "the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason—though but rarely understood—that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body."

Not only the phosphorus, but the acids of the apple are of singular use for persons of sedentary habits, whose livers are apt to be too slow of action. These acids aid the liver in its work of eliminating from the body the noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or, in time, would cause rheumatism, jaundice, or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles.

The malic acid of apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chylous matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Ripe apples are probably the least fermentable of all fruits, except, possibly, the banana. For this reason ripe and sound apples may be eaten by most persons in even the hottest weather; but even the apple is safest when cooked.

We have the support of eminent medical authority in saying that the most healthful way to cook apples is to pare and core them, and bake in a moderate oven. If the apple is of a quite sour variety it may be necessary to add a little sugar, putting about a tablespoonful in the hollow whence the core was extracted. The next best way to cook them is stewing. Contrary to common belief, apples baked in their skins are the least healthful of cooked apples.—Harper's Bazar.

RECIPES.

A Cream of Chocolate—Take a pint of milk and three ounces of chocolate. Boil this with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until thoroughly mixed, then remove from the fire and add four eggs beaten light. Pour into a cold bowl to cool, and when cold, add a pint of cream beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Potatoes a la Maitre D'Hotel—Cut about a quart of potatoes in slices. Put one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a small teaspoonful of flour, stir till turning yellow, then add a quart of milk and salt to taste. Let it boil up, take from the fire and add the potatoes. Put it back over a slow fire for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the yolks of two eggs, and serve.

Chesapeake—Take three ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter melted, a teaspoonful each of flour and mustard, a saltspoon each of cayenne and white pepper and two eggs well beaten. Mix all these ingredients together and let them stand an hour. Knead and roll out to thin as possible; cut the paste into triangles, or roll it into thin sticks about three inches long and bake in a quick oven sixteen or eighteen minutes. Serve hot.

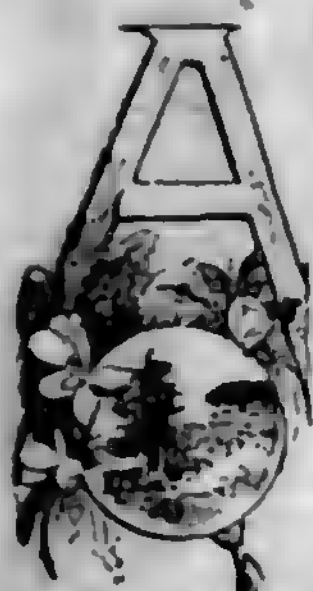
Omelet—Add to six eggs beaten very light a scant tablespoonful of flour, mixed smooth in two tablespoonfuls of milk, half an onion chopped very fine, a little ham, and a sprig of parsley, also chopped fine, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix these all well together. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a frying pan, and when hot turn in the mixture, stirring all the time till it begins to thicken. Then let it stand three minutes to brown, lay a half over, slip it to a dish, and serve at once.

Architect and Superintendent,
Room 19, Bellamy Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

THE HOUR OF PEACE.

Upon the door-steps sat the wife,
The twilight falling
And far below the chipmunk
Was softly calling.
The owner who dropped upon their way
Their heavy plunder,
And close and clear the night bath up
The house of wonder.
Within, the child dreamed deep, and saw
Four angels dancing
Their gentle watch with drooping wings
About his sleeping
Walls hanging from the steep below
Where shadows slumbered,
After the low chamber, and in his heart
His dreamer numbered.
And sighing fully to herself
With perfect pleasure,
Little humming at her lips to fall
Overflowing measure
The married life the happy earth,
The summer even,
When not the paved work laid before
The courts of heaven.
And yet, a cold wind from the cloud
To caress a flower
The little breath between the lips
So softly blowing,
A pebble under foot where sheer
The rock does not hold
Ah! Fate! What slender chance held
Her heaven suspended!
—Maurice P. Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

"THREE BLACK BAGS."



I often say to my wife, when she blames me for forgetting her little commissions, it's a queer thing, is the mind, and great is the force of habit. I never forget to do anything I'm in the habit of doing, but as Tilly usually attends to the shopping herself, I'm not in the habit of calling at the butcher's or the grocer's on my way home from business, and, therefore—well, therefore, I don't call three times out of five that she tells me to.

Don't I catch it? No; not overmuch, anyhow. For one thing we haven't been married very long, and Tilly agrees that it's only reasonable I should have time to learn to be more careful, and, for another, it isn't for the hold a habit has on me, I doubt whether we should be married yet, or at least we shouldn't be living in our own house, with the furniture all bought at a large discount for cash.

I am a clerk in the service of a firm of colliery and quarry owners at Lington, and every Saturday morning I go out to Westerby, a village some thirty miles off among the Moors, to pay the quarrymen their three shillings.

It's an awkward sort of journey. I have to start by the first train in the morning, which leaves Lington at 6, change at Drak, our junction with the main line, leave the main line again at Thurlay, some ten miles further south, and do the rest of the distance in the brake van of a mineral train.

The money—nearly a hundred pounds, mostly in silver—I always carry in a little black leather bag, one of those bags you see by scores every day, which may contain anything from a packet of sandwiches and a clean collar to a dynamite bomb, and it's my habit when in the train, to put my bag on the rack facing me. I rarely keep it on the seat by my side, and I don't like to put it up over my head.

If it has to go there because the opposite rack is full I am always uneasy about it, fancying I shall forget when I get out. I never have forgotten it yet, but one Saturday in November, 1893, I did something which might have been worse. I took the wrong bag when I left the train at Thurlay.

It happened in this way. On the Friday night I went out with Tilly to a party, which broke up so late that I had only just time to change my clothes and get a sort of apology for breakfast before catching my train. Consequently I slept all the way from Lington to Drak, and at Drak I stumbled, only half awake, into the first third-class compartment I came to.

Three of the corner seats were occupied, and I took the fourth, though there was no room on the opposite rack for my bag. I couldn't put it on the seat at my side either, because the man in the other corner had his legs up, and I didn't care to disturb him. I ought, of course, to have kept it on my knees, and on any other morning I dare say I should have done so, but I was heavy and I was very sleepy, so I just slung it over my head, settled myself down and dropped off again. I don't know how long it was before I awoke.

I didn't wake until we stopped at Thurlay, and even then I fancy I should have slept on if the two men at the far end of the compartment had not wanted to get out.

What do you think? I asked, sitting up and drawing my legs from under the seat in front of me. "I don't know," I answered.

A. Tilly said, and up I jumped in a hurry, and as I was out

thought, from the rack opposite me, and got down on the platform just as the guard whistled the train away.

"You ran it a bit fine that time, mister," remarked the man who had saved me from being carried part my destination. "I wonder if that other chap meant going on? He was as fast asleep as you."

"Oh, he's all right," said his companion. "He's booked for London. I heard him say so when he got in. Good morning, governor."

"Good morning," I replied, and then, having thanked them for waking me, I made for the siding, where my mineral train was waiting for me.

"You look tired this morning, Mr. Corner," said the brakeman as soon as we started on our somewhat slow and wearisome journey.

"I look what I feel, Jim," said I. "And I am as sleepy as an owl. I never went to bed last night."

"Then, lie down, and have a sleep now, sir," suggested Jim. "Here's some sacks and a rug to cover you. If the jolting don't wake you, you may be sure I won't."

The good-natured fellow kept his word, and as I am one of those happily constituted individuals who can sleep on or through anything, I felt much refreshed when we arrived at the quarries after what Jim called "a roughish passage" over the uneven surface of the moorland line, which had been laid solely to serve the needs of our quarries and some neighboring iron mines.

After I had had a wash and done full justice to a second breakfast at the "Miners' Arms," I felt ready to face my morning's work of making up the men's pay sheets. While I was doing that, which I fondly imagined to be mine, lay on the table before me, nor did any doubt as to its identity trouble me until I had finished my calculations and was ready to embody the results of them in sundry little heaps of gold and silver.

Then, as I felt in my pocket for my keys, my memory began to entertain a vague suspicion that that bag was somehow unfamiliar to it. I am by no means an observant man, and as I couldn't have set down categorically the characteristics which distinguished my bag from others of like make and shape, I felt rather than thought that the one in front of me did not possess those characteristics.

However, my key fitted the lock, and as I turned it, my suspicions vanished, but only to be replaced a moment later by an astounding certainty.

Instead of resting upon the familiar brown paper packages of silver and little canvas bags of gold, my eyes were dazzled by a many-colored iridescence which shone forth from the inside of that bag as soon as I opened it.

"Diamonds, by Jingo!" I cried, as I started back amazed.

The bag fell over on its side, and half a dozen loose stones rolled out upon the table, where they lay sparkling gloriously in the wintry sunshine.

As soon as I recovered my self-possession I picked them up and put them back into the bag, the contents of which I then examined as well as I could without exposing them to the view of any one who might happen to look in at the office window, though I had no reason to suppose the quarrymen were not honest, I thought it best to keep my discovery to myself.

The bag, I guessed, was probably a traveler in a large way of business, too, thought I, as I peered into it in the least exposed corner of the office and found it almost full of what, little as I knew about precious stones, I felt certain were valuable jewels.

But certainly travelers in jewelry did not usually pack, or rather omit to pack, their samples in such an utterly careless fashion? Rings, brooches, bracelets, loose stones, at least one necklace, a gold watch and chain, some bank notes and a considerable sum of sovereigns were all mixed up together in a chaotic confusion which seemed at least inconsistent with business habits.

I began to doubt whether it was even consistent with honest possession of, at all events, the contents of the bag on the part of my late fellow passengers—the man who was booked for London, and who had been asleep when I left the train at Thurlay.

No doubt he was asleep, and also aware of his loss by this time. What a state of mind he must be in, too—but, just as I was trying to realize his state of mind a murmur of grand voices and a shuffling of heavy feet in the yard outside reminded me that it was time to pay the men.

What had I better do? I wondered. Better what I needed from the mines and gold in the bag that was not mine, or just the man off with fair words till Monday? They were a tough lot, though, and if I adopted the latter alternative there would probably be something very like a riot. It would be wiser, I thought, to pay them if I could get enough change to do it.

Hurriedly summoning the foreman and telling him that a mistake had been made in paying the men with money, I went down into the village, and, after some trouble, succeeded in getting enough change and copper to pay my journey.

Then, when the men had been out of

sight between my feet, I paid the men, who were already grumbling at the delay, at the same time doing my best to rally them into better humor, for I felt absurdly nervous, and was ready to credit the honest fellows with a capacity for crime which were no doubt quite beyond the compass even of their imaginations.

As soon as I had finished my task I returned, per mineral train, to Thurlay, and there I broke my journey. On calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the case in the seclusion of the brake van, I had decided that the police, rather than the railway authorities, ought to be first informed of my mistake, and the Inspector to whom I told my story agreed with me.

"I am very glad you came straight to me," said he, turning the contents of the bag out on his desk. "If you can hold your tongue for a week or two, it's just possible we may catch the gentleman who put this nice little lot together."

"You think they have been stolen, then?" I asked.

"Think!" he repeated, smiling at my simplicity. "I know, my boy. And when and where too—though unfortunately not by whom. Run your eye over this."

This was a list of jewels and other valuables missing from Erlingthorpe, Lord Yerbury's place, near Drillingdon, where, the Inspector said, a well-planned robbery had been carried out on the Thursday evening.

"You seem to have nailed a lot," he went on; "but we may as well go through the articles serially."

We did so, and found there was nothing missing, except the money I had taken to pay the men.

"Our unknown friend hasn't even paid his traveling expenses out of the loose cash," commented the Inspector, and then he suddenly changed his tone.

"Now, look here, young man," he went on, eyeing me keenly. "I'm not in charge of this case yet—but if you'll do as I tell you, I hope I may be in the course of a few days. There's a tidy reward offered for the recovery of the property, as you see. That, I take it, you've earned already; but are you game to help me catch the man? There's a further reward for nabbing him, which, of course, I can't touch—officially—and don't particularly want. My aim is promotion. Do you understand?"

"I think so," said I; "and I am willing to help you all I can."

"Good," said the Inspector, resuming his jocular manner. "Could you identify your fellow sleeper, do you think?"

"I'm afraid not," I replied. "He had a beard, I know."

"Which was very likely false," interrupted he; "but never mind. What we want to do is to get our friend to claim the property either in person or by deputy. He's sure to be a bit backward in coming forward, but he won't like to give up all that for the little bit of ready money there was in your bag, and if we have patience we may draw him."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied; "just literally nothing. Go home. Keep a still tongue in your head, and a sharp eye on the agony columns of the London papers, and wait till you hear from me. I'll take charge of these articles, and give you a receipt for them, but don't be surprised if you see them all advertised as missing."

A few days later the Inspector set his trap. It took the shape of an advertisement which appeared in the—huh no; perhaps I had better not give the name of the paper; according to Inspector Bland, it is the favorite journal of the criminal classes—begging the gentleman with whom "G. C." inadvertently exchanged bags to communicate with G. C. at the address he would find in G. C.'s pocketbook.

Personally, I didn't think our fish would be foolish enough to rise to this bait, but my friend the Inspector was more hopeful.

"Luckily for us, Mr. Corner," said he, when I took advantage of my next visit to the quarries to call upon him, "there's always a sort of warp or twist in the mind of the habitual criminal which prevents him from believing in the honesty of other folks. Now, not a soul but you and I and the chief constable knows these jewels are as good as back on Lady Yerbury's dressing table, or wherever else she's in the habit of leaving 'em lying about. Therefore the hue and cry after them's not likely to die away yet awhile, and there'll be a genuine ring about it which should persuade our unknown friend that you've got 'em and want to convert 'em to your own use, as we say in the profession, but, being an amateur, don't know how to go about turning 'em into more cash than the reward comes to, and that, consequently, you are anxious to come to terms with him. See?"

I saw, but I was not convinced. Events, however, proved that the Inspector was right. For a month later Lady Yerbury's diamonds were sought in vain and for a month "G. C." continued to appeal to his late fellow traveler, also in vain, but at the end of that time his patience was rewarded by the appearance of an advertisement, telling him, in really beautiful business, to write to "B. H." at a given address.

The letter I wrote at the dictation of Inspector Bland was more cautious than incriminating, but as it produced a reply which the Inspector deemed satisfactory, it was followed by others less carefully worded, until at last it stood pledged to personally deliver, for a consideration of £2000, the stolen jewels to one Benjamin Hurst, whom I was to meet at a public house in Chillingham.

Now, I don't pretend to be braver than the average man of peaceful and sedentary habits, and when I saw what sort of a house the "Spotted Dog" was, I began to wish I had refused to have anything to do with Inspector Bland's scheme.

The little company of disreputable-looking loafers hanging about the bar eyed me curiously as I entered, and when I asked the landlord if Mr. Hurst was in, one of them raised a general laugh by offering to carry my luggage up to him.

"No larks, Bill," said the landlord sternly. "Mary, show the gentleman Mr. Hurst's room."

I found Mr. Hurst a decidedly un-pleasant fellow. He began to grumble at the hardness of the bargain I was driving with him, and wearing at his neck generally. Then, being perhaps emboldened by the conciliatory manner I thought it prudent to adopt, he tried to make better terms, offering me first £500 less, and finally insisting that he ought at least to be allowed to deduct from my £2000 the sum I had used to pay the men.

Inspector Bland had allowed me a quarter of an hour for negotiations. At the end of that time he proposed to make a raid upon the house.

"And mind," he had said in his jocular way, "we don't find the property still in your hands, Mr. Corner. It would be a pretty kettle of fish if we had to prosecute you for unlawful possession, wouldn't it?"

In accordance with these instructions I haggled with Mr. Hurst a little while, and then allowed him to have his way, whereupon he, having satisfied himself that the bag which I restored to him still contained his spoils, handed me £1900 in what afterward turned out to be very creditable imitations of Bank of England notes.

"I suppose you don't want no receipt?" he growled.

"No, thank you," said I. "I think we may mutually dispense with that formality. Good morning."

I turned to leave the room as I spoke, but before I could unlock the door it was burst open from the outside, not, unfortunately for me, by the police, but by the man whom the landlord had called Bill, a powerful ruffian, who promptly knocked me down and knelt upon my chest.

"Quick, Ben, get out of this," he cried. "It's a plant. No, no. The window, you fool," he added, as Mr. Hurst, bag in hand, made for the door. "The police are in the bar already."

As Mr. Hurst opened the window he cursed me with much volubility and bitterness, and as soon as he was outside on the leads he did worse.

"Stand clear, Bill," he cried, and his friend obeyed him. I scrambled to my feet, but immediately dropped again with a bullet from Mr. Hurst's revolver in my shoulder.

I am not at all sorry that Mr. Hurst fired at me—as Inspector Bland says, it was much easier to convict him of attempted murder than to prove he actually stole those jewels, and the Inspector doubts, too, whether he would have got fifteen years if merely charged with receiving them. But I do wish he hadn't hit me.

However, even the pain my wound still gives is not without its compensation. It prevents me from feeling my twinges of conscience when I reflect that my furniture cost Mr. Hurst his liberty, for Lord Yerbury took it for granted that he was the thief, and paid me the extra reward he had offered for his apprehension.

Inspector Bland won the promotion he coveted, and is now stationed at Lington. His wedding present was characteristic. It was a black bag, with my initials on either side in white letters about six inches long.—All The Year Round.

COASTING.

One night when stars were twinkling
And the air was sharp and still,
Annette said I was coasting
Upon my toy bill.
Our sleigh was small and stilted,
With room enough for two,
And down the slide together
With breathless speed we flew.
A sudden jolt!—and over
Through banks of snow we rolled;
She clasped her arms about me,
A loving, trusting hold.
And when we stopped I kissed her,
To soothe her heart's affliction,
And pleaded that she'd always
Do as she did that night.
'Twas then we learned the lesson
We never can forget:
A truth that, when in trouble,
We put to practice yet.
She put her arms about me
And, lo! she held me fast
And so we clung together
Till every danger's past.
—P. McArthur.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Modern society is a game of grand-lathers.

The beauty of the thinking cap depends upon the head that wears it.—Puck.

A baker's business has a tendency to make him a trifle crusty.—Hartford Journal.

A silver lining in your pocket is more encouraging than one in the clouds.—Puck.

Some men who object to settling on taxes would object to settling on the tax collector.—Puck.

The great difficulty of the Chinese seems to be that they are not good printers.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Is links a poet?" "No; just hard times; couldn't raise enough money to have his hair cut."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mende—"How could you marry a man that you do not know?" Edith—"I certainly would not marry any man I do know."—Boston Transcript.

If celluloid articles are to explode what is to become of the man who wears a celluloid collar when he gets "hot under the collar?"—New York Advertiser.

If a woman would look first in the place where she knows she didn't put a thing instead of the place where she thinks she did, she would save lots of time.—Puck.

Wiggins—"My dear boy, you look as happy as an 'after takin' picture.'" Benedick—"Do I? No wonder. That's just what I am. She has just accepted me."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Father—"No, young man, my daughter can never be yours." Her Adorer—"My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife."—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Parvencoo—"And what does your husband do?" Mrs. Heavyplate—"He chaises silver." Mrs. Parvencoo—"So does mine, but he never seems to be able to catch it."—Syraenae Post.

Jack Ford—"I say, old man, is there anything between you and that little Laughton girl?" Reggy West—"Only a little matter of \$100,000 I haven't got."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"How is your wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Sick headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."—H. Carriere dei Bagini.

Doctor (shaking his head)—"Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you." Patient—"W-h-n-t! Good gracious, doctor!" Doctor—"No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health."—Der Schokk.

"What is his profession?" said one girl. "He's a capitalist," replied the other. "He looks like an artist." "Oh, he is. He makes the capital letters that begin the magazine articles."—Washington Star.

The Musical Scale in Flats: Gentleman—(looking into the apartments of a musical composer)—"Excuse me, does Mr. Secretary Meyer live here?" Musician—"No; he lives an octave higher."—Norr Schreib-Kalender.

Hilban Frocks—"This cake is awful nice, mamma." (Silence.) "This cake is awful nice, mamma." "Well, what of it?" "Oh, nothing; only when the new minister says it you always ask him to have more."—Boston Courier.

"There, my love," said the young husband as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of gloves." "Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife, "I'm so happy! Anything will do for a dress."—New York Press.

Hall—"How did you get rid of that railroad stock? I didn't think anyone could touch it, considering the condition of the road." Ball—"Well, I found a party who was a bit 'potted.'" "Hall—"Who was he?" Ball—"One of the directors."—Brooklyn Life.

Magg—"I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him." "Yes," said the other, "although, poor fellow, I am sure that he had not left enough heart to I might have released and accepted him." "Magg—"So he told me."—New York Herald.

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—It has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a Firstclass—

Harness and Saddlery

Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed to this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both-Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Orm-

mett, who is employed by the firm.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

Dilley's Mill.

March 5, 1895

According to the old Dutch rule, the three ruling days, March 1, 2, and 3, we will have very fair weather the next three months, and we gladly welcome spring-time, for sure we have had a very hard winter. We hope farmers will be able to feed through with their stock, and all survive the cold blizzards they had to pass through.

The overseer with hands have been shoveling snow out of the road from Mr. Dilley's to Mr. Grimes'. In some places the snow was drifted higher than the fences.

Rev. C. Fultz preached at Mt. Zion the 3d inst, the last time for this Conference year. Text: Exodus, 23:14. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." The Conference of the M. E. church convenes at Ronceverte, March 14th.

Some of the boys started for the Hunter Camp the 28th for the drive.

"Love Hill" Debating Society is still on the progressive move. We would like to see some of the ladies in attendance. It is a sad mistake or an old-foggy idea, existing among the the undoubted that ladies should not attend such meetings. Their presence adds much to the refinement of any society.

Mr. Johnny McGraw past here last week on his way to Hunter's camp. He reports nothing going on at Davis, a hundred men lying idle on account of the snow. He says the snow was over four feet deep.

Miss Daisy Yeager was a caller at Mr. W. H. Dilley first of this week.

Mr. R. C. Shrader made a flying trip to Academy last week.

ANONYMOUS.

Driftwood.

March 5, 1895.

We welcome the approaching spring, after many, many, cold weeks.

Feed is very scarce; but as yet none have had to resort to tall timothy, stock all doing well.

The prospect is good for a singing school, which is badly needed.

Miss Sallie McLaughlin, is visiting her sister Mrs. Mary Tallman this week.

Mrs. Alice McClure and Mrs. Lucy Beverage, returned home yesterday after spending a few days with Mrs. Tacy, who is dangerously ill, at her home on Back Mountain.

Dr. J. M. Barnett was called recently to this neighborhood to render medical aid.

The sick are all improving. Mrs. Isaac Shinsbery was visiting her son Wm. last week.

We were disappointed Sunday as the river was too deep for Rev. Potter to fill his appointment.

Died: Russie Edith, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilfong, aged three months.

Sleep on little one, God thought it best, so he called thee to rest.

TILDEN.

Lightning Hot Drops

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere, Every Day.

Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal, CONCORD CHURCH, MERCER CO., W. VA.

For Sale.

I wish to sell my farm 34 acres from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this county. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address URIAH BRID, Marlinton, W. Va.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. O. C. Osgood, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quick nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchell, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Andrews, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.



Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Bolts came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it. Although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate you, weight 22 lbs., \$85, ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same weights . . . \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . \$75

26-Inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs. . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scorches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Taste Good, Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO REFUSE, NO PAT. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pooahontas Times, \$1.65.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE

Important to You
 Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: rib-bone bone spavin, curb, poll evil, distula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fever, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bow-turbles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W Va

Fearless Feed Grinder.
 It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Leo Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeal, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greider counties. Flight sold to one day. For particulars, write to
R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 124

The famous codfish which is from the base of the dome in the Massachusetts Statehouse, and thence old room in which the Representatives used to meet, will be absent the chamber in the new extension which they are soon to occupy. why this emblem, which has attracted the notice of visitors sometimes moved them to ridicule should be ignored in the transfer of the movable from one room to the other is not explained, and it is even said that the codfish is doomed to figure in a museum, presumably historical. following account of its origin is given. In 1860 Charles W. Palfrey, of the Salem Register, and a member of the House for several years, undertook to gather all the facts that he could learn about the placing of the figure in the chamber. After extensive researches, he found much concerning the fish, which, luckily, had been preserved. On Wednesday March 17, 1784, John Rowe, a lawyer from Boston, moved permission to hang the codfish in the house memorial to the importance of codfishery to the welfare of the State. The motion prevailed, and after the emblem was placed in the room, and there it has remained undisturbed through all the vicissitudes of the years which have intervened. Once it was proposed, but it has since been taken down from the chamber where it is held in reverence. Fisher, who presided at the American Commonwealth was a well known friend of Hingham and its fisheries, being amongst the first to advocate fishing in the State, and was one of the earliest and most successful codfishermen. He was a great supporter of the fishery, and was one of the first to introduce the fish into the market. He died on 7th March 1800.

THE WINTER GIRL

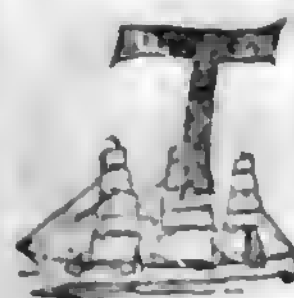
When winter comes with his icy blasts,
And the north-wind shrill with his hoarse
saw,
In my room, as dreary I watch you, dear,
As your dainty footsteps come and go,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

Through the maid at spring may be driven
And the autumn maiden fair,
And the summer girl with flowers out
While you stay still as ever,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

When the world is laid in the winter days
The earth is white and the sky is gray,
And I am blue as I rest with you
To make us all too glad and gay,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

So, here's to the health of the Winter Girl
Though the months of warmer times are
fair;
With frocks and fan, there's none that can
With you, O Winter Girl, compare,
My fur-clad Winter Girl.

DICK'S PROMISE



T

picketed and
Jagat had been
taken by surprise,
and the regiment
which was now, w
badly mauled.

Not until no
were the Paythians forced under, at
a straggling remnant of "black imp
fed like an inkly cloud toward t
hills. As the dark stain merged i
distance, the search for the liv
among the dead began.

The sun lit up with a tongue of fl
the bullet-ridden field, and fro
throats dry as orens cries and gro
went up on the fetid air, which l
tered the flesh of gaping wound
while the men sweltered helples
beneath the flaming sky. The co
tional movement of the litter s
the stricken ones went on natil ev
ing, when the deep ding trenches w
thickly packed, and the tent-cloth
the temporary hospital, halged w
the forms of the wounded.

Mooning and fevered muttering
mingled with the breaths of the sle
ers as the captain opened his eyes
spoke, for the first time coherent
since he had been borne from the f
The man bending over him detect
life's last flicker in the burning e
and stooped lower to catch the fee
murmur. Between these two men
iated a mighty friendship. Even
the Sandhurst days they had b
nicknamed "David and Jonathan"
and the joint sobriquet had follow
them to the barrack-room and i
camp. Now one of them was dyin
and didn't know it!

"I'm only chipped," panted the ca
tain. "That couldn't kille alig
me from the shoulder. It's all r
breastbone." "Praps they'll give
sick leave; and while you're skrim
ing about the country, Dick, I sh
be petted at home—and Marion."
"Marion—" His speech became ina
hle and he fumbled about his br
among the bandages. At last, h
the ripped lining of the coat
brought to view a faded photogr
"You've never seen her, Dick,"
whispered. "I've even been loo
of her picture." But—you may
at her own old man."

Trust under the other's gaze
the likeness of a woman with
eyes and a tender, smiling mouth.
"That's my girl," said the sick
prondly. "You need to wonder w
raved so over our woman. Can
now? Nine years she's waited, I
for a man with only a captain's
and vague expectations."

"As faithful as she is beautif
alighed Dick, looking at his com
and wondering how long this sp
vitality would last. Then an inv
itary pity for the patient girl in
land rushed into his eyes as the
gray tint shadowed the tortured
before him. "Phillip, dear old ob
he said chokingly, "what me
shall I take her?"

The captain stared on stupidly.
"Don't look at me—like that, I
I—Don't let me die!"

The soldier who had leaped ne
when under fire now prayed feel
his life, and in the brief subs
dellirium shrieked pitiously abou
 horrors of death. When Dick's h
as leader as a woman's, tonehed
the dying man blushed there and
his friend "Marion." At nig
reason gleamed again for an inst
it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick,
this is the end. Don't let her bu
ly, Dick. I could trust her wit
—you'll take my place, if you
promise; if you can."

Dick groaned "Yes." There
woman's memory to prevaile
pledge, and in that moment of p
he would have granted anything

Marion Temple looked wonder
at the sailor's card, until a d
redoubtful reproach radiated the m
to her face. "Is that the name
of your father about her
father was the hands of the
from whom she came—the wh
she and her are far low
will pardon her
father. "I was Mary's f
she said, "I
pressure of the
always mentioned

Captain Hammond, of the Forty-third Light Infantry, shifted his glance to the window and back again to the small, spare figure in front him.

"So this was Marion!"

His second contemplation was a long one, and detailed her from head to foot, and he questioned silently if this woman and the photograph treasured so reverently against his breast were one and the same. The hair he had mentally painted golden was a reality colorless, and the pearly eyes that had suggested a lathomless blue were regarding him now with a pale, listless gaze, resembling drooped forget-me-nots. He noted the ineffectual lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion." He had been prepared for a somber frown, and her tones were as soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

Dick pulled himself together, and with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. He looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment in gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfillment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

"Let me be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left her, and he winced.

A few days later Dick was with her again, conscious-stricken. After this second visit he assigned a regular duty for what he considered his duty. He was quartered at Portsmouth, and one afternoon a week he sacrificed in the little green-shuttered villa facing the sea. He knew that she looked for his coming, because she had told him so, but the yoke of his promise continued to weigh heavily.

"Why don't you leave this off?" asked one day, touching her hair with his finger. "It's more than a year ago you know, and I think you would brighten with brighter surroundings."

They were sitting on a patch of lawn, and the searching sunlight revealed all the weariness of her face.

"Do you think so—really?" she said, with earnestness. "I have many pretty frocks upstairs, but I say I tell you something? You won't laugh at me?"

She had never lost her apathy until this moment, when, leaning toward him, she confided something of her past.

" . . . And it was so awfully embarrassing a love with folded hands doing nothing day in and day out, pray and wait, and wait and pray, my lover, that, to make the dreariness less I—I got my transience when the idea first struck me I would, with feverish haste, but, little by little, the stitches were made more slowly to fit it with the gap that yawned in front of me. Even then the marriage things were finished too soon for nothing happened until—"

The muttered allusion, following the revelation of a life fretted through by a hope, softened him toward her as he had never felt before. In a way he realized the pathetic pettiness of this woman, who had mutely fought her prettiness to slip from his grasp whilst drifting down the years, which had borne her to the shore of youth to the dead level of despair. The ravages of time on her face stirred his deepest pity, with an impulse he did not pause to question, Dick asked Marion to let her life into his keeping.

They were engaged. No word of love had passed between them, but their company was close with since Dick found a newly awakened interest in the face that now smiled with effort. There was a restfulness in her glance when it met his which was any lurking regret that may have existed, and gradually he looked forward to his marriage with Marion with a certain degree of contentment.

"When is it to be?" he asked toward the end of the year, and she started at his upstart of when she answered indefinitely.

He gazed with his conscience, Dick claimed the feeling to himself as a license to "settle down yet"—but a shivering from the memory of his promise!

One evening Christmas, and Dick was sitting holly about a spray of scarlet and white, warmly against her. Her hair was no longer black, and her almost pretty as she looked at him from the height of her stoop.

"My little sister will be here after all," she was saying.

"She'll make this a Christmas," Dick said.

"She's a little girl?"

"A darling! She's leaving school for good now, so you'll see lots of her. She has the bluest of eyes, and—another holly sprig for just here, please; thanks—and the brightest of their yon ever saw! Once I—I was like her, Dick."

"I know," he murmured; "I mean I have a photograph of yonra which—" "It must be a very old one!" she interpolated, hastily. He had withdrawn something from his breast pocket, and she peered over his shoulder. "Why do you keep that likeness, Dick?" It was taken long, long ago, and the contrast is horrible! "A vague unrest had settled on her face, and the brightness had gone from her voice as she continued hoarsely: "Do you think that—that if Philip had come back to me he would have seen the difference, and regretted everything?"

Her gaze hung upon Dick yearningly, and he, feeling convinced of his dead friend's loyalty, allayed her fears with fervor. And she was satisfied, hallowing his assurances to brighten an echo of his own sentiments.

A week later "the little sister" arrived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly.

"So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hain't yon botter kiss me?"

The officers' ball of the season was nearly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last waltz, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were making the most of final moments.

Marion Temple stood alone by the door, scanning the dancers. She looked very tired, and the fresh white dress seemed out of keeping with her haggard weariness. Presently she turned from the brilliant room, with its glare of flags and colored lights, and passed slowly up the staircase, glancing furtively behind screens and fern hovers, which were everywhere about the corridors and landings. Once she halted, and her heart missed a beat when, through the green of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the many words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hain't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage.

"Hasn't my first ball?" And her partners danced superbly: and don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired," when he said good night to them, and involuntarily shrank from his touch.

"Come 'round to-morrow," he said, in tones slightly querulous. "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet liberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a treasure-sean. Every stitch, every shred or fragment was an evidence of her misery, and fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. "One prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she loved very much, and finally, in gusty haste, put it on, standing before a glass ashamed. The candlelight flickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiring.

"So I shall never wear them again," she moaned, when at last, folded and replaced each thing, gazed with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the cold hold of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed door, and so began again her desolation.

It was all over. Dick's head buried in his arms when Marion was speaking, and moved to the door, twilight shrouded them, so he could see how pale was her face when she turned toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," he pleaded. "It was my fault you have better understood. You been very good to me, Dick, and sure that Philip is grateful."

It was Dick who sobbed, not woman, and as they stood there, heads clinging together, he remembered what a soldier's girl can be.

Someone opened the door and announced that "the was ready," perhaps some of Marion's pain was into the caress she gave "the sister."

"We were just talking of you, lian—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answer.

When terrified, the catbird is travel of the rate of twenty-three an hour and clear twelve to ten feet at a stride.

A CHANGE

Have you seen the full moon
Drift behind a cloud,
Hiding all of nature
In a dusty shroud?

Have you seen the light snow
Change to sudden rain,
And the virgin streets grow
Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ash,
When the flame is spent,
And the cherries heartbroken
Ooze an eloquent?

Have you seen the ballroom
When the dance is done
And the tawdry splendor
Meets the morning sun?

Dearest, all these pictures
Cannot halt portray
How my life has altered
Since you've gone away?

—Harry Macneine, in *Macneine's Magazine*

RUMOR OF THE DAY.

A silent worker—The yeast cake.
 "Held by the enemy"—The sister
 which we are unable to redeem.—
 Texas Bittings.
 Every man knows in his own heart
 that the fools are not all dead yet.—
 Albany Argus.
 This pig went to market.
 This one refused to roam;
 But the one that took a two cents in a ear
 We wish would stay at home.
 —Inter-Ocean.
 "Well, that baits all," remarked the
 Irish fisherman as he looked into his
 can in vain for a worm.—Philadelphia
 Life.
 The only thing we can recommend
 to women for the management of a
 husband, is to feed him and trust to
 luck.—Acheson Globe.
 Sibyl—"When Steve proposed to
 me he asked like a fish out of water."
 Tirploe—"Why shouldn't he? He
 knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade.
 The now about the time of year
 When each friend, overboard,
 Fires off this question in your ear,
 "Where did you get that cold?"
 —New York Herald.
 When a woman begins to show a
 dislike to being called by her pet
 name she may be considered as offi-
 cially out of the matrimonial race.—
 Hudson Register.
 Her brow was like the snowdrift,
 Her throat was like the swan,
 And her hair it was the largest
 flood ever looked upon.
 —Inter-Ocean.
 He—"I could believe that this was
 one of mother's own pies, dear." She
 —"Could you, really, darling?" He
 —"Yes; it tastes as if it had been
 made about ten years ago."—Inter
 Ocean.
 Witts—"Talk about word painting
 I knew a man who is the equal of any
 in that line." Watts—"Done some-
 thing wonderful in books, has he?"
 Witts—"Er—no; in signs."—Buffalo
 Courier.
 Break! Break! Break!
 On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea.
 Thou'lt not, I'll bet, be able to get
 As broke as I soon shall be.
 —Washington Star.
 Stockly—"I hear that your son went
 into the office to work this morning."
 Johly—"He went into the office to
 work me. I was out, but I guess I
 have been out more if I'd been in."—
 Philadelphia Record.
 A girl isn't going to be married soon
 if a number of gentlemen call on her
 on a Sunday afternoon. When any-
 thing serious is in prospect all the
 men except the one who is in earnest
 drop off.—Acheson Globe.
 No more he pulls his father's beard
 And drives him to despair;
 He much prefers a handful of
 His brother's football hair.
 —Washington Star.
 "How do you like the way I wear
 my hair now?" asked the football
 player. "It's lovely," replied the
 girl. "If your head only had some
 silk sewed around it, it would be
 lovely soft pillow."—Detroit Free
 Press.
 "Do you think," said the passenger
 on the front platform of the street
 car, that it hurts a horse to dock
 his tail?" "Yes," replied the man who
 handles the brinks, "but not as much
 as it does a driver to dock his wages."
 —Washington Star.
 Little Ned—"Don't take away my
 light." Maunna—"I want you
 to learn to go to sleep without a light."
 "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes."
 "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess
 I'll get up and say my prayers a bit
 more carefully."—Good News.
 "Are you used to carrying roast
 rare?" said the lady who was nudg-
 ing to learn whether she might
 order a new cook. "No, ma'am," was
 loftily-spoken reply. "Up to
 present employment O'ne been used
 serving it frequent."—Washington
 Star.
 Jagwell—"I've made an awful
 mistake. I sent a messenger boy up
 Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers
 thinking it was her birthday, but
 now I learn that her birthday is
 tomorrow." Wiggwag—"That's
 right; the messenger boy may
 be there in time."—Philadelphia Record.
 The art of making money leads
 All other human passions.
 And mankind generally succeeds
 The quite an honest man.
 Yet, when a man to make the same
 Goes to the good fortune,
 Then justice trembles in the ground,
 And sends him off to prison.
 —Richmond.

BUDDHISM.

THE RELIGION OF JAPAN, BURMAH, Siam AND KOREA.

Wonderful Temples and Queer Priests of This Religion—The Japanese Temples That Will Cost \$5,000,000—Missionary Work.

It will be a surprise to many, writes Frank O. Carpenter in the New York Press, to know that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese Empire. They even talk of sending missionaries to the United States and to the Asiatic countries, including China and Korea and India.

Buddhism is the religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan and Korea. It has millions of followers in China and India. In Japan alone there are 72,000 Buddhist temples. In the city of Kyoto, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3300 temples devoted to this religion. Some of the most gorgeous temples in the world are the wonderful structures in which Buddha is worshipped at Bangkok in Siam. At Rangoon, in Burmah, is the famous structure known as the Golden Pagoda, which is said to rest over several of the bones which came from Buddha's head. The temple is a mountain of gold, or rather of brick and stone plastered over with gold leaf. Built upon a mighty platform, its base is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, from which these terraces of gold go upward in bell-like rises to a height almost as great as the Washington Monument.

A large part of it has been the work of charity. The carpenters, the carvers and other artists came from all parts of the country and worked a certain number of weeks for nothing. It has been about fifteen years in



WAKING UP BUDDHA.

From a Sketch Made by a Native Artist.

building. When I first saw it six years ago there were forty acres of sheds about it, in which hundreds of carpenters were cutting up great logs, which had been imported from the island of Formosa, into boards, while hundreds of carvers were turning other logs into works of fine art. Everything was done by hand. Immense beams, such as would be a load for a team of Norman horses, were being carried up to the top of the structure by women and men. A road about fifteen feet wide had been built upon a scaffolding, making an inclined plane running clear to the roof of the structure. A hundred or so men would catch hold of one of these logs and carry it up on their backs. There was then, and there is still, an immense scaffolding about the temple made of thousands of poles tied together with ropes. These poles were of all sizes,

known as the Nishi Hongwandi temple, and it is a wonder in the richness of its interior decoration. It has hundreds of rooms walled with gold leaf, and it contains hundreds of screens painted by the old Japanese masters. A famous left-handed artist of Japan, Jingo, did most of the carving within it, and it is ceiled in some places with black and gold lacquer, and its trimmings are of wonderfully carved brass. It has a bell almost as big as a small seaside cottage, and this is rung by a big log of wood, which is hung outside of the bell to a rope, and can be pulled back so that it will strike the bell on the rebound. It has one audience room which takes nearly 1000 yards of matting to cover it, and the brass lanterns which hang from the great rafters of this room are each as big as a hog-head.

There are many Buddhist sects in Japan. They all believe in Buddha, but they have different doctrines and different modes of worship. There is one sect which sell medicine and charms which will protect you against coughs, consumption, the devil or the smallpox. They sell all kinds of sand, which is supposed to make the limbs of the dead soft and flexible, so they can be easily doubled in the horrible coffins which are used by the Japanese. These are known as the Tendai sect, and they have between four and five thousand temples in Japan. The Monte sect, the Nichiren and the Jodo sect may be called the three most powerful branches of the Japanese Buddhists. The Monte worship Amida Buddha, and they say that earnest prayer, noble thoughts and good works are the elements of their faith. It is to this sect, I think, that these two big temples which I have described belong. It has also immense temples in Tokio and elsewhere. The Nichiren sect are the shouting worshippers of the faith. They are violent and noisy, and they think that all other sects except themselves go straight to hell. The Jodo sect do not eat flesh, and they insist that their priests should not marry. They pray without ceasing, and spend a great part of their time squatting before bells of wood and brass, on which they pound in order to wake up the gods.

About the Buddhist temples are little wooden gods for babies' diseases, around which children's bibs are tied. There are other gods which are supposed to help babies in teething. There are some which are good for the stomach ache and others which will cure sore eyes. In some of the temples are sacred ponies which you may feed with holy beans at one cent a plate and gain religious credit thereby. These are, I think, however, more connected with the Shinto temples.

There is a famous white horse at the temple of Ise which is supposed to be gifted with supernatural powers. According to the stories current in Japan, he has a good deal to do with the warlike matters of the empire, for after the Satsuma rebellion he disappeared and did not come back for three days. His return on the third day was considered very propitious of the success of the Emperor's cause. During the present struggle with China he disappeared again, and after ten days returned looking fresh and well. The prophets of Japan state that this indicated Japan's victories over China, and that the hostilities would last three times as long as the Satsuma rebellion.

There is no part of the East where the missionaries do more work than in Japan, and they have stirred the Buddhists into action. Many of the Japanese do not like the idea that their country should be a field for missionary labors, and some of the people think that such mislun work as is done should be done by native pastors. Not long ago the question of foreign missions came up in Parliament, and it was argued from one standpoint that the missionaries ought to be tolerated because they brought a great deal of money into the country. It was stated in the papers at that time that there were 650 foreign missionaries in Japan, and they average at least \$100 per month, making a total of \$65,000 per month spent by the missionaries. It will thus be seen that the Christian churches annually spend in Japan at least \$780,000 a year, and these expenditures, the native papers thought, ought to be encouraged. They stated that there were 40,000 Christians among the Japanese, and there were 1200 Japanese pastors. The missionaries in Japan are, in reality, doing a great deal of earnest work.

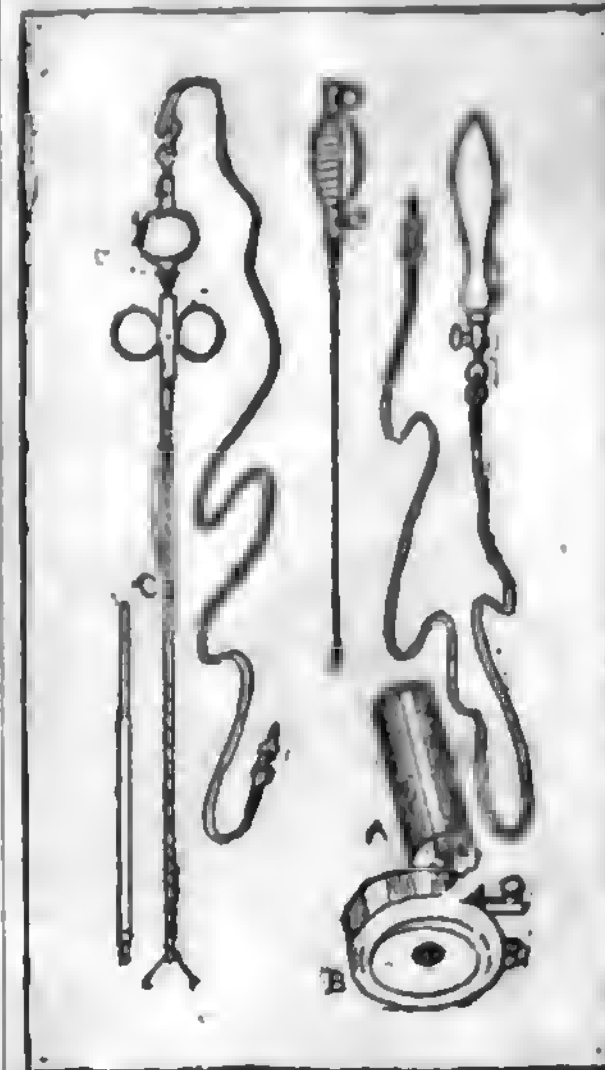
An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

A well-known woman once asked Rubinstein, the famous pianist, for a ticket to one of his concerts. "Madame," he replied, "I have only one seat in my disposition. But if you do not object to occupying it I shall gladly give it to you." The happy woman asked where it was. "At the piano," replied the great musician, with a bow.—Chicago Record.

The Army Ordnance Office has placed an order with the Kelly Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, for ten disappearing gun-carriages to support the completed ten-inch steel gun.

Probing for a Bullet by Electricity.

One of the most important recent inventions in surgery is the telephonic probe, the discovery of Dr. Wells, a surgeon in the United States service. This probe, says the New York World, is designed for use in the cure of epilepsy, the strange malady which has so long puzzled the medical profession. It had been recognized that epilepsy was in many cases the result of the presence of a foreign substance in the



THE TELEPHONIC PROBE.
A.—Battery. B.—Ear-piece or Receiver.
C.—Probe Extensor.

brain, such as a splinter of skull or a piece of a bullet. But operation among the tissues of the brain in the effort to find such a substance was dangerous work, from which many surgeons shrunk, though it was justified in extreme cases.

To poke an instrument about the interior folds of the brain in the effort to find a small fragment of foreign substance was not only dangerous, but in most cases fruitless. This has now been obviated by the telephonic probe, which instantly tells the operator when he has touched the foreign substance, and then, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement, the probe, without being moved from its position, opens and grasps the fragment, which is quickly removed. In connection with the diamond drill for operation on the skull, this discovery has enormously advanced brain surgery.

It consists of three parts. First, there is the probe, which is gently insinuated through the tissues; second, a little pocket battery connected with the ear-piece, and third, the ear-piece itself, which is exactly like the corresponding part of a telephone.

It is used in this way: The flap is cut with the Pyle drills and turned back. Then the chain which dangles from the probe is screwed into one of the keys which projects from the ear-piece, and the hand piece for the operator is similarly connected with another key in the ear-piece.

The surgeon then takes the probe in the right hand, puts the ear-piece to his ear, and gently presses the probe through the delicate tissues of the brain until it touches the foreign body, bone or bullet, as it may be. The minute this contact is accomplished quite a distinct sound is carried through the circuit to the operator's ear. By an ingenious device a pair of teeth are projected on each side of the end of the probe, and take immediate hold of the foreign substance thus found, which can be deftly drawn out of the wound.

The detective and extractive powers of this apparatus are said to be infallible, and the extraordinary fineness of its work is particularly serviceable in the brain, whose tissues are so easily damaged, and where, naturally, the very least amount of laceration is desirable.

A Great Pedestrian.

Arthur J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the British House of Commons, is a great pedestrian, but he will carry neither stick nor umbrella



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.
to any sort of weather. He is often seen with impetuous face, his long legs tramping through the rain at a truly pace.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd or Even—Interested—After Reading—Wouldn't Pop—Nothing in It, Etc., Etc.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the wale, "Oh, maiden of the Rhine," she blushed in sweet confusion. "And dost thou love?" "Nay," he felt rebuffed and knew not what best to say, and then a sudden thought came to him. He pleaded, "Make it ten."—New York Mercury.

INTERESTED.
Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." Boh—"Stout girl, I hope?"—Puck.

WOULD'N'T POP.
Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?" Helen—"I've been trying for two years to make him speak."—Philadelphia Life.

AFTER READING.
"I only got five dollars for that poem." "If that was my poem, Mr. Penneratch, I wouldn't have let 'em print it for five hundred dollars."—Life.

A FITTING RECEPTION.
Mrs. Soborh—"Doral Doral!" Daughter—"Yes, Ma." Mrs. Soborh—"Run to the piano and play 'Hail to the Chief.' Here come the new girl."—New York Weekly.

NOTHING IN IT.
Landlady (noticing boarder looking intently into his soup)—"What is the matter, Mr. Slimdick? Is there anything in your soup?" Mr. Slimdick—"I haven't found anything yet."—Puck.

THE LAUNDRESS' FAD.
Jessie Fadley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible." Mrs. Fadley—"Well, I think that is what most of the matter with our laundress."—Philadelphia Life.

A PROSPECTIVE FATE.
She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?" He—"Number one." "And after that?" "After number one, you will need a dog."—Life.

MERCADITY VS. IGNORANCE.
Mr. Van Ballion—"Is your mistress in?" Biddy—"Sure, and O'll see, sor. (Returning in a few minutes) No, sor, she ain't, sor, but she wants ter know when yer'll be after calling agin, sor."—Truth.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.
Mr. Cynical Sneer and Tom Spittle-jag, two society youths, had a row in their club room. The latter said very severely: "My dear friend, allow me to tell you that you are a donkey." "Well," responded Mr. Sneer, "will you kindly tell me, am I a donkey because I'm your friend, or am I your friend because I'm a donkey?"—Texas Siftings.

WHAT HE WANTED IN IT.
When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip. "Cream in it, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"No." "Sugar?" "No." "Perhaps you'll have a spoon, sir?" smiled the waiter. "No. I don't want a spoon either," growled the guest. The waiter was nonplussed. "Won't you have anything in it, sir?" he urged. "Yes, heat. Take it back," and the waiter took it back.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.
Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?" Herself—"Yes, papa—several. An iceman proposed to me." Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?" Herself—"Nay, my papa." Her Father—"Fugate!" Herself—"After him a plumber proposed to me, dear papa." Her Father (excitedly)—"And him—did you accept him?" Herself—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine." Her Father—"Fool! Fool!" Herself—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter." Her Father (on the verge of apoplexy)—"Mad—mad—mad!" Herself (calmly)—"I accepted him, father." Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child—you are the rarest rose of them all."—Truth.



BEGGING PRIESTS OF JAPAN.

It has a base of fourteen acres, and on its top is a great golden umbrella, to the ribs of which jewels are hung. The whole of this vast structure is plated with gold. It is hundreds of years old, and it has been plated again and again, and there are, undoubtedly, millions of dollars' worth of metal mixed with its brick and plaster. One King of Burmah vowed that he would give his weight in gold to this monument if Buddha would grant him something that he wanted. Buddha accepted the proposition. At least his wish was realized, and when he hopped on the imperial scales it is said that he registered 170 pounds. The vow cost him just about \$46,000 in gold leaf. This great monument is now being regilded.

I visited temples in China which contained thousands of little gold Buddhas. There is one at Nanking in which I saw 10,000 gods under one roof. Some of them were very small gods, and all were plated with gold leaf.



OLD TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

Perhaps the finest and earliest statue that is known in the world today, is the Buddha of Gandhara, in India. It is a statue of a man with a beard, wearing a robe, and it is made of stone. It is said to be the first statue of Buddha, and it is the only one that is known to have been made before the year 1000.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 22, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

AT New Orleans, five non-union men were killed in a riot on March 19th.

THE American flag has been fired upon by a Spanish gunboat near the Cuban shore. Explanations are demanded.

THE Supreme Court of Appeals has the income tax question before it now, and will soon pass on its constitutionality. It is almost sure to fail.

RECENT decisions have been adverse to the Bell Company's telephone patents, and we have reason to hope that hereafter "talk will be cheap."

P. W. MORRIS, the school book agitator of the Legislature, has sued the editor of the *Grafton Leader* for libel just because the said editor intimated that he did not have a better opinion of Morris than he had of Col. C. B. Hart, of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. It looks as though Col. Hart has the right to recover damages.

LAST year a decision was made by the Court of Appeals of Virginia, declaring the law compelling men to labor on the public roads unconstitutional. This year some of the county judges have determined to ignore that decision and fine every man who does not respond to the call of the overseer of roads, in order that the question shall be taken before the present Court of Appeals, whose members have qualified since the decision was made.

DECISIONS by the United States Court and the Court of Appeals of Virginia were recently made concerning the right of property the adjoining land owner has in the roadway. These decisions interpret the laws of our own State. It was decided that the public highway is an easement over which the public has a right to pass and repass, but not to stop. For instance, a wagoner does not have the right to camp in the road. It would be a trespass on the adjoining landowner. It decided that the grass on the roadside belonged to such landowner, and that the absence of fencing to protect it, did not destroy the right of landowner to maintain an action of trespass against anyone who used such grass.

WORTH, the Parisian dressmaker, died in Paris at an advanced age. He probably missed Ward McAllister for McAllister made the people worthy to wear costumes from Worth. Worth made havoc with our feathered friends, for if he suggested a certain sort of dead bird for a hat, that bird stood a fair chance of extermination. He, as king of fashion, has probably done more to intensify the vanity of the rapid society belles, and to raise more bitter animosity and envy among women than any other agent of the evil one. It seems strange that such men as he and Ward McAllister should really be men, with the same form and features and feelings, no doubt, as the honest laborer, who loves his family, gets drunk, and repentant. It seems as though such panders to artificiality must have been artificial and only well regulated machines.

ONE of those things which it is easier to let be and say nothing about than to try to bring in reform, is the labor expended on the public roads. In some thinly settled communities the present method of contributing labor is indispensable, and good work is done. All the neighborhood meets quite cheerfully and the road is worked and widened in a manner that makes another year's travel possible. But at other points, and it is to be feared, in a majority of precincts, the men assembled do not accomplish half as much as they should. It is notorious that if a man is working faithfully he receives little or no encouragement from the overseer or anyone else. Another evil is the appropriation of funds. In small towns the general rule is for men to pay the surveyor three dollars. This he pockets, and as his accounts are never audited, in a number of cases he forgets that he owes the State three dollars and rests easy. Thus if an overseer should receive twenty dollars in fines, he has two ways open to him to simply be careless and cheat the county. He can put in a few days work and charge the county twenty dollars, and report the men who paid as having worked four days each, or he can forget all about it, and some people's memories are treacherous. Many an overseer who would seem to diverge in the slightest degree from what was strictly honorable in dealing with another man, has received that three dollar fine from some citizen, intended to have it expended, forgot all about it, and the result is that the county and the man both lose it. A number of overseers, too, let the summer go by and fail to get their men out full time, and cause dissatisfaction with the system in that the men do not share alike. There is a good deal of looseness in our present mode of working roads.

THE "West Virginia Supplement" was the heading of the *Manufacturer's Record* last week. As might be expected, there was much to be seen concerning our prospective railroads. It informs you that the panic of 1893 put back railroad building in West Virginia fully ten years. It is very encouraging, though, to know that we have so much natural wealth which is not to be disturbed yet awhile. The whole tenor of endless pages of reading matter was that this State is to be the next scene of action in commercial activity, and that our oil, coal, and timber will cause the State to develop with the wonderful rapidity which marked that of Western Pennsylvania.

DILEY'S MILL. The ruthless storms of winter having bid the azure dome of the upper deep adieu, we and all friends of spring are permitted to welcome spring with her balmy breezes and faultless skies. How gladly we welcome spring. Every thing is in harmony, and it is the true season in which to be thankful for having survived the hard winter. There is quite a literary society at "Cove Hill." We are glad to see our young people take an interest in anything pertaining to education. A desire to be well informed is a commendable ambition. Mr. T. M. Auldridge was in this part recently. Miss Lula Auldridge has returned home. Miss Cora Moore, who has been very sick, is rapidly improving. Rev. C. M. Baker preached his last sermon for this year at Bethel, on the 17th. Prof. G. E. Moore has been looking after his interest at the Academy. Some of our young men are on Hunter's Drive. Gen. Butler has a favorite band which knows his rival's truck by the scent. ANONYMOUS.

It looks as if peace will be soon established between China and Japan. Japan gets the island of Formosa. The independence of Corea will be acknowledged, and China will claim no right of any interference in Corea affairs whatever. Japan will have the use of the conquered forts for a term of years. This will secure a permanent peace as these forts command the approaches to Peking. Two hundred and fifty millions in gold will be paid as indemnity to Japan. There appears to be no danger of European powers making objection, as the Japanese claim nothing of the mainland and ask no permanent occupancy of Chinese territory.

THERE have been seven deaths among the ministers of the Baltimore M. E. Conference within a year. The last was Rev. S. W. Snapp, of White Cross, Va., aged 60 years.

To Veterans.
POCAHONTAS CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS, March 15, 1895.

The Executive Committee, consisting of the Commander, three Lieutenant Commanders, and Adjutant, will meet at Marlinton on Tuesday, April 2d, (Court-day), 1895, for the purpose of adopting a Constitution, By-laws, and Regulations for the government of the Camp. A prompt and full attendance is respectfully requested.

By order of
A. C. L. GATEWOOD,
JOHN J. BEARD, Commander,
Adjutant.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas County. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by March 25th.

E. B. KING, Commissioner.
Dentists: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellabona), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit:
At roles held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,
vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Ponge.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Ponge) devised her by her father, Woods Ponge, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Ponge to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Reiter's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay
vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895, offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the ann of \$3,478.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,
Special Commissioner,
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON, m8 4t Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Glinger vs. Wm. E. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895, offer for sale by public apetion, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security. CHARLES P. JONES, Commissioner.

I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed. J. H. PATTERSON, m1 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit:
At roles held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.
vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros. & Co. of \$418.00 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the *Confederate Veteran* published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the *Veteran* at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.50 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The *Veteran* has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 800 camps.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 26th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Goss and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company. Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred installments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895, in front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TIEBK,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.
All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.
Mending neatly done.
Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER, General Auctioneer and Real Estate Agent.

Local Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexandria, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY, Architect and Superintendent.

Room, 19, Kelly Block, Wheeling, W. Va.

HOME NEWS

—Go to J. D. Pullin & Co for fancy groceries, jelly, apple-butter, etc.

—Mr. J. Rock has taken charge of the McChasie mill and ingiving satisfaction to customers.

—In Tucker county several indictments were made against merchants for selling cigarettes to boys.

—Just received at J. D. Pullin & Co's, a nice line of gents and ladies fine shoes, at lowest market prices. Give us a call.

—The late act requires two days work to be put on the road by the overseer with all the hands of his district before June 1st.

—The Dewing Company have finished the work at Cheat Bridge, and have moved their camp down the river to a point about eight miles above Elkins.

—During the recent flood there was a log jam in Cheat River composed of 6,000,000 feet of timber. The water was dammed up twenty feet above the bank. It was photographed.

—The Hinton Independent Herald is now owned by a somewhat different company, Mr. H. Jordan retiring. The new firm, under the style of Warren & Co., is comprised of Hun. George W. Warren, Howard Templeton, and Frank Peyton.

—The new county of Mingo is falling into danger. There is to be an election over a county-seat contest. The town of Williamson, a thriving railroad town, is the present county-seat, but the petitioners propose to move it to a place called Rock House, on Pied-goon Creek.

—From nameless indications it is to be inferred that much interest in masonry prevails in the Huntersville Lodge. The diffusion of peace, comfort, and good will may be anticipated in a community so favored. So mote it be.

—At Basic City, Va., they got up a great fox chase lately. There were hundreds of horses, forty hounds, and three foxes. The foxes were let loose and given a start and the whole cavalcade came thundering after. Two of the foxes were recaptured and the other one was a total loss.

—Every body who amounts to anything has a cold these days. All seem to be affected alike. A hoarseness is noticed, and the head hurts. All through the body the paralyzing influence of lagrippe is felt. There seems to be no special remedy except to see the doctor, and he puts the ingredients into a bottle—one for each disease you have—and gives you a teaspoonful. The main thing is to keep up the tone of the system, avoid the use of liquor and tobacco, and keep warm and dry.

—The lumbermen have been affording much high water during the past week. The Cumberland Lumber Co. left this place last Friday, and could bring the rear along as fast as they could walk. A fine ark was built by John A. Taylor, with the house part 110 ft. long. This ark went by Sunday at least twenty miles behind the drive. D. O'Connell has a drive up Kuapp's Creek yet. Capt. Smith's drive must be pretty well done by this time. Commodore Peters, of Ronover, was in town and informs that the mill there is cutting over 100,000 feet of lumber daily.

—A writer in the Richmond Dispatch from Highland county, shows a pardonable pride in the statement that there is not a bar-room or distillery in his county. We boast of the same felicity in Pocahontas, but it would not do to leave the impression that the intoxicant associated with the thought of a bar-room is not the usual old familiar juice to our citizens. As a matter of fact, the absence of bar-rooms causes the importation of a vast deal of liquor in bulk. So it will not do to bank too much on the lack of bar-rooms, for the system of supply of these counties is not a whit less sure, only more secret, and, therefore, more dangerous to the beginner. It is hard to tell sometimes whether it is harder to fight the drink evil when it is in the open or under cover.

—A legal controversy at Edray is exciting much comment and interest. It is a case between Eugene Sandridge and Mrs. M. F. Rockman, in an action of detinue for the recovery of the possession of a certain mare until "complanting." One claims that the mare was to be his for use until that time for having wintered her. The defendant sets up that the mare was to remain with the plaintiff until she was wanted at home, and gives in evidence of ill-treatment. The first trial came off at Edray last Thursday, attorneys Branton and Price making the fight for the respective parties. The jury hung. The amount of the costs of the case already in three times what the mare is worth, and the case is just where it was when begun. Such in law.

—Several firms are competing for the privilege of furnishing the new court-house. Mr. W. A. Branton, attorney for a Chicago house, has submitted a bid. The bid made lead you to infer that \$3000 is the sum necessary to furnish the rooms in style with the manner in which they are finished. This includes steel fittings for vanils, desks, tables, chairs, and furniture generally. It is absolutely essential that this furniture should be bought, for nothing would look more grotesque than to occupy the building with the old seats and pine tables now on hand. We must have things to conform, for the new court-house would be a very cheerless place without the fittings and would be regarded with feelings of disappointment.

—Mr. J. W. Hevener, who is refitting his flouring-mill, on the head of the James River, in Highland County, is pushing the work toward completion. The engine purchased by Mr. Hevener to propel the new machinery is a forty-horse-power, and a relic of the Goshen boom, having been placed there by a rolling mill company in the reckless days of 1891 and 1892, and was bought by Mr. Hevener at a great sacrifice. The boiler weighs 9,000 pounds, and was a heavy burden to bear across our mountains. When completed this mill will have a daily output of thirty barrels, the largest capacity of any mill in this section to the country.

—The old lady Conrad who died recently in Gilmer County at the age of 120 years, was probably the oldest person in the United States. Her maiden name was Mace. When about 100 years ago she married her husband, her father in law opposed the match on the grounds that she was a witch. He had a lot of trouble while he remained at enmity with her, and this and the advanced age she reached would give color to the theory of old Captain Conrad, of Braxton, formed so many years ago.

—The latest news of Capt. Smith and his drive, was that he had a million feet of timber jammed in a certain bend of Anthony's Creek. Col. O'Connell says that he has had a similar jam at the same place, that cost him \$2000 to loosen up. We hope that the report is at least exaggerated.

—The coal region of the eastern states, lies within the boundaries of nine states; of these West Virginia leads with 17,000 square miles of land underlaid with coal. Pennsylvania comes next, with 12,300 square miles, and so on rapidly decreasing to Georgia, which has 170 square miles.

—The cigarette law imposing a fine of \$500 on cigarette dealers will go into effect about May 20th. It is not likely that cigarettes will be sold outside of large cities.

—The postoffice at Dummore will be removed on the 1st of April. The present postmaster, Capt. C. B. Swecker, has held the position for fifteen years, and during all that time has given perfect satisfaction.

—Monday, March 25th, from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Clearance sale. Everything for actual cost for two hours. Don't miss this opportunity of securing some of the grand bargains that will be offered.

—P. Golden.

—Preaching service at Sunset on the 24th inst at 11 a. m., and at Indian Draft on the 31st inst at 11 a. m. by Rev. W. T. Price.

—J. D. Pullin & Co. will soon have in stock a full line of gents' and ladies' furnishing goods.

MARLINTON WINS

THE HOME TEAM DEFEATS THE MINGO TEAM. SCORE SEVEN TO ONE.

The Concert a Great Success.

Our town was very much enlivened last Saturday by the presence of the Englishmen from Mingo, who had come to play the first game of the annual football match. There was a large crowd of interested spectators to see the game, though the day was very stormy. The game was called at about 2 p. m. Marlinton won the choice of goals and chose the northern goal from whence the wind was blowing a gale. The ball went into the Mingo territory and remained there pretty much during the first three-quarters of an hour, during which Marlinton kicked five goals. Goals were then exchanged, and though the home team worked against the wind, they were able to score two goals in the second half to Mingo's one. The teams were cheered on by an enthusiastic crowd. While the play was necessarily a little rough, none of the players sustained a serious hurt, and there was no contention whatever. The faultlessly attired umpire, Mr. T. Ricketts, was caught in a scrimmage over the ball at one time, thrown down and trampled on and very painfully injured. The visiting team played in a bright scarlet uniform which made the game easily watched, as the players were easily distinguished from the ominous black of the home team. The return match is to be played at Mingo on April 13th, and as several of the best Mingo players were unable to be at Marlinton, the home team will have to prepare for a hard struggle to retain their laurels.

THE CONCERT.

An impromptu concert was arranged for the evening. The singers were members of the two teams and some Marlinton ladies and gentlemen. The court-house was crowded with an appreciative audience. Misses Daisy Yeager, Mollie Smith, and Susie Price lent their musical notes to the occasion. Mr. Arthur Lawson in the role of Lottie Collins, was one of the great cards. Mr. W. A. Branton's songs were all well received by the delighted audience. Mr. G. Tompkins was called the PRIMA DONNA of Mingo, and his songs reached the spot. Mr. Tim A'Hern, the inimitable, in his "Remember, boy, you're Irish," touched a chord in each one's heart.

Owing to limited space we cannot give a longer account of the game or concert, but before closing we, in the name of the people of the town, wish to thank the visitors for the gala day they afforded the village, and to wish for a speedy repetition of their visit.

The gentlemen themselves ask us to express their thanks for the kindness shown them by the citizens of the town during their stay.

Goodman Cleared.

It seems incredible that Goodman should be cleared of the charge of murder for the killing of Col. Parsons. At the time the killing occurred, it was considered by many an out and out murder. Goodman sought for Parsons in an angry frame of mind and for the purpose of quarreling. They met in the office of a famous hotel at Clifton Forge, Va. Parsons was without arms and was shot and killed. Goodman was first tried and sentenced to a term of eighteen years in the penitentiary. This was not considered a harsh sentence; the wonder was rather that he escaped with his neck. He obtained a new trial, and the result is a triumphant acquittal. His defense was that Parsons was reaching for a pistol when he shot him. Virginia juries must faintly realize the solemnity of homicide if this is the price they put on it. Anything rather than to turn such a character loose again.

Particular Notice.

Quite a number of copies of last week's issue were destroyed by the rain through the carelessness of the mail carrier. If you missed last week's copy, this is what became of it. Some of the papers were reduced to pulp. We will settle with the carrier later on.

FOR RENT My store-house at Edray lately occupied by P. Golden. J. R. Poage, Edray, W. Va.

Obituary.

MRS. W. B. HILL.

Our community was shocked by the sudden death of Mrs. Allie Hill, wife of W. B. Hill, on the evening of the 13th inst.

She had been quite ill, but her friends were hopeful of her recovery. She herself did not think the end was so near. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. James C. Suedagar. She was thirty-three years of age, and had been a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for six years.

She was a true and devoted wife and a kind and affectionate mother, and by her kind and gentle disposition had won the respect of all who knew her.

She was a lady noted for her hospitality, giving all who called at her home a cheerful welcome. She leaves a husband and five little children to mourn their loss, but there is comfort in the blessed assurance that she has gone "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The bereaved have the sympathy of the entire community.

"Her toils are past, her work is done, And she is fully blest: She's fought the fight the victory won And entered into rest."

"Then let our sorrows cease to flow— God has recalled his own; And let our hearts in every woe, Still say, 'Thy will be done!'"

B.

Personal.

Miss Nora Riley, the accomplished daughter of J. W. Riley, Esq., of Green Bank, is now at the Normal School at Mt. Clinton, Va.

Justice W. H. Grose, of Huntersville, was down in his judicial capacity on Tuesday.

Mr. John Gibson and wife, of Elk, called at our office on Saturday.

Capt. J. W. Marshall, of Mingo, has been in town for more than a week.

Mr. J. L. Heckmer, Secretary of the Pocahontas Development Company, will attend April court.

Miss Birdie Baxter, of Edray, made Marlinton a flying visit on Tuesday.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, Mr. Harry Moore, and Rev. John A. Taylor, prominent citizens of Dummore, and horses, came in on the boat Friday afternoon, and returned home by land.

Dummore.

A little mind, I thank you.

Messrs. Jacobs, Carter, Eskridge, and P. Golden, the Jew bustler, of Marlinton, were in our town this week.

Mr. P. D. Yeager spent a few days with us last week.

J. Lowry, the big drummer, was in town Monday, and had a smile on his face as long as a country minister's salary.

One of the court house carpenters undertook to ride a log down the Greenbrier River, and came out a complete Dunkard, and says a dip in the water is very refreshing.

Master Clarence McLaughlin, of Marlinton, who has been going to school here, returned home Sunday.

Miss Alice McLaughlin closed her school Saturday, at which time the people generally engaged in a big game of football.

Mr. Remick Kerr left yesterday for the Hot Springs to meet Mrs. Amanda Phipps.

Mr. Harry Taylor returned yesterday from Rockingham county with Messrs. Shank and Simmers, who will commence sawing for Harvey Nuttingham.

The body of Mr. John Hall, of Hightown, who was cut to pieces on a sawmill at Davis, passed here Thursday, and was buried at his home at Hightown.

We understand that two unknown men beat up Mrs. Tracy, Friday evening, three miles this side of Travelers' Rest, her cloak torn off, her life threatened, etc.

Rev. C. L. Potter preached his last sermon Sunday night for the present conference year. We hope to get him back.

Mr. Q. W. Poage was in town today looking after the heavy tribe.

Mr. Folto, of Tinnutun was in town yesterday. Also Charlie Shoemaker, of Mouterey, Va.

Jacob and George Taylor left today for Huntersville to put up some wagons.

Now the bluebird and the robin Keep their little tails a bobbin'.

TOM SAWYER.

Clover Leaf.

Ice and snow are melting fast, Conclusive proof that winter's past; Now the birds begin to sing, To show the world that this is spring.

Professor Adams has been here looking up a mouse class.

James Meeks' family is on the sick list.

Woods Dille has prepared a new blacksmith shop near the highway.

A flock of thirty-five wild geese passed the other day.

Clark McCloud has moved to Mr. Joe McLaughlin's, on Back Alley. We will miss him very much in our neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob Beverage is building a new dwelling house on Sam Higgins' farm, and expects to move there soon.

Some sugar and molasses have been made. Feed is scarce, but the grass is growing again.

ALMOST A FIRE.

Mr. Oscar Bell's chimney got on fire the other day, and he had some trouble to keep his house from being destroyed. The north wind was blowing a gale and the flames rose high above the mouth of the chimney. Mr. Bell ascended the roof and by dashing water over the roof prevented it from burning. As the water froze on the roof, he had a dangerous time getting down again.

PUMPKINHEAD.

Lobelia.

March, 18, 1896.

A great many of our citizens are adopting the maxim, "A penny saved is two pence clear" and are preparing to save some money by making some maple sugar.

Mr. Samuel Kellison acts on the principle that the early bird gets the worm, and the result is, he has already made four hundred pounds of sugar.

Rev. Hamill preached his farewell sermon for this conference year at Emmanuel, on last Saturday night. His text was St. John 9: 4, "The night cometh." Bro. Hamill preached an excellent sermon, and we hope he will be sent to us next year.

The Columbian Literary Society met at Lobelia on the night of the 15th inst. and after organizing discussed the question, Resolved, "That man is always justifiable in murder in self-defense." The question for discussion on the evening of the 23rd inst. is Resolved, "That anticipation affords greater pleasure than possession."

People generally speak of the "times" but not much good to say now; but it is not so said of the POCAHONTAS TIMES, for that is a visitor always welcomed.

B.

Green Bank.

We have had an equinoctial storm on last Sunday, with a little snow.

Mr. Gus Eskridge, of Academy, was in this vicinity last Sunday.

Miss Nora E. Riley, will on next Tuesday, start for Mt. Clinton, Va., to attend school a session, which is a good move.

Rev. J. A. Taylor was in our town awhile last week.

Mr. John G. Sutton is suffering intense agony with a cancer on his face, at this time.

Died: at his home near Top of Alleghany, on the 15th inst. of cancer, Mr. David Wilfong; after three years suffering.

Rev. E. F. Alexander preached a very good sermon at Liberty last Sunday, from Eph. 1: latter part of 4 verse.

Rev. Howard, the Presbyterian evangelist, is expected to hold a series of meetings at Liberty church about June.

Rev. C. L. Potter left here yesterday for conference, which meets in Washington D. C. on the 27th inst.

Mr. W. A. Gladwell and wife made a trip to McDowell, Virginia, this week.

Mr. J. W. Oliver started to Standout with a wagon last Tuesday Messrs G. D. Oliver & Bro's wagon got in from Beverly last week, having been gone since December.

Mr. J. P. Woodell started for his wagon Tuesday, which has been at Laurel Fork since December, for a load of goods.

C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that about the sun.
From its sphere, while the clock beats free,
Days and seasons for me and you
And this, that, that, from the mighty clock,
While time wears on below,
Now half-day, now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

The pretty yellow in coat of fur,
A cream coat runs in the wind with;
A single hat with a golden blink;
Then follow the white, and white's best—
White that looks from the mighty clock,
And the world wears on below,
Now half-day, now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

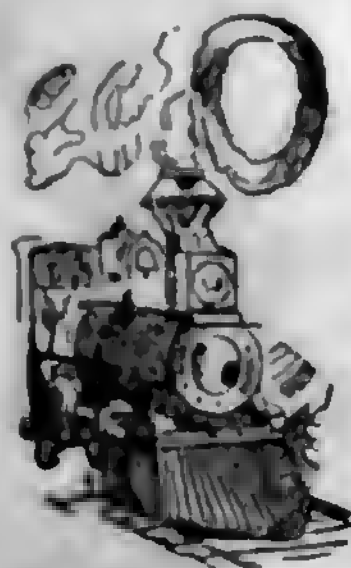
A little song when the heart is glad,
A little song when the way is bad.
Whether the shadows or shadows fall,
Pensive and dreaming at last for all,
While that tick-tock runs the mighty clock,
And the world wears on below,
Now half-day, now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

As this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that about the sun.
And the hand that somewhere keeps the
boy

Is the same that holds you and me,
While tick-tock runs the mighty clock,
And the world wears on below,
Now half-day, now day—now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

BY RIMON KEMP.



NE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met in the rotunda at the Palmer House in Chicago, telling stories.

Among them was a grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony, who had a carious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and down upon his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long ago.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the Western delegates said to him:

"Come, Brother Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

The Old Colony man colored a little and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this—I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I hadn't had the scar more'n about a year," he said. "I was running the three-thirty passenger out of Boston on the Cape Cod Division, as I am now when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon; it was half-past five by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds, it was just as dark as pitch."

"Between Wareham and Buzzard's Bay there's a stretch of woody, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, croaking and dodging the salt-water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you at any time."

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right, I've got to get you out of my cab and onto the Flying Dutch; and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it takes a potent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair, that runs down on the east shore of Buzzard's Bay."

"By the hour I mentioned the Dutch should have been at Wood's Holl, but she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box, and was way behind time. She had gone on, and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Buzzard, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same hot box began to smoke again, hotter than fire."

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Dutch had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Dutch's rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they cut a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, and over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two weeks, but he came of a very good family, and he was a Palmer."

and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the walls who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Dutch."

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on that train; but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified."

"Well, Jimmy sat out in the dark and rain and wind with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there."

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Dutch standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance."

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second curve in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure."

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way."

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either."

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared."

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend."

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well."

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick puddling of rain and mist."

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage."

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up."

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab."

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop."

"It was just second nature to my engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake."

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, jumping, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My goodness!' he

managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

"Somebody hit me," says I; 'I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas.'"

"I threw my lantern at you," says he, as cool as a frog.

"You did!" says I; 'well, what did you do for that?'

"To keep you from running into the Dutch," says he.

"By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the fireman were copping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again, and I didn't know any too well what was going on."

"But by the time the conductor and train hands and about two thirds of the passengers had come swarming around, I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express, slowly."

"Jimmy, he was full of apologies to me. 'My goodness,' says he, 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you, but I was bound to stop you anyway.'"

"That's so," says I. 'Don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'"

"I wish none of you fellows would lend me a lantern," says he.

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me."

"What's the matter?" says I. 'Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?'

"I'd rather go back with one," says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business."

"But of course it came out, because, though I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up."

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't."

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out."

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man."

"He's still braking on the Flying Dutch. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Yonah's Companion.

The Tide Turning South.

"Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" B. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad.

"The people in those States are discontented and are moving away. They do not want to settle in Kansas or Arkansas or Texas, where so many of their friends used to go. If Georgia only had some literature descriptive of her resources, it would attract thousands of good, honest, hardworking people of the agricultural and mechanical classes. The tide of emigration is now setting toward Tennessee, which State issued, probably a year ago, one of the most complete books on its resources that any State has ever got out. That book catches a possible immigrant as soon as he examines it. If our State will just let the world know what we have in the way of climate, soil, minerals, woods, water power and that sort of thing our uncultivated and low-priced lands will soon be in demand and the taxable property of the State will increase in value a hundred million dollars in a few years."—Atlanta Constitution.

Five Funeral of a Pet Dog.

Paris is laughing over the extravagant funeral of the pet dog of an American family residing in the gay capital. The body was placed in two caskets, one of oak, the other leaden, conveyed in a hearse covered with flowers to Vancresson, and there buried. A number of mourners in carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery, and a monument costing \$300 was erected over the grave, the total expenditure for the funeral amounting to over \$500.—Chicago Herald.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumgartner apparatus. The results obtained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam producing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured.—New York Advertiser.

LOADING A CATTLE SHIP.

A CIRCUS LIKELY TO FORM PART OF THE PROCEEDING.

Wild Cattle That Will Do Anything Except Go on Board—Occasional Chairs in the Water.

THE La Fayette, belonging to the Jersey City Central stock yards, lay alongside a White Star liner bound for Liverpool, says the New York Sun. Three or four hundred cattle had already been transferred to the hold of the steamer and had made but slight objection to the process, the gangplank being almost level. The remainder of the herd were to be accommodated on the steamer's upper deck, to be "saloon passengers," as one of the ocean drovers remarked, and getting them up into their elevated quarters was the topic under consideration.

The steep ascent being pronounced impracticable, and other gangways with which it was proposed to reduce the grade being condemned as too weak, the upper end of the gangway was lowered with ropes some distance below the deck, so that it was at an angle of about forty-five degrees. High board sides were affixed to prevent the cattle from jumping overboard, and up this steep incline the cattle were forced, reaching the deck by a jump from the end of the gangway. There was much protest in the way of bellowing.

Two monstrous bullocks, one a dark red with a broken horn, the other dappled with white, were first to arrive at the end of the gangway. They looked up anxiously, and then turned as if seeking some way of escape, but their companions were crowding thick behind them, and on either side cowboys stood urging them on with admonishing blows and shouts. In spite of themselves they were forced a short distance up the gangplank, but there they hesitated, and no amount of urging and jabbing with long poles could induce them to climb further. Their eyes had the desperate, hunted look of wild creatures at bay. The spotted white bullock advanced a step or so ahead of his companion. A cowboy, young and vigorous, whose overcoat had lost nearly all of its outside glory from repeated exploits amid such scenes, took advantage of this amiable disposition on the steer's part to give his tail a twist. This device caused the huge creature to advance a few steps higher. The bullock with the broken horn stood rooted to the spot. He lifted his head and looked over the side of the gangway as if contemplating a leap overboard. Then he turned and looked back, and seemed determined to do anything rather than climb to those unknown regions above. One of the steamer's crew put some hay temptingly at the top of the passage. The cowboy tweaked again at his victim's tail, the others shouted like madmen and waved their long poles, and the spotted white steer sprang forward in desperation and almost gained the top of the gangway. The long poles were dug into his panting sides. He made a mighty effort and grabbed a mouthful of the hay. More blows, more cheers, and, after pausing irresolutely for another moment, he made the final leap up onto the deck.

In the meantime no amount of coaxing, poking or pushing could induce the red steer to stir. Again and again he looked over into the water as if meditating a leap. The prowess of his companion only seemed to convince him of the impossibility of his doing likewise. He glanced around in terror, then, undeterred by the crowding horns at the foot of the passage, he turned in some indescribable way, though the space seemed much too narrow for him, and dashed down among his companions to seek his old quarters.

The men let him go and devoted their attention to the others. Now that one steer had scrambled up the steep incline it was not so difficult to persuade the rest to follow his example, particularly with fresh wisps of hay as inducements. Some proved intractable, and, after scrambling partly up the gangway, retraced their steps, and created panic among their fellows waiting at the foot. The cowboys did not permit these to have their own way, as did the red steer. They seized them by the horns and forced them to turn and again essay the difficult passage. The red-checked cowboy, whose tattered coat attested his valor, was particularly efficient in managing the rebellious spirits among the herd.

"That's Dave Errieson. He's a rare boud with the cattle," commented the Captain. "One night, when we were loading further up the river, and had a particularly wild lot of Colorado to deal with, two bullocks jumped overboard. Quick as a flash, Dave was over after them. He straddled the back of the nearest one, got hold of his horns, used them as a rudder, and steered that steer exactly where he wanted him to go. We got them both back, and it was a pitch dark night, too."

"Cattle swim well, don't they?" asked the reporter.

"Swim splendidly. If the weather is hot and they happen to be thirsty they would just as lief jump overboard as not. They're not as silly as sheep, though. When we're loading

sheep, if one jumps over into the water the whole business follows whether they want to or not. That's their nature."

"Are the cattle ever seasick when there's a heavy sea on?" asked the reporter.

"No, never. I never knew one of them to refuse its food. Horses get seasick, but not cattle. Sometimes when there's a big storm all the compartments that restrain the cattle, and the railings to which they are tied, are washed away. Then the ocean drovers have work trying to keep them in order. Sometimes everything is washed away, and cattle and all go to the bottom; but the owners don't care, because each bullock is fully insured as soon as it leaves the stock yard."

Every one of the cattle destined for shipment is inspected at the stock yard by a United States Inspector, and has a numbered metal tag inserted in the right ear. This is a matter of courtesy to the English Government, and to certify that the cattle are sound.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The demand for forms in Matabeleland, South Africa, continues to be in excess of the supply.

Egyptian lamps, dating, it is believed, from 3000 B. C., have been discovered in the catacombs along the Nile.

The French claim that gas-making was invented by Lebon, in 1802, who made gas by the dry distillation of wood.

In 1300 splinters dipped in oil were used in England and France to furnish light for guests retiring to their rooms.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gophers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.

A Maine physician certified that one of his late patients "died of old age, and that said disease is not contagious."

Although "Robinson Crusoe" was written 175 years ago, it is, and probably always will be, a classic for the children.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano from no fewer than sixteen countries, and employing forty-five different hands.

A tramp dog caught a burglar in Annapolis Church, New York City, on a recent Sunday evening, and held him until the police came to take charge of him.

E. W. Abbott, of Elkton, Mo., says that if his dog isn't the biggest in the country he wants to know whose dog is. The hest is thirty-three inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

It is said that Robinshtein owed his musical success largely to his personal magnetism, under the spell of which his auditors did not feel the false chords, which he frequently struck.

In the Sheriff's court at Berlin, Germany, the other day fifty-six cases occupied the judge from 10 o'clock in the morning until 1.30 in the afternoon, or an average of about four minutes for each case.

At Baden-Baden, the celebrated spa and summer resort, the municipality has restored and put into order Roman baths that were dug out, in 1900, of the parks. They were in good shape except the hypocaustum, and are now accessible.

The Sheriff of New York gives a bond of \$100,000 and his sureties must qualify in double the amount, or \$200,000. The Under Sheriff's bond is \$50,000, and his sureties must qualify in double. The deputy sheriffs give bonds in \$25,000; their sureties qualify in double.

The Duke of Athol has twenty-three titles, the Duke of Hamilton seventeen, the Dukes of Argyll and Balcloch each sixteen, the Marquis of Bute fifteen, and the Duke of Abercorn thirteen. The Duke of Richmond has only nine, but three of them are dukedoms in Great Britain and one in France.

A portrait in oil of Peter the Great, believed to be the finest in existence, was discovered lately by an English traveler in a small village in Russia. He had stepped into a peasant's cottage to ask for a cup of tea, when he saw the picture hanging on the wall, framed in a tea tray, the edges of which were folded over the canvas, and bought it for a few shillings.

A Great Painter's Masterpiece.

Stupendous as are the dimensions of many pictures exhibited year by year on the walls of the popular galleries, and which would seem to appeal for attention more by reason of their quantity than of their quality, it is interesting to remember that Meisener's little masterpiece commonly known in France as "The Five-Franc Piece," and representing two men discussing the siege of Berg-op-Zoom, the whole being painted with the greatest accuracy and finish on a surface smaller than that of a five-shilling piece, is yet valued at close on \$5000. The precious little picture was painted by the great artist for a wager in a few hours.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO WROTE
TO WIN THE PRIZE.

Presented by the Ladies' Association
of the City of New York.

From the City of New York.

Mrs. Helen Brown, whose home is at 1215
Fourth Avenue, New York, and whose visit to
London is well known to be a success, was
at one time afflicted with a nervous malady
which at times drove her nearly to distraction.
"These terrible headaches are a thing
at the past," she said the other day to a
club (by representation, "and there is quite
a story in connection with it too.

My nervous system was a great deal
more than a year ago, brought on, I believe,
through too much worrying over family
matters, and then allowing my love for my
tears to get the better of my discretion
when my health was overstrained. Why,
whenever my affairs at home did not go
along just as I expected, I would invariably
become prostrated from the excitement and
I would consider myself fortunate indeed if
the effects of the attack would not remain
for a week. I was obliged to give up my
pleasant home—set far from the lake shore
drive, because I could not stand the noise in
that locality. I could find no place in the
city which I deemed suitable to one whose
nervous system was always on the point of
explosion. To add to my misfortune my
condition underwent a change and I
looked so yellow and hollow that I was
obliged to withdraw from the house at all.

"Indeed," said my doctor to me one day
as I usually went out of the city, "I believe
you have the city and seek some
place of quiet, you will have recovery." So
I concluded I would visit my uncle, who
lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose
farm would surely be a good place for one
in my pitiable condition. I picked up the
State City was day and happened to come
across an interesting record of the recovery
of some woman in New York State who was
afflicted as I had been. This woman had
been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People. I thought that if Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills could cure the woman they might cure
me. I began to take the pills according to direc-
tions and I began to feel better from the
start. After I had taken several boxes of
them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My
nervousness was gone and my complexion
was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old
girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills had put the
color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such
high spirits and feel like a new fighter. And
no wonder I like to come to Kew-Forest if it
had not been for Pink Pills I could not have
been here now." I have recently concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the
elements necessary to give new life and rich-
ness to the blood and restore shattered
nerves. They are for sale by all druggists,
or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams'
Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for
\$2 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

In the present rate keeps up, all the
men will finally be lawyers, and all the
women stenographers.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and
fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy,
Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a
gentle, yet effective, cleansing. To be benefited
one must get the true remedy manufactured
by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale
by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles.

New York has 1,000 Chinese laundries.

A Glance Outlook

is that of the dyspeptic, but his face will
brighten when he knows that Ripans Tablets
cure that terrible disorder and will make him
a cheerful and happy man.

In certain French restaurants a shilling
is charged for the use of the table-cloth.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures
all kidney and bladder troubles,
rheumatism and consumption free.
Laboratory: Longmont, N. Y.

All the royal arms of Europe, those of
Great Britain and Ireland are the most com-
plicated.

Karl's Hair Root, the great blood purifier,
gives treatment and cures in the complex-
ion and cures constipation. Price 50c. \$1.

Mexico has a peluca famina.

Mrs. Winslow's Sassafras Syrup for children
treats all the cures, colds, inflama-
tion, all pains, cures colds, etc. a bottle

Tasmania boasts diamonds.

I believe Pink Pills for Consumption saved
my life. I was in bed for months. Mrs. Allen
Lodge, 100 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Melanes is made from malice.

If you want to know more about Dr. Isaac Thompson
and his medicine, Druggists and 10c per bottle.

Scrofulous Taints

There is the blood at almost every one. In
many cases they are labeled. Scrofulous ap-
pears in various forms, blemishes, pimples
and eruptions on the skin. Scrofula can be
cured by purifying the blood with Hood's

**Hood's Sassa-
parilla**
Cures
Scrofulous Taints. This
great remedy has had
wonderful success in
curing the disease. It thoroughly dis-
cusses the taint from the blood. Hood's
Sassa-parilla cures the disease and cures
by purifying the blood in the blood.

Hood's Pills contain 50c.

P. B. U.

PATENTS

WALTER BAKER & CO.

FREE SHORTHAND

WALTER BAKER & CO.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

RECIPE FOR THAT NEVER FAILS.

One teaspoonful of mixed mustard,
one-half teaspoonful of salt, yolk of
two eggs (raw). Mix thoroughly and
steep in slowly, drop or two at a time,
one cup of the very best sweet oil;
then add either vinegar or ketchup. The
juice of a lemon makes it extra nice.
—New York Recorder.

CHEESE CRACKERS.

Mrs. Rorer's receipt for cake crac-
kettes calls for sufficient stale cake
that when rubbed between the hands
will produce one pint of crumbs.
Cover this with about a half pint of
milk and soak for twenty minutes.
Turn into a saucepan and stir over the
fire until thick and boiling hot. Add
the yolk of two eggs and a teaspoon-
ful of vanilla, and turn out to cool.
When cold form into pyramids, dip in
egg, and then in bread crumbs and
fry in smoking hot fat. Dust with
powdered sugar and serve. They may
also be served with a liquid pudding
sauce. —New York Times.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Make a batter for pan cakes,
using three cups of flour, five beaten
eggs, one quart of sweet milk, one
teaspoonful of salt, and two heaping
teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat
the batter very hard, then add three
large apples, pared and sliced, one
tablespoonful of sugar, and one tea-
spoonful of cinnamon. Select apples
that are easily cooked, or if they can-
not be obtained, cover with water and
cook until half done, then drain off
every drop of the liquor, and when
cold, stir into the batter. Fry at
once in large spoonfuls. —American
Agriculturist.

VEAL CURRY.

Cut up about two pounds of lean
veal into small pieces. Cut a large
onion and one large sour apple into
slices, put them into a saucepan with
a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and
stir them about till lightly browned;
then stir in a good tablespoonful of
onion powder and a tablespoonful of
flour. Add a pint of water and the
veal, season with salt, stir around two
or three times to mix thoroughly and
cook gently an hour and a half, or un-
til the veal is perfectly tender. Add
the juice of half a lemon and stir it
around very gently. Turn the curry
on a hot dish and serve with a border
of rice. —Boston Cultivator.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.

Put a pint of stale bread and a pint
of milk into a deep bowl, and after
covering let them stand over night in
a warm place. In the morning rub
through a colander and add to the
mixture a teaspoonful of salt, two
tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoon-
ful of soda (previously dissolved in
two tablespoonfuls of cold water), one
cupful of flour and two eggs beaten
well. If you choose you may also add
a light grating of nutmeg, and should
you have a few spoonfuls of sour cream
the cakes will be improved by using it
at this point. It takes more time to
fry these cakes than the plain flour
griddle-cakes. —New York World.

POP CORN DAINTIES.

Corn pops easily and nicely if the
popper is passed gently over the lids
of the stove, where there is a bright
fire.

Corn Balls.—For eight quarts of
popped corn take one cup molasses,
half a cup of sugar and a small piece
of butter; boil until it hardens in
water (not brittle), then mix with
corn and make into balls.

Sugared Corn.—For eight quarts
popped corn take one pound of granu-
lated sugar, one teacup of water;
boil until the syrup "strings" or
forms soft ball in water; flavor and
pour over corn, and stir with wooden
spoon until the syrup sugars. —New
York Journal.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Once a month is often enough for a
dry shampoo. Too much washing is
not good for the hair that inclines to
be dry.

In baking bread or rolls put a sauce-
pan of boiling water into the oven.
The steam will keep the crust smooth
and tender.

The merest dash of cinnamon in a
cup of chocolate after it is poured in
and to add a piquant and undistur-
bably flavor.

Much of the heavy cake and bread
is the result of the oven door being
opened when closed. Close the door
as gently as possible.

Wear well fitting shoes about the
house. They will be less fatiguing
than loose fitting slippers that
are supposed to be warm for com-
fort.

If the children have no appetite in
the morning, let them drink a
glass of cold milk, with a little
sugar, before they get to school without
food.

When you want to be very dry
brush your hair with a dry brush
and water instead of using hair
oil. The dry brush will take the
oil out of the hair and makes it
dry, the oil making it more
greasy.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.
There is little doubt that a sleep-
er of the left side, and who
the left side, and who
never, it is said, is healthy. It is
in the most perfect position of the
mouth on arising in the morning.
All food enters and leaves the stomach
on the right side and hence sleeping on the
left side soon after eating involves a
sort of pumping operation, which is
anything but conducive of sound re-
pose. The action of the heart is also
seriously interfered with and the lungs
nearly compressed. Hence it is best to
cultivate the habit of always sleeping
on the right side, although Sandoz and
other strong men are said to invari-
ably sleep on their backs.



A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your
liver becomes inactive. It's
what you get when you take
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets;
they're free from the violence
and the griping that
come with the ordinary
pill. The best medical
authorities agree that
in regulating the bowels
mild methods are pre-
ferable. For every dis-
arrangement of the liver,
stomach and bowels,
these tiny, sugar coated
pills are most effective.
They go about their
work in an easy and
natural way, and their
good lasts. Once used,
they are always in ser-
vice. Being composed
of the choicest, concen-
trated vegetable ex-
tracts, they cost much
more than other pills
found in the market,
yet from forty to forty-
four are put up in each
sealed glass vial, as
sold through druggists, at the price of the
cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick
and bilious headache, dizziness, consti-
pation, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of
appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dys-
pepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn,"
pain and distress after eating, and kindred
derangements of the liver, stomach and
bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, there-
fore always fresh and reliable. Whether
as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently
acting but searching cathartic, these little
"Pellets" are unequalled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion,
take one each day after dinner. To relieve
the distress arising from over-eating, noth-
ing equals one of these little "Pellets."
They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious
granules. Any child readily takes them.
Accept no substitute that may be recom-
mended to be "just as good." It may be
better for the dealer, because of paying
him a better profit, but he is not the one
who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is
mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt
of name and address on postal card.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

What They Are For

Biliousness	indigestion	sallow skin
dyspepsia	bad taste in the mouth	pimples
sick headache	foul breath	torpid liver
bilious headache	loss of appetite	depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and
constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody
to learn is that constipation causes more than half the
sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can
all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your drug-
gist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New
York. Pills, 10c. and 25c. a box.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

"The Best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitations of
and Substitutes for

SAPOLIO

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda,
is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood,
erect solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is
for all

Wasting Diseases

like Consumption, Scrofula, Anemia, Marasmus; or for Coughs and
Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Loss of Flesh and
General Debility. Scott's Emulsion has no equal as
Nourishment for Babies and Growing Children.

Buy only the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrapper.

Send for pamphlet on how to use it. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Largest U. S. G. 100% Pure

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Case Altered.

The sort of sentiment which the
French system of marriage de conve-
nance, or in plain English, of marriage
for money, produces is well illustrated
by a story which a French paper tells.

Marie, a young lady, announces to
her parents that she has accepted the
hand of Monsieur X.

"Child, you are crazy!" exclaims Ma-
rie's mother.

"But why, mamma?"
"Young X will have no money for
many years, because it all belongs to
his grandfather, and after that comes
his father, and you will be old before
you get at the property."

"But, mamma—"

"No buts about it—you are a bad and
undutiful child!"

"But, mamma, it is the grandfather
whom I've accepted!"

"The grandfather! Oh, you little
devil!"

All the Same.

"Many days you have lingered about my
cabin door, hard times, hard times come
again no more." All the same Merry Christ-
mas and Happy New Year passed as though
the land was flowing with milk and honey.
Some bought one thing and some bought an-
other, but one of the best investments for a
small sum paid well. It was not for a Christ-
mas, but thousands got it and thou-
sands who had suffered long and wearily
with rheumatism were made doubly happy
in being cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It leaves
no trace behind, and all the same, the harder
times will come no more to them. The lux-
ury of health is worth a fortune.

Upper plates are used in some German
restaurants.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach
the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or
constitutional disease, and in order to cure
it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts di-
rectly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's
Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was
prescribed by one of the best physicians in this
country for years, and in a regular prescription.
It is composed of the best tonics known, com-
bined with the best blood purifiers, acting di-
rectly on the mucous surface. The perfect
combination of the two ingredients is what
produces such wonderful results in curing ca-
taract. Send for testimonials free.

E. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

More than 20 villages in Italy are in ruins
owing to the recent earthquakes.

Paris River Famous

Paris was a famous and cultivated
city ages before Venice. If we search
for them, we may find in its historical
associations that may vie with those of
any city in the world, except Rome and
Constantinople; and even its antiquar-
ian and artistic remains are seldom
equalled or surpassed. At Rome, Flo-
rence, or Venice, the tourist talks of old
churches, palaces, and remains; at
Paris he gives himself up to the boule-
vards, the theaters, shops, and races.
The profoundly instructive history, the
profuse antiquarian remains of the
great city, are forgotten—current quia
vato sacro. —The Spectator.

Millions in Charity.

England's poor rates amounted to
over \$85,000,000 last year.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.

Get this Letter day before yesterday.

Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1894.

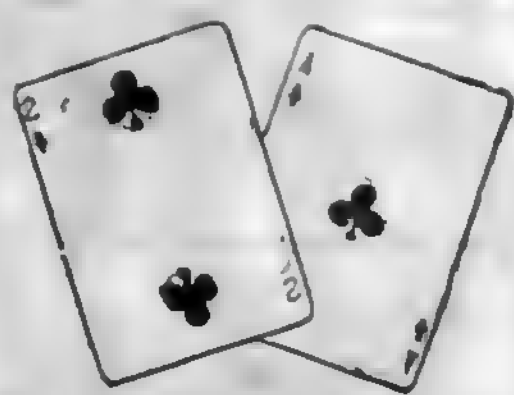
Your Discovery has done so much for
me I am only too glad to tell everybody
about my cure.

When I began taking it, one year ago
last July, I had DYSPEPSIA in its
worst form. I was constipated, so much
so as to always use injections, and I had
a constant PAIN in my STOMACH
and LEFT SIDE. My knees were stiff,
and I could not sit down on a stool or
get down to fix anything on the floor.
But now I can sit, or get down on my
knees, or do anything in my garden. I
feel like a new person. You will know
I was discouraged, as I have lost two
slaves and on after brother with
STOMACH TROUBLE. But truly
believe if they had known of your
remedies they would be well, as I am.
You can fix up my letter to suit yourself,
only do publish it, that women may
know what the Discovery has done for
me. Yours truly,

Mrs. MARY C. AYRES.

Send a postal card for Dr. Kennedy's book.

PN U 4 195



The comparative value of these two cards
is known to most persons.
They illustrate that greater quantity is
Not always most to be desired.

These cards express the beneficial qual-
ity of

Ripans Tablets

As compared with any previously known
DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Ripans Tablets: Price, 50 cents a box,
Of druggists, or by mail.

RIPIANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST.
FIT FOR A KING.

15. CORDOVAN,
FRENCH & CHAMBERLAIN.

14. 3.00 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.

13. 3.00 POLICE, 3.00 SOLES.

12. 2.00 WORKINGMEN,
EXTRA FINE.

11. 2.00 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

10. 1.00 LADIES.

9. 2.00 12. 1.25

8. 1.00 BEST DONGOLA.

7. 1.00 12. 1.00

6. 1.00 12. 1.00

5. 1.00 12. 1.00

4. 1.00 12. 1.00

3. 1.00 12. 1.00

2. 1.00 12. 1.00

1. 1.00 12. 1.00

Over One Million People wear the

W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money.

They equal custom shoes in style and fit.

Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.

The prices are uniform, — stamped on sole.

From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes.

If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturer of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCONS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

Industrial and Food

EXPOSITIONS

in Europe and America.

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.

\$8.00

Size of
Picture
2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.
Weight
21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A full size camera that fits the mark every time
It's a regular lens, shows in focus and is in
Reloaded in Daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with one new automatic
shutter. The bullet does it all—sets and releases
the shutter and changes from time to time exposure.
Absolutely new. (Patented in U.S.A.)

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instru-
ment, explains its operation and tells how to flash
the pictures—just "see de live real" when you
prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

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PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varulases, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compound-
ed at all hours, day or night. A
competent Pharmacist will have
charge of the Prescription Depart-
ment.

We invite everybody and promise
close prices and polite attention.
At E. A. Smith & Son's Old
Stand.

FEED, LIVERY

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle- Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
en to ride or work.

J. H. O. WILSON,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March 1, 1919
Cash Capital \$1,000,000

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shop situated at the Junction
of Main Street and Dundy Ave
and, opposite the postoffice.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms,
per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for board-
ing at all times and food
served at the table or
in the kitchen.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

PATTERSON SIMMONS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.

Work done in short order.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling
out of sorts, weak
and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
have no appetite
and can't work,
begin at once tak-
ing the most reli-
able strengthening
medicine which is
Brown's Iron Bit-
ters. A few bot-
tles cure—benefit
comes from the
very first dose—it
won't stain your
teeth, and it's
pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red
lines on the wrapper. All others are sub-
stitutes. On receipt of two 3c. stamps we
will send set of Ten Beautiful World's
Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county mak-
ing Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to
eat, and lay in your season's
supplies.

All our stock in fresh and good
and you will price goods to
your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters
are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give
the public the means of buying
everything in the grocery
line. Orders from a dis-
tance given special
attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-Class—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop.

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed
in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-
LARS, HARDWARE, and
TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock
of latest and best designs, and
caskets can be furnished on short-
est notice.

Funerals of G. F. Crum-
well, who is employed by the firm.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties who are liable
under the laws of this county
to pay any tax, are hereby
warned to pay the same
on or before the 1st day of
January, 1920.

H. K. HARRIS,
County Clerk.

The undersigned is hereby
J. C. ALEXANDER & P. C.

Letter From Texas.

Editor Pocahontas Times.

Thinking that a few jottings
from the Lone Star State might be
of interest to some of your readers,
and as I was once a citizen of your
county, will give you a few points
from this part of the moral vineyard.
Complaining is the order of the
day at present. Farmers are very
bony in account of the late back-
ward spring. The past winter has
been one of the hardest that Texas
has experienced for many years,
though it would have been a very
mild winter indeed for a Pocahontas
native. Texans think a little
freezing, a few frosts, and a little
snow just simply dreadful. One
fellow says that for three weeks his
feet was near zero all the time, and
had blown his nose until he had a
gum boil on the end of it. But
spring is opening up nicely now
and we hear no more growling
about cold weather. This is strictly
a farming country; almost all
kinds of grain grow well, and cot-
ton to perfection. There is more
cotton cultivated in Texas than
any thing else, but on account of
the low price of cotton last year,
the cotton acreage will be greatly
reduced this year. I do not like
raising cotton. Prefer raising
corn and feeding it to hogs, as I
think I can realize more clear mon-
ey in that way than any other,
though W. P. Shiplet, formerly of
Huntersville, Pocahontas county,
now of Waxahachie Tex. says cot-
ton is the most profitable thing he
can grow on a farm. By the way,
Pat has been very successful here
and thinks Texas the best country
on earth, and it seems to be for
him financially speaking, but it
does not improve his looks one par-
ticle, he is just as ugly as ever ex-
cepting his nose, which subsides
until it is a beautiful red.

Texas grows most all kinds of
fruit except cherries. Apples will
not grow on what is termed black-
waxy soil, because it contains so
much alkali that the tree will
live but a short while. Vegetables
as a general thing do well, and the
parts of the prairie that are not cul-
tivated are just covered with wild
flowers of numerous varieties.
Yet while there is "no place like
home" and especially amid pleas-
ant surroundings our mind will
sometimes carry us back to old W.
Va., even to Pocahontas, and we
think of the many pleasant hours
we have spent among her hills in
"days of auld lang syne."

M. W. BEARD,

Hollenville, Ellis county, Texas.

On the day of the adjournment
of the Indiana Legislature five
minutes before 12 o'clock, the Sec-
retary of the Governor tried to
reach the Speaker of the House
with a veto from the Governor.
The Democratic members pushed
the Secretary forward inch by inch
the Republican members fighting
back the whole time. The Demo-
crats made the goal just as the
Speaker adjourned the meeting.
He refused to read or recognize
the veto.

A SPECIAL election is ordered to
be held in the Fork Lick district
of Webster County on April 9th,
for the purpose of issuing \$15,000
in bonds as a subscription to a
railroad company formed to build
a railroad from Pickens to Addison.
The condition is that the road
shall be completed by January 1st
1920.

As a prominent candidate for
Governor next year on the Demo-
cratic side, Hon. Andrew Edmiston,
of Weston, is most promi-
nently mentioned by the press. The
Edmiston of Lewis County went
there from Pocahontas.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but It Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere, Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 10th,
1920.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1920.

Tuition free in West Virginia stu-
dents.

Boarding, washing, and lodging,
\$2.00 to \$3.00 per week.

For catalogue and other information
apply to

J. D. SWANNY, Principal,
CONCORD CAMP, W. VA.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. O. C. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quack nostrums which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneeland,
Cortney, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any preparation
known to me."

H. A. Anderson, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians is the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are free to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

Western Hospital and Dispensary,
Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All
High Grades

Warranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.



Read the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorch and Belle came
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to
tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it
weighs only 24 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold
this year and last (and you know that is a right good
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is
High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however
Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate
er, weight 22 lbs. . . \$85. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley
Clincher, Detachable
Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same
weights \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same
weights and Tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood
Rims, weight 21 lbs. . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



IT TICKLES YOU

THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Chagres of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Scorpions, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO REFUND, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 35.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClinton.
Sheriff, J. C. Rhoads.
Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Commissioners Co Cook, (C. E. Board,
(A. Barlow.
County Surveyor, George Haster.
Coroner, George P. Moore.
Justices: A. C. L. Oatwood, Spill
Rock, Charles Cook, H. H.
Orose, Huntersville; Wm. L. Brown,
Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;
Thomas Haffey, Lohalla.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first
Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in
June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first
Tuesday in January, March, October,
and second Tuesday in July. July is
levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.
HAM. B. SCOTT, JR.
LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. D. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least once a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in the paper.

DR. J. H. WYOMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

J. M. CANNYHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Younger & Sons, Main Street, Marlinton, W. Va.

J. M. BRANNETT, M. D.
RESIDENT AT
FARM, W. VA.

Call promptly on word.

Did it ever occur to you that the Democratic party was at the present time wholly without idols in the way of leaders? We have the grand old Democratic principles to comfort us. We feel assured when we think of the party as the one which is composed of freemen who will not submit to any domination by the men they put into power. We feel that in our party each man is equal, and that the party is composed and held together by the sure knowledge that they are allowed to exercise their right as free agents, the sovereigns of the land. But if the question were asked who are our gods, we would find it hard to name a single man in whom the whole party places implicit confidence. We certainly are no singleman worshippers. It would be better for the success of the party if we were. If we could bow down and call one man infallible, instead of acknowledging his fallibility when he makes mistakes, it might be soothing to our proud and haughty spirits, but it would be to borrow the plan of the Republican party, who aim to keep up appearances though the heavens fall. We demand of our leaders direct and immediate accountability to the people, and when they fail in this they fall from our good graces forever. Four years ago we had many number of bright stars in the political firmament. Cleveland was worshipped as the man who had led a Republican Congress down, and who was expected to do many wonders when he got the chance. Carlisle, Gorman, Springer, Wilson, Hill and company were expected to revolutionize the government when they had the opportunity. We put them all in one little Congress together, and they were not great enough to keep down discord. Now we do not see any of them glorified to any great degree by their independent party. The Republican party has Reed, McKinley, Ben Harrison, Belzebub, and the rest, and "what they do is right if it ain't right," but with us it is different. We want men who will carry into effect those safe and fair principles of Democracy which cannot be obliterated. It looks as though we needed to have a man raised up for this purpose. Perhaps a year from now, when we are in the first bloom of the campaign of '96, we may have found him, but unless we do find the right man to lead us to victory, we had as well retire from the field first as last.

One of the most famous books of its time was Uncle Tom's Cabin which appeared about 1854 and did much to prepare our people for the war between the States. It was once the author's pride, but recent intelligence is to the effect that Mrs. Stowe cannot bear to have it referred to. It is believed the story would have fallen out of our hands as read had it not been for the personality of Frederick Douglass. Whenever he spoke people believed that Jim Crow and remnants of others was embryo Frederick, and must be removed, and their spiritual abilities secured and saved for the use of our common humanity.

The *Money Advertiser* does not seem to be a very important paper for the State or the Nation, but it is the most of its kind, and will be read or changed shall be applied and paid *pro rata* upon all

THE NEW LAW.

We have thought it advisable to print in full Senate Bill No. 48, so that our readers may see the exact words which make so great a change in the former law. This bill took effect February 20th, 1895. The defect it is meant to remedy is that it enables a man to borrow money on unencumbered property. Heretofore it was no sign that you were safe in lending money to a man on a piece of land to find that there was nothing in the Clerk's office recorded as a lien or encumbrance on such land. You had to go still further. You had to know that the man to whom you were lending the money did not owe more than he could pay. If he did owe in this degree and was insolvent, then the lien you took for your *bona fide* loan was worth nothing to you, for the other creditors could come in, prove the insolvency, and make use of the lien which was to accrue to the benefit of all. This worked a great evil. Men with money did not care to risk lending it when they could not tell from the county records whether they were safe or not. They never could have felt safe unless they had employed a private detective to find out how the borrower stood with the world. This very law wrecked a number of men during the few years of its existence. In some cases the business men had to assign because they could not raise a loan on their security, and in other cases, capitalists have lent their money to a merchant, who used it to liquidate a number of his debts, probably, but was not able to clear himself, and became bankrupt, and those capitalists whose money had gone to the creditors at large, found that they must come in and take *pro rata* with all the multitude of creditors, who had dealt with the insolvent debtor for profit, and who had been negligent and not taken the trouble to secure themselves. This law makes it possible to secure a *bona fide* loan, and interprets and clears up other parts of the section:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

1. That section 2 of chapter 74 of the code of West Virginia, as amended and re-enacted by chapter 123 of the Acts of 1891, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

2. In this section the word "transfer" shall be taken to include every gift, sale, conveyance, and assignment, and the word "charge" shall be taken to include every confessed judgment, deed of trust, mortgage, lien, and incumbrance. Every transfer or charge which is not upon consideration deemed valuable in law, shall be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted at the time it was made; but shall not upon that account merely be void as to creditors whose debts shall have been contracted, or as to purchasers who shall have purchased after it was made; and though it be decreed to be void as to a prior creditor, because voluntary, it shall not for that cause be decreed to be void as to subsequent creditors or purchasers. Every transfer or charge made by an insolvent debtor, or attempting to prefer any creditor of such insolvent debtor or to secure such a creditor or any surety or sureties for a debt to the exclusion or prejudice of any other creditor, shall be void as to such preference or security, but shall be taken to be for the benefit of all creditors of such debtor, and all the property so attempted to be transferred or charged shall be applied and paid *pro rata* upon all

the debts owed by such debtor the time such transfer or charge is made; Provided, that any such transfer or charge by an insolvent debtor shall be valid as to such preference or priority unless a creditor of such insolvent debtor shall institute a suit in chancery within one year after such transfer or charge was made to set aside and void the same and cause the property so transferred or charged to be applied toward the payment *pro rata* of all the debts of such insolvent debtor existing at the time such transfer or charge is made, subject, however, to the provision hereinafter contained with reference to creditors uniting in such a suit and contributing to the expenses thereof. But if such transfer or charge be admitted to record within eight months after it is made, then such suit to be availing must be brought within four months after such transfer or charge was admitted to record. Every such suit shall be deemed to be brought in behalf of the plaintiff and all other creditors of such insolvent debtor, but the creditor instituting such suit or proceeding, together with all creditors of such insolvent debtor who shall come into the suit and unite with the plaintiff before final decree, and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, shall be entitled to have their claims first paid in full *pro rata* out of the property so transferred or charged in preference to any creditor of such debtor who shall before final decree decline or fail to so unite and agree to contribute to the costs and expenses of said suit, but not in preference to such creditor as may attempt to sustain the preference given him by such transfer or charge; Provided, further, that nothing in this section shall be taken to prevent the making of a preference as security for the payment of purchase money or a *bona fide* loan of money or other *bona fide* debt contracted at the time such transfer or charge was made or as security for one who at the time of such transfer or charge becomes an indorser or surety for the payment of money then borrowed; Provided, further, that nothing in this section contained shall be taken to affect any transfer of bonds, notes, stocks, securities, or other evidences of debt in payment of or as collateral security for the payment of a *bona fide* debt or to secure any indorser or surety, whether such transfer is made at the time such debt is contracted or indorsement made or for the payment or security of a pre-existing debt.

TRILBY is the book of the year. The author sold it to Harper Brothers for \$5,000 which was considered a lot of money for the book, but had he held on to it, it would have meant a large fortune to him. As for the book itself, you are impressed while reading it with the idea that the scenes and characters are real. The author uses the English, French and German language, very promiscuously, and in reading you are continually running into a quagmire of idiomatic French or German. The heroine, Trilby gets sick, goes into a decline and dies. So does the hero, Little Billie. It is quite remarkable how the author does on disease. He likes these diseases which lead to a painless and lingering death. Trilby dies, and so does Little Billie and nothing more can be desired. This is a good book to read, it brushes you up in your modern languages, and throws you into a state of tender melancholy that is very edifying.

The inference of most experienced is to the effect that there is nothing calls more earnestly for reform than reform itself. The *Dupont A. Richmond*

News to Us.

(Greenbrier Independent.)

A special of the 14th inst. from Monterey, Va., to the *Stannron Daily News*, tells the following story of a terrible outrage near Travelers' Repose, in Pocahontas county:

"Last Friday Mrs. Dora Tracy, accompanied by her little boy, went to Travelers' Repose to make some purchases at the store. It was quite late when she left the store, and the little boy, who was walking, gave out and was left by his mother at a neighbor's house, she riding on alone. When within one-half mile of her home two unknown men stepped out in the road and caught her horse by the bridle and dragged her off and took her about thirty yards into the brush and outraged her—each one repeating the dastardly act several times. After completing the terrible deed they drew pistols and said, 'We will kill you if you ever tell this.' They left her in the brush, where she was found a short time afterwards by her neighbor in an almost dying condition. The neighborhood is in a state of excitement, and if the guilty parties are found they will be summarily dealt with. Suspicion points to two certain men in the vicinity.

"This terrible outrage occurred within a few miles of the scene of the Ham Collins murder. Mrs. Tracy is a respectable middle-aged widow lady, her husband having been shot a few years ago by David Bright."

If there has been an occurrence of this kind it has been kept very quiet, and it has not been reported at the county seat.

Astronomical.

The Lunar eclipse March 10th, was observed with special interest by astronomers in its bearings upon the question whether the light that prevents the moon from becoming invisible is reflected light or radiated light. Should it appear that this body radiates light instead of reflecting, it will be news to us older people, who have always regarded the moon as shining with borrowed light.

April 12th, Good Friday, another interesting event is looked for, that will be something towards making the current year a historical year, not only from astronomical consideration, but also from a religious point of view. The planets that move around the sun, will be precisely in the same position they occupied in the skies, the day Jesus was crucified. It is the first occurrence of the kind that has happened since Christ died on the cross, just eighteen hundred and sixty-two years ago. At about half past ten on the night of the 11th of April, the moon will hide the constellation of the Virgin for more than an hour.

Conference Appointments.

The Virginia Conference, of the M. E. Church, which met at Roncoverte last Tuesday and adjourned Sunday night, made the following appointments for this—

Greenbrier District.—D. C. Hedrick, P. E. Augusta and Rockingham, G. P. Hannah; Edray, W. A. Sharp; Greenbrier, S. C. Morgan; Monroe, J. Halpern; Pocahontas, C. M. Fultz; Highland, Reams Clark; Rich Pateb, C. M. Neff, Paint Bank, J. D. Mays, Forest Hill, C. B. Mays, Pendleton and Crowsville, S. L. Gilmer and John Adamson; Roncoverte, to be supplied.

The next Conference will meet at Chesapeake, Va.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

There is a phenomenally large number of men in this county whose incomes are \$3,000 and less.

In spite of her long independence, in many ways not less, the new woman might get along without the old man. *Exchanged*

SAPOLIO

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 29, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va. as second class matter.

The editor of this paper has done many foolish and unoriginal things, and many deeds of which he is ashamed, but he has never written an editorial entitled "Whither Are We Drifting."

In Charleston the Huling Club, a Republican organization, have expelled Messrs. Eugene Dana, John Slack, and Bill Dave Goshorn for supporting the Democratic nominee for Mayor.

In Frederick County, Va., Thornton Parker attempted to commit a rape upon a white woman on the 7th of this month. On the 15th he was sentenced to hang for the crime. This is the way to discourage lynching, but it looks as though it were all one to the negro, unless he stands on the order of his going.

The writer is one of those fanatics who claim that the one thing needful in our county to-day is a railroad. To hear the specious arguments that are advanced by some that a railroad would be disadvantageous to the prosperity of our people, reminds me of the objection the old farmer made to the putting up of a telegraph line through his farm, because he did not want the news carried all over the country every time he licked one of his young ones. This objection being overcome, he contended that "he heard tell how the telegraph killed the corn." If our people produced their dry goods and groceries, and made their farming implements as they once did, we could get along better. But we have got to be too progressive. We are continually buying things which have been imported, and our broad acres are more of an expense than profit. We are cursed, too, with a large and smooth, but swift-flowing river, which is admirably fashioned for carrying everything out of the county, but even the light rowboats of the lumbermen cannot come back into the county by the river, but must be hauled in over high mountains. In the era of prosperity which is now beginning, let us hope that some of the many companies will complete a line which will open up this county. We are tired of hurtling horses' backs by the long and tiresome rides to the depot, and announce our intention of only waiting about twenty years longer, and if the railroad does not come by that time, we will vacate the premises and go forth to seek our railroad.

Historical Fact Disputed.

All people who are fond of stating hypothetical cases, and using the word "if" a great deal, have been often reminded by their friends that "If the dog had not stopped to take a drink he would have caught the rabbit." These persons will be glad to know that there was no such occurrence as this, at least as a gentleman of this town informed his hearers, but that all that had given rise to this common illustration, which sets the best of us back, was that the dog had gone out to take a drink and the rabbit saw him and ran off. A man was standing near and called mistakenly or designedly, and the rabbit reply to be lost when hypothetical cases were put at issue. It is the dog who has been and irritates the supply. In and as it is said that the tale has been originated.

Outrage Upon Mrs. Tracy.

About two weeks ago it was reported that there had been an outrage committed upon a defenceless woman in the upper part of Pocahontas. We had inquired into the matter as thoroughly as possible, and had come to the conclusion that there was no truth in the report, and therefore made no mention of it in these columns. In the meantime the news was spread far and wide by the daily papers. We have copied a clipping from the Staunton News on the outside of this week's paper under which doubt of the authenticity of the account is expressed.

Since then we have heard the report confirmed from a reliable source, and it seems that though the people of the county did not get up in arms to hunt the ravishers down, yet there was a crime committed in a most secluded section of the county—a crime at the thought of which the civilized world stands aghast.

On that snowy evening in March Mrs. Tracy was dragged from her horse to become the victim of two white fiends. The horse continued on its way home where it arrived with a bit of torn skirt on the saddle. Thinking that she had been thrown from the horse, her friends went to look for her and traced the way the ruffians had hurried her by means of her torn clothing. She was in a most deplorable condition when found. The men were strangers, but she thinks that she could recognize them.

This report is a little tardy, but it was through abundant caution that we refrained from taking the report of the Staunton daily, rather relying on the fact that there was no excitement manifested in this part of the county. The neighborhood, however, is removed from any direct communication with the county-seat, and that may account for it.

A Great Speech.

A lawyer, whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort, was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B. is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B. always makes a great speech. If you, or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd just be fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so Mr. B. He would say:

"If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desire to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers, we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula before-mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four!"

This reminds us of an incident said to have occurred in Lord Justice Davey's court, in which the Lord Justice is said to have asked Mr. Oswald to "kindly state to the Court the exact point of law that he was obscuring by his eloquence."—The Law Student's Helper.

Clover Lick.

There is some sickness in Dr. Ligon's family.

James means is better.

Mr. S. H. Hannah brought a fine lot of cattle to his place the other day, which he will graze here.

Mr. Philip Kramer has gone to Highland county to attend a land sale.

Some one robbed Mr. Sharp's potato store the other day.

TERMINAL MISCELLANY.

We would be glad if the one who borrowed John Doyle's ax last fall would return the same to same.

TEACHING APPOINTMENTS.

Providance permitting, Rev. H. P. Alexander will preach at Driftwood Saturday at 10 a. m., and at Split Rock on the fifth Sunday of March at ten a. m. and at Mary's Chapel at 3 p. m., and at the Price School House, at 7 p. m. of that day.

PUMPKINHEAD.

A new paper called the West Virginia Journal of Commerce is to be started at Grafton. It is to be a developer.

THE many friends of Brevet Major Henry Caphart, late Colonel of the First West Virginia Cavalry, will learn with pleasure that he has been awarded a medal of Honor by the President for most distinguished gallantry in action in saving under fire the life of a soldier who was in imminent danger of drowning at Greenbrier River W. Va., May 25, 1864.—Hancock County Independent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Notice to Contractors.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONER for repairing the bridge across Knapp's Creek at Huntersville, Pocahontas county. Specifications can be seen at the County Clerk's office. All bids must be in by April 3d.
E. D. KING, Commissioner.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellanna), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BURNS,
Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-sparin, curb, polio, fistula, and beaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eddred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bow-trembles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address,
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Alleghany, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References: R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy.

Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1266m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00

per meal 25

lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and buy in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery case of

Levi Gay

vs.
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on

TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895, Offer for sale by public auction in the highest bidder, in front of the court house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal installments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,
Special Commissioner.
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.
J. H. PATTERSON,
m8 4t Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,

vs.
W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Punge.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Punge) devised her by her father, Woods Punge, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Punge to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.

vs.
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickliffe.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros. & Co. of \$418.00 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickliffe, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, E. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery case of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895.

In front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 29th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gorn and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal installments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred installments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

J. M. MCCLINTIC,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery case of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,

In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

3900 ACRES OF LAND

Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,

Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.
J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

(Give me a call.)

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Real Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. References furnished.

Postoffice—Dumfries, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,
Architect and Superintendent,
Room 10, Kelly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

The population of the German Empire is estimated at the rate of 600,000 a year.

The Edward Everett Hale says that only about one cent of the American people are literate.

The old Lincoln homestead, near Hodgenville, Lincoln County, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln was born, is to be purchased by an association of the citizens of Hodgenville and made into a public park. The homestead is now known as the Great Farm, and lies about two and a half miles south of Hodgenville. An electric railway is to be built out to the farm, and the New York Sun, said in a general way it is intended as another Mount Vernon.

Creameries scattered over many parts of the West are making considerable change in the conditions of farming, the Chicago Herald takes note. The dairy is becoming more and more important, and poor farms are enriched by the presence of many cattle. The creameries buy milk by the hundred pounds and farmers like the simplicity of this wholesale trade. Meanwhile there is a constant interest in creamery prices and local newspapers publish quotations from time to time as news items.

Certain tables of longevity just published in England by Professor Humphreys leave the whole matter pretty much in the dark. Of the 824 cases in which the subjects have reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years, one-third were small eaters, and only one-tenth appear to have had robust appetites. Physicians, as a class, were found to fall below the average age. The usual directions for prolonging life by diet, sleep and exercise are not strikingly confirmed by these tables, maintains the New York Tribune.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencils have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad to the New York Sun that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The London Times says that the Manchester ship canal is both a financial and commercial failure. It was opened eleven months ago, and it is not doing as much business now as at first. It is stated that the gross receipts of the canal for a year will be less than \$400,000—not enough to pay the interest on the first debentures. The city of Manchester in building this canal, which has cost upward of \$45,000,000, expected that ships carrying cotton and other merchandise would use the canal and unload their cargoes at Manchester docks, instead of at Liverpool; but upon the completion of the canal the railroads immediately reduced their rates so that manufacturers found it more to their interest to continue to use the railways.

The death of Robert C. Winthrop recalls to the New York Times the events and struggles of a period extending over the average lifetime of two generations. He was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. At twenty-four he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. At thirty-one he was the best-known speaker in the Harrison campaign and a Whig member of the House of Representatives. At forty-one he was United States Senator for a brief term by appointment. His last active participation in National politics was in a supporter of General McClellan in 1862. After that his time was divided in study and charity—his chief work being the charge of the great and noble institutions of Mr. Winthrop. He was a true life work, of which his death is a sad reminder.

A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

O beam, from the lonely shore
Pensively the eye,
I better, dismal, bare,
Across the mist of night
That darkness deep and cold and white
Upon the silent marsh,
Dim, dimly through the forest
Around me doth.

What shadow of the future's needs
Dimly the simple heart,
Thou dwellest in the fog?
What evil spirit of unrest
Intrudes the quiet of thy nest
Beyond the rustled bed?
Do demons even ply their art
Among the reeds?

Perhaps thy bright-eyed mate is led
Across the winding creek,
Belated, tired of wing.
Thou grievest not! Soon thy loving mate
As beacon's light to storm-tossed boat
The wanderer will bring.
O beam, on the words I speak
Recall the dead?

O beam on the lonely shore,
The east is gray above;
Thy watch is well nigh done,
And gentle dawn will bring thee sleep,
While I my endless vigil keep,
Unswerving the sun;
For she, my light, my life, my love,
Will come no more.
—H. Prescott Beach, in Lippincott.

ON EVEN TERMS.

It appears to forget that this fellow Vaughan has the reputation of being one of the most desperate criminals that ever stopped. "King of the Coiners" he is rightly named; but it is chiefly because he is at the head of a dangerous gang. And because, by a lucky chance, you have found out that he is living in private lodgings under an assumed name, makes it none the less risky for us two alone to attempt his capture.

It was in a decidedly dissatisfied tone that Mr. Roche, the detective, urged upon his superior officer the hazardous nature of the business they were upon; but Arnold Bond merely smiled good humoredly as he responded:

"Whatever risk there may be, Roche, I think I shall face. And as I expect to take on me entirely by surprise, in the very bosom of his family, I don't anticipate much resistance. Still, I am prepared for it, and don't think that he will easily give us the slip. For the rest, you will simply carry out my instructions."

The two detectives knocked at the door of an unpretentious looking house in a quiet street of the east end of London.

Almost immediately, a respectable looking woman opened the door, and, stepping back, said, before Bond could speak:

"Ah, sir. I don't believe they expected you again to-night; but it's well you've come, for the poor mite is very bad, they say."

With the ever ready wit of a shrewd detective, quick to take advantage of the slightest error, Bond instantly checked the exclamation of surprise which sprang instinctively to his lips, and, stepping in, quietly observed:

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that. Our usual friend could not come himself, but, as his partner, I thought it advisable to look in again. Let me see—Mrs. Sutton, second floor, is it not?"

Neither of the detectives scarcely ventured to breathe as they anxiously waited to see the result of this rather haphazard remark.

"Oh, I took you for Dr. Dalton himself, sir! Yes, second floor. It's rather dark, but I dare say you can find your way up. Lor! I never knowed before as how the doctor had a partner."

"This gentleman is merely a friend of mine. If you don't mind, he will wait for me in the passage. I don't suppose I shall be many minutes," Bond said, inwardly chuckling with satisfaction at the lucky mistake which had, undoubtedly, saved him and his companion no little at the outset.

Leaving his subordinate—who had previously received careful instructions—Arnold Bond, with heart beating a little faster than usual, cautiously mounted the dark, narrow staircase and tapped at a closed door facing him.

Then, without waiting for any reply, he instantly opened it, and as quickly stepped into the room and shut the door after him again.

"Surrender yourself my prisoner. Michael Vaughan, alias Ralph Sutton," he said, sternly, as a tall, bearded man sprang hastily to his feet with a startled exclamation, and confronted him.

A momentary pause; then, with an oath, the colour flashed up a chair, and raising it above his head, was about to hurl it at the detective; but as quickly dropped it, as his eye rested on the revolver steadily leveled at him.

"Trapped!" he ejaculated, savagely, glaring at the officer. "And in this—this—this fashion, too. But there's treachery here," he added, fiercely, "and I'll—"

"Michael, Michael," interposed a woman's voice, in pleading tones, "you're forgetting poor little Jess. You know the doctor said she must be kept perfectly quiet."

"Ah, Jess, poor mite," said the coiner. "No wonder I forgot everything, when Bond himself jumped up before me like magic! Well, I'm fairly nabbed; but if it wasn't for her," he added, with a bitter emphasis, pointing to a bed in a corner of the room, "you'd never take me in this squeamish fashion."

The bed was occupied by a little girl of about six years of age, who, it needed no second glance to perceive was very near to death indeed. She was wide awake, staring in mute terror from the detective to her father and back again. Nor did the white face of the coiner's wife, who stood trembling by the bedside, express much less alarm than the child's.

"Let's clear out before you frighten my young 'un to death," said the coiner, in a quieter voice. "Never mind, Jess," he went on, turning to the child and speaking in such a tender and soothing tone that Bond stared with astonishment. "Perhaps, soon, I shall come back, and then you'll be better, and we will—"

Vaughan's voice faltered, and he paused.

"Ah, take him away, sir, but don't hurry him over what he very well knows must be the last goodbye he'll ever say to his child! What hope there may have been you'll take with you but to take it at this moment—"

The wretched mother, unable to articulate another word, sank into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden outburst of grief.

"Is the gentleman going to take you away, then, daddy?" the child said freely. "Oh, don't go! I do so want you to-night." Then looking at the detective with great, earnest eyes, little Jess continued, half indignantly, half pathetically: "How would your little girl like you to be taken away if she was ill, and wanted you to stop with her dreadfully bad?"

An involuntary smile gathered for one brief instant on the stern countenance of Bond.

"It's true, worse luck," whispered the coiner, stepping near his captor. "Poor little beggar, she's mighty bad, and the doctor says she's next few hours means life or death. More'n anything she's got to be kept particular quiet, so let's clear out and leave 'em; and, please God, I'll see her again yet. Yes, my price of traps, you can see what makes me such a miserable coward, eh?"

As if ashamed of the tremor in his speech, the coiner turned, and, taking down his hat, rushed it upon his head and approached the door with a rigid countenance and twitching lips. Apparently, he dared not trust himself to take even a farewell look at his child. But, as Arnold Bond moved toward the door also, his glance fell for an instant upon the thin, white face of little Jess, who had already fallen back exhausted.

She was gazing steadily at her father, who, however, kept his face carefully averted. The pitiful, pleading expression in the sick child's eyes struck the detective to the heart, for it was a look which expressed more eloquently than any words the bitter disappointment she felt at seeing one she evidently dearly loved about to be taken from her this night of all nights.

The detective paused abruptly, hesitated a moment, and then the resolute expression on his features softened suddenly, and he said, in a half-jocular tone, to hide the emotion he could not entirely conceal:

"Stay, Vaughan; I can't do it after all. I can't take such a cruel advantage of even you at a time like this! That's all and good night."

"Bond, Bond," cried the king of the coiners, springing forward as he recovered from his momentary stupefaction. "Heaven prosper you for this! Bad as I am, I hope I'll be able to give you your reward for this, if it's years to come."

A moment later the detective had gone. He had sacrificed an opportunity of adding enormously to his reputation.

It was a year later before the authorities succeeded in discovering the "factory" where Vaughan and his confederates turned out the cleverly made counterfeit coins which had so long been passed with impunity in most quarters of the metropolis.

But after infinite trouble Bond found out all he wanted to know, and one night he surrounded with his men the counterfeiters' den.

Bond got within a few feet of the door, and was already thinking how neatly he had managed everything, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the whole floor seemed to cave in beneath his feet; and as he threw out his arms with a startled cry, the trap he had unconsciously sprung turned completely over and threw him into a large well-lighted cellar below. Before he could rise some seven or eight men had seized him, and amidst a storm of oaths and threats, bound him hand and foot, despite his strenuous struggles.

"You fool!" cried Bond, exasperated beyond measure. "Let me tell you the game is up! My men surround the place, and this little job

will only make matters a great deal worse for you. You'd better—"

"Joke," repeated one of the coiners, with a fierce laugh. "Well, we'll see. What say you, boys? What says any one?"

"Death to the trap who howls so only!" answered a burly, villainous-looking fellow. "Surrounded we may be, but what of that? Haven't we means for getting away through the tunnel at the first alarm?"

"Aye, but not if we stand chocking precious minutes away in empty talk," interrupted another of the gang. "Quick, pals! Here's an end to our sang little business, and so let's make an end of this interfering sneak before we cut. The traps outside may smell a rat if he doesn't soon give 'em the cue."

Without another word one of the coiners stepped up to the prostrate officer and, with a savage exclamation, slipped the noose of a rope over Bond's head and drew it uncomfortably tight round his neck. Another of the desperate crew at once threw the other end of the rope over one of the beams which supported the flooring above.

The detective now recognized to the full extent the really serious nature of his position; and, half dazed by the terrible calamity which had so suddenly befallen him, was giving up all hope of escape, when for the first time the leader of the gang—Michael Vaughan—himself spoke.

"Leave him to me, lads, and get you along while you may. There's not a jiffy to lose. Hark! hear the trap! They're breaking in already."

"We don't go until we've choked the life out of the rat. Who's put 'em on our trail? Run him up sharp and have him a pleasant surprise to his friends," replied one of the ruffians.

With these words the unfortunate officer was jerked off his feet, but at the same moment Vaughan snatched up a formidable knife and at a single stroke severed the rope above his head.

"I'm with you, Mr. Bond," ejaculated Vaughan, with grim determination stamped upon his white face. "Aha! see how my moustache crew sink back from your halldog! And by all that's lucky for us both, here come your men. Another minute's delay and I reckon it would have gone a bit hard for us both."

Almost before he had finished speaking the long cellar-like room became for a short space a scene of desperate struggling, the walls echoing a chorus of savage cries and shouts.

Of all the members of the gang their leader alone offered no resistance, but lapsed into moody silence.

Only when the opportunity offered did he whisper in the detective's ear:—"You see, I haven't forgotten what I once promised, sir, although you only had a smasher's word for it. Perhaps you didn't know it, but I reckon you had the life of my little Jess in your hands that night a year ago, and maybe you'll agree now that I've paid a fair price for it. As for me—but there, we're on even terms once more."—London Tit-Bits.

A Detense of Dirt.

Every few years somebody raises the question whether St. Paul's Cathedral in London ought not to be cleansed from the soot with which it is encrusted, and restored to something like its primitive whiteness. Some time ago an experiment of the sort was made on one of the porticoes, which forthwith assumed a mottled or piebald appearance. Now the matter has come up for discussion again, and the following interesting point is made in a letter to the Times by a well known architect: "I have had the opportunity, when examining some of our London stone-faced churches, of removing the coat of dirt with a view of seeing the condition of the stone under it, and have found it to be perfect. The casing of dirt appeared to be made chiefly of road dust which had adhered to the stone (only the outer coat of all being gray black). All the deleterious chemicals must have gone out of the lower layer, so that the dirt was a perfect protection. If it were all cleaned off, the stone would be subjected to the strong chemicals in our London atmosphere. It must be remembered that this dirt only adheres to the parts which are not completely washed by the rain, and that it is just these parts, therefore, which are in most need of protection. If at some future time the atmosphere of London should be as pure as the atmosphere of the country is now, it might be wise to not on the suggestion, but until that time comes I sincerely trust that no such experiment will be made."—Washington Star.

The Sham Fight Was Getting Serious.

A volunteer sham fight took place recently in England. During the retreat a Scotch volunteer, in scrambling through some bushes, stuck fast in a hedge. One of the advancing foe, seeing the situation, for a joke came toward the unfortunate volunteer at full charge with the bayonet fixed and a ferocious look on his face. The poor fellow in the hedge, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Haud on, you idiot; dinna you ken it's only in fun!"—Australian Queensland.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Bryn Mawr's Freshman class is hard at work on the basket ball club.

Mrs. Astor gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 800 New York newboys.

Ribbons are profusely used as garniture for corsets as well as skirts.

Susan B. Anthony wants to start a big daily newspaper exclusively for women.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum complains that \$40,000 a year does not pay her living expenses.

The court plaster patch on chin or cheek has been revived by modern "grand dames."

One of the most famous folklorists of the world is Miss Mary Alicia Owens of St. Joseph, Mo.

About sixty foreign women have been naturalized in New York during the last three years.

There are about 170,000 women in Connecticut. At the recent elections less than two per cent. voted.

The wise father of marriageable maidens will insist on a cozy recessed window seat in his new house.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, a New York society leader, has bought the diamond crown of Marie Antoinette.

Princess Louise, of Denmark, sister of the King, is dead. She was abbess of the convent of Itzehoe, Holstein.

The Czarina of Russia is an accomplished typewriter. All her family correspondence is indited on that machine.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Michigan includes nineteen associations, with a membership of 2000.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is no remarkable in her husband.

Charles Drann, the French portrait painter, is to visit New York this winter, to paint the picture of Mrs. George Gould.

The Turkish fez for little boys has become fashionable to the extent of being common. Now mamma look for something new.

Twenty-four young women are taking graduate courses at Yale College this term. The number is increasing each year.

Velvet collars in all shades and shapes are very popular this season. Some of these necks have one large or two tiny buckles.

Miss Isabella Lockwood has been appointed Deputy County Recorder at Muncie, Ind., and the courts will decide as to her eligibility.

Lena McClellan, of St. Paul, Minn., is the youngest stamp collector. She is four years old and purchases her dad with untiring energy and interest.

The women's clubs in and about Washington have federated under the title of "The Federation of Women's Clubs of the District of Columbia."

The newest lace pins have hallet heads, either iridescent, green, mauve or deep blue, sold in pairs, united by a chain—an old fashion which revisits us.

Washington will have among its permanent residents this winter a coterie of not less than a dozen widows of social celebrity and apoplectic bank account.

The class of '97 at Wellesley is the most athletic class in the college. Its members excel in every kind of sport, and have earned honors both at home and abroad.

Lillian Russell, the opera singer, instead of bonbons, keeps a dish of boiled carrots constantly on her dressing table, and declares that they are fine for the complexion.

Countess Olannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies in waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N. J.

Misses Jackson and Lamson, of wealthy Cleveland (Ohio) families, the former the daughter of a judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the army barracks in that city.

A Miss Sterling, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia, has an industrial farm and schools, established at her own expense, where she brings waifs from Scotland, and teaches them how to make a living. She has something like 100 of the unfortunate children there now.

An enterprising organizer has formed a foot-ball team of women in north London. The players will be "professionals" and receive a share of the gate money. It has not been decided whether the referee shall be a man or a woman. The novel team has already booked a number of games.

The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably be permanently established here, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. There have been several of that kind in the last year. At a recent funeral the pallbearers were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. The young ladies wore white caps, gloves, dresses and shoes.

HUMAN HOUSES.

THE HUMAN HOUSE EXHIBITION IN THE NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Some of the Primitive Forms—The human house, as it is called, is a very early and very common form of habitation. It is found in all parts of the world, and is the most primitive of all dwellings. It is a simple structure, made of earth, stone, or wood, and is usually built in a circular or oval shape. It is the most common form of habitation in the primitive world, and is the most common form of habitation in the modern world.

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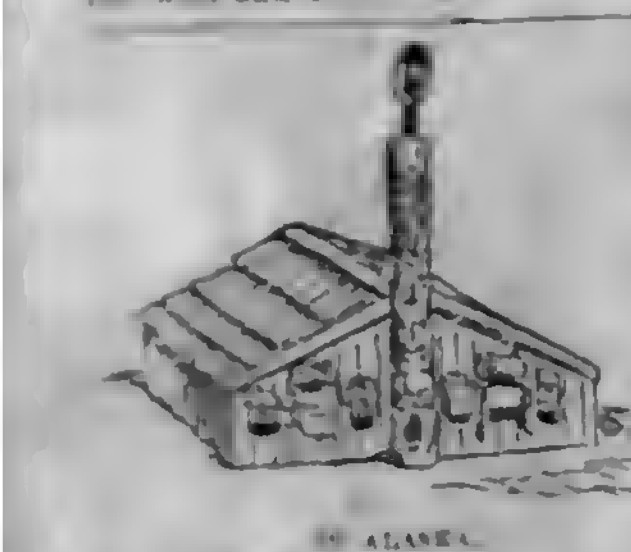
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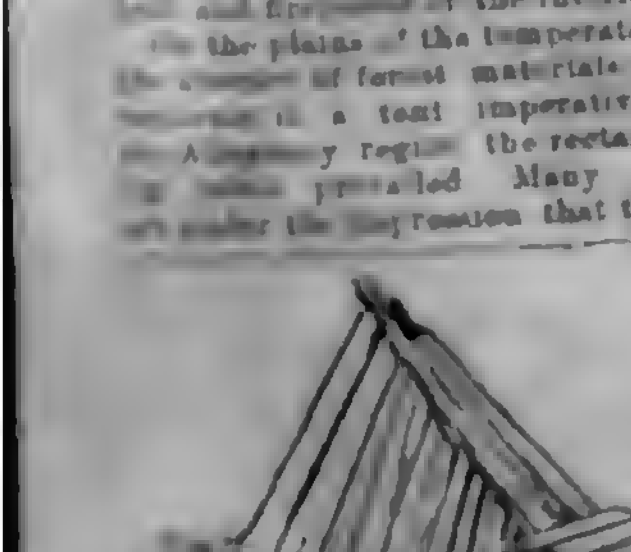
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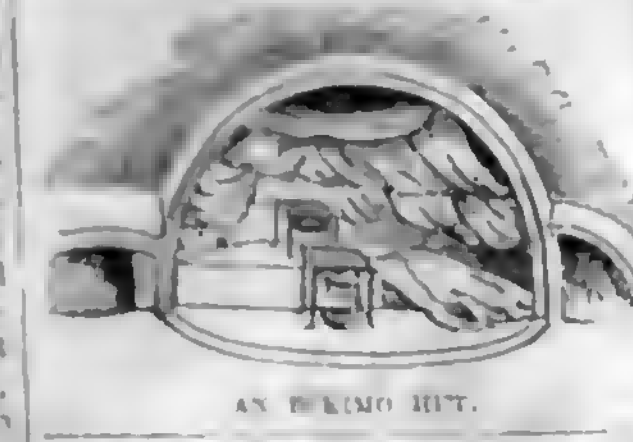
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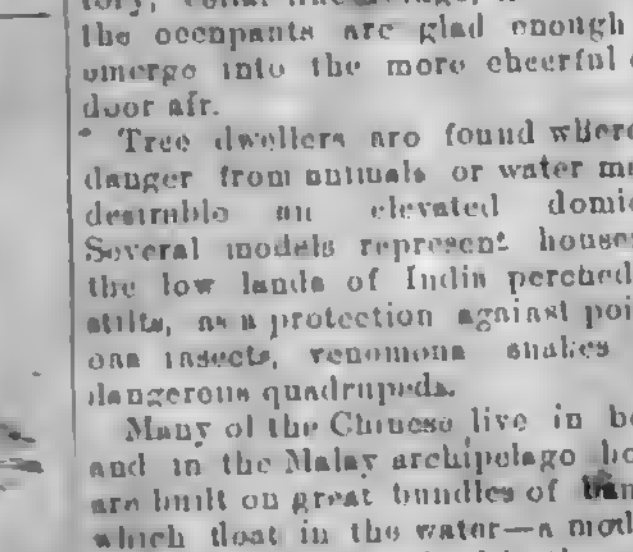


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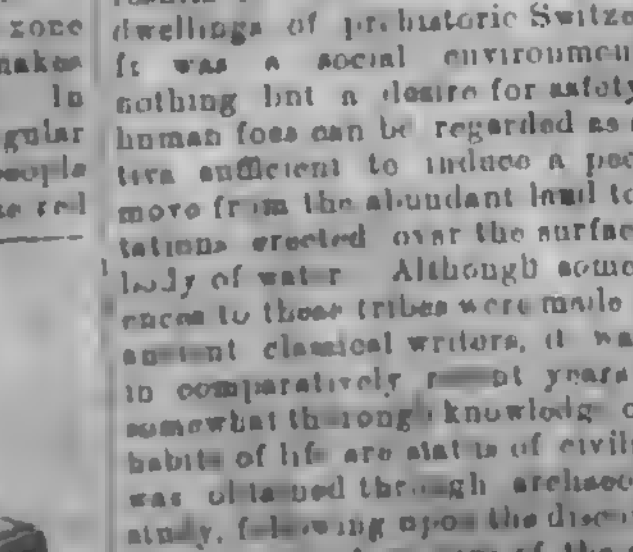
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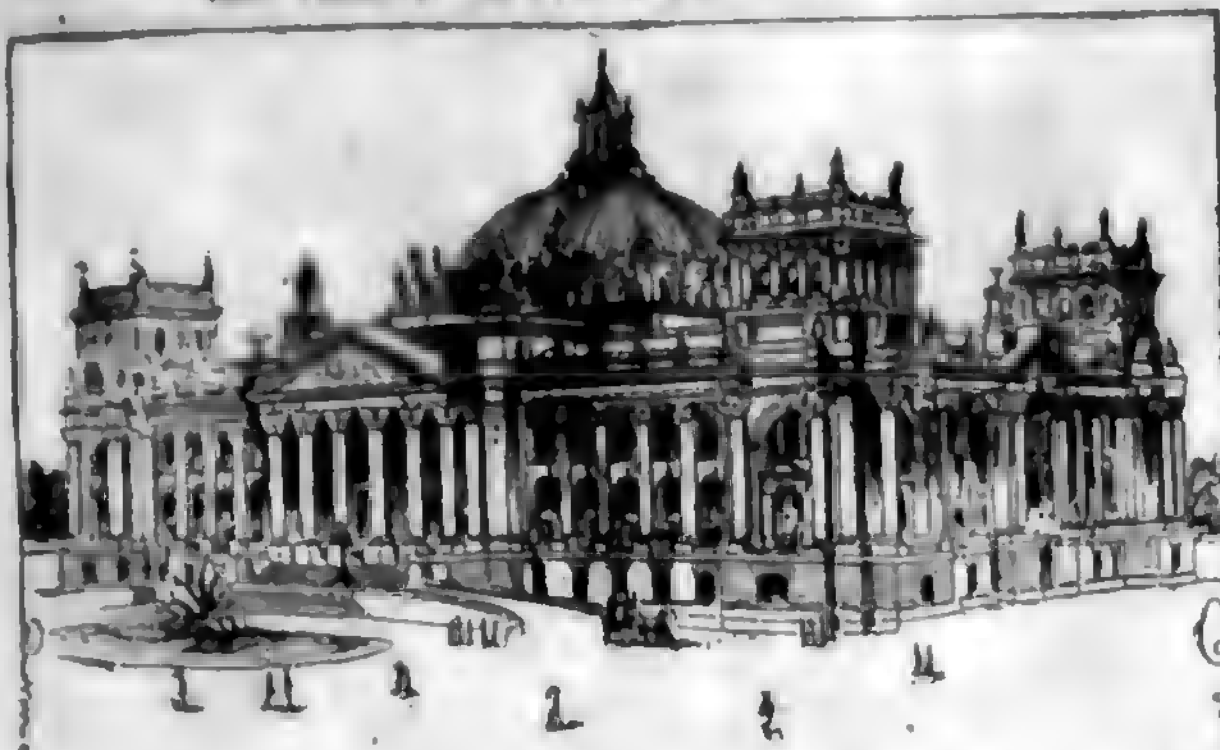


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New Palace of the German Imperial Parliament.



The new Imperial Parliament House in Berlin, which has cost upward of \$7,000,000, is one of the most striking of the public buildings in Europe. It was planned to be an appropriate outward expression of the legislative majesty of the German Nation.

When the foundation stone was laid in 1884 by Emperor William I., Bismarck, as one of the main founders of the Empire, struck the stone with the builder's hammer. As he did so, he said:

"Be this house forever a symbol of those indissoluble bonds which in the days of glory and enthusiasm united hands and sections in the German Empire."

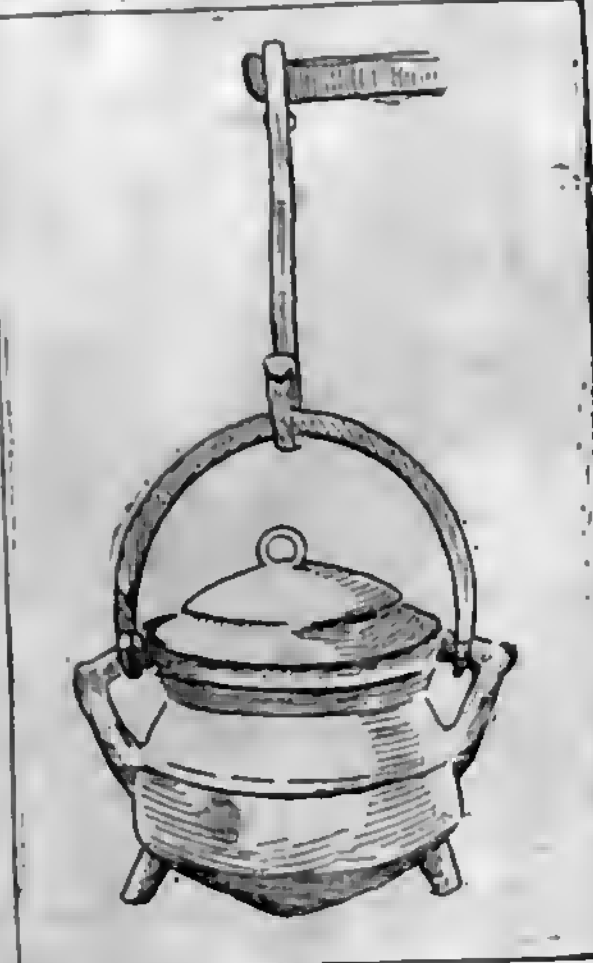
The palace stands on the east side of the broad Koenigsplatz, in the center of which rises to a height of 200 feet the monument of Victory, commemorating the three campaigns

(1801, 1866 and 1870) which made Germany one. It may be said that the building, which seems to be a mixture of many styles, is not altogether in harmony with the general architecture of the German capital or with German architecture generally, but what it may lack in harmony it makes up for in hugeness and in those florid details which seem to dominate latter-day Teutonic art.

The central dome of glass is ornamented by a gorgeously gilded onyx. The interior has been done with great elaboration, the carved woodwork of the assembly hall and committee rooms being exceedingly rich. The entrance hall is adorned with a large stained glass window, emblazoned with the arms of all the Federal States and free cities, and the light falls on a rich mass of variegated colors on the marble floor.

An Ancient Kettle.

Among the riches of mineral wealth and the products of the metallurgical



AN ANCIENT KETTLE.

arts in the mining building at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, there was not anything which attracted more serious interest on the part of those acquainted with the founding of metals than a modest glass case in the gallery of the building, containing a tiny iron kettle, of

about one quart capacity, swinging on a miniature crane. The cause of this attraction was not due to any peculiarity of design or material or skill in workmanship, but to the fact that the kettle was well authenticated as the first casting made in America and the precursor of the vast iron industry of the country.

The kettle was cast at the Sangun Iron Works at Lynn, Mass., in 1642, probably in the autumn, and was given to Thomas Hudson, as the consideration for sixty acres of land, comprising a portion of the iron works property. This Thomas Hudson was, undoubtedly, the younger brother of that name, of Henry (Hendrik) Hudson, the eminent English navigator. The kettle was kept as an heirloom in the direct descent from Thomas Hudson, for over a century, when it passed into the female line, and thence back into the possession of John E. Hudson, Esq., of Boston, a direct descendant, who presented it to the city of Lynn a few years ago. A number of the citizens caused it to be placed in a suitable case, with a table, and it is now kept in the city hall.—Cassier's Magazine.

Fifty-two date palms have reached Sydney, New South Wales, from Algeria for cultivation in the northern territory.

The population of Spandan, the Prussian fortress town, has increased within the last eight years from 30,000 to 60,000.

Head of the House of Vanderbilt.



Cornelius Vanderbilt, the head of the house, and the principal heir to the fortune founded by the famous old Commodore, is a modest and hardworking gentleman, in violent contrast with many other flamboyant triffles who move in his ultra-exclusive social set. He seems to have a horror of publicity, and his many acts of philanthropy have been done without ostentation. Heretofore he has devoted his attention to his private affairs, the direction of his vast railroad interests and church work, but recently he has given indications of his intention to take a more active part in public matters. When the Committee of Seventy was formed in New York City to institute reforms in the municipal government he enrolled his name, and this is cited as his formal entrance into politics.

Two or three prisoners were to be strangled on this occasion, and though I went away twice, from sheer inability to witness their execution, I was urged back by a friend who accompanied me, and thus I saw enough to be able to describe that mode of punishment also. The executioner tied a short bit of whip-cord around each man's throat, and then putting a stick of wood in the slack of the cord at the back of the neck, turned the stick and tightened the cord until it was evident that it could not be made tighter. For some reason he immediately loosened the cord (in each case, others said), and then tightened it again and fastened it. The victims made no sound, but a quiver passed over their bodies, and their fingers were seen to curl in as if their fists were being clenched. That was all. The mandarin sent a clerk to check off the names of these victims, and thus the law was vindicated, or avenged.

A Simple Water Filter.

A new filter is being brought out which possesses many advantages. It consists of a piece of rubber tubing an inch and a half long, which fits into a small metal case or tube perforated at its extremity. Inside the tube at the bottom against the holes is pressed a small piece of sponge which comprises the filter. The rubber end of the tube is pressed on to the cold water tap, and thus the filter is made perfect.—New York Telegram.

DECAPITATIONS IN CHINA.

HOW CONVICTS ARE BEEHEADED ACCORDING TO CHINESE LAW.

Sign of the Red Cross—Formidable Sword Wielded by the Executioner—Strangling a Prisoner.

THE execution of the two Japanese spies whom we Americans delivered up to the Chinese, and the decapitation of a man-of-war's captain accused of cowardice in the sea fight off Ping-Yang, were recent notable instances of the use of the headman's sword here in China, writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly. There have been other beheadings, for offences growing out of the war and for the ordinary criminal offences, and these have lent a new interest to the subject, even to foreigners resident in China, who frequently read of such punishment, but seldom witness them or hear them described. I have been so fortunate as to fall in with a distinguished European who witnessed the legal slaughter of a number of criminals in Peking. The account he has given me of what he saw is so unlike the popular idea of the methods of justice here that I have written down the substance of it.

"The official on duty on the morning of which I speak, having reached the mat shed, clothed in all the glory of a mandarin's dress—button, neck-lace, breast-cloth, and all—ordered the men brought before him one by one. The law says that in such cases the condemned men shall admit their guilt, and ask that punishment be no longer deferred. Like almost all good law and almost all good logic in China, this regulation is turned into mere ceremony and pretence. The prisoners neither say nor do anything, but a man who stands behind each one pushes him over, bumps his head on the ground and says, 'Yow.' This word, or one with that sound, means 'I want,' and the presiding mandarin understands it to have been uttered by the prisoner, and to mean, 'I want to be punished.' While the official ticks off the man's name upon the list before him, the man is pressed down upon the ground and a red cross is painted on his neck. This is done in order that the right head may be fitted upon the right body afterwards. If proof of the man's death is required for official entry,

"The prisoner thus painted is pulled away to the execution ground, where the headman is heating his sword in a great caldron of hot water. The swords are rather more like knives than swords. Each is a yard in length, half an inch thick at the edge, and an inch and a half or two inches thick at the back. If you should weld together nine or ten of our heaviest axes, one laid beyond the other, you would make something like one of these knives. The victim is laid upon his face, and his legs are tied together. A long piece of whip-cord is looped under the man's jaw and tied into his pigtail. So much of its free end is left that two men go off with it to a distance and pull on it with all their might, while a third one sits on the condemned man's back. The executioner seizes a knife and stands over the victim, whose neck is seen to pull out—and out—and out. The knife falls, the head is severed, and frequently the men who are pulling the whip-cord fall backward and roll half over, like tumblers in a circus. The executioner picks up the head and holds it it carelessly and calmly, and makes a mark upon the tally list in front of him. I was less stolid than he, especially when, happening to glance at one of the heads, I saw it open its mouth just as it was held up to the mandarin's view. It was then placed beside the body, and the next felon was brought out and treated in the same way.

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Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CASH OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT

Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS, REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

(West End of Bridge.)

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get the genuine—It has a red seal and is sold in bottles of two and six. Beware of cheap imitations. All others are worthless. Sold everywhere. Price 25c per bottle. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Brown, Lowell, Mass.

NOTICE: I have just received a large stock of goods, and am now selling them at a great discount. All goods are guaranteed to be of the highest quality. Price 25c per bottle. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Brown, Lowell, Mass.

FEED, LIVERY

—AND—
SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss to the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. VA.

Incorporated March 5, 1881

N. C. MCNEIL,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops located at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Ave.

FOR RENT

My lot near the bridge, suitable for a house or shop. Price 25c per bottle. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Brown, Lowell, Mass.

Edray.
Mr. J. B. McNeil was in this neighborhood selling books last week.
Squire Cook held a large court on the 14th.
One of our near neighbors had the misfortune to lose a fine cow a few days ago.
George Irvine, who has been absent a long while, has returned home.
Two of our farmers have made over 300 pounds of sugar.
No plowing has been done as yet.
The Pine Grove school, taught by Professor D. L. Barlow, will close next Friday.
A. L. Mays will move to Academy in a few days. RAMBLER.
March 22, 1895.

C. R. McGAHEY, of Elkton, Va., about a year ago patented a fuel-saving engine, and now has a fine factory running day and night filling orders. The engine has no rival when economy of fuel is considered.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to
J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,
CONCORD CHURCH,
MERCER CO., W. VA.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-Class—

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop.

—AT—
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Crummett, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,

—PRESCRIPTION—

—DRUGGIST—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

DEALER IN

Drugs, Paints and Oils.

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. Compound Pharmacists will be in charge of the Prescription Department.

We try to everybody and promptness and politeness.

At E. H. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.

Work done on short notice.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrops, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchell,
Oswego, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confirm that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Contour Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:
GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorch and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however Detachable Tire, Scotch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate you, weight 22 lbs. . . \$85. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents. Yours truly, WALTER C. MERCER & CO.

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Bites of Animals and Bugs, etc. Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY. HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 395–402

A PARTY of gentlemen contem-
plate the establishment of a steam
saw-mill at M D wall Highland
()

son of more than ordinary talent and mental superiority by a coterie of wire pullers, discharge its duties in the face of ridicule, calumny, and bitter hatred, and then be thrust aside for one more available is hardly an alluring career. And yet such are about the inducements placed before strong men by modern civilization.

It is needless to add that so far our method has worked like a charm, and we propose to hear to the line and let the chips fall where they want to, and if anybody has any grievances against the editor or wishes to dispute his subscription, we are at home to him from Monday morning to Saturday night.

Justice Adams who sued the proprietors of the Charleston Gazette for \$50,000 damages for slander failed to get a verdict, and will have the costs to pay.

And as a FOOD it would be difficult
conceive of anything more palatable
Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping by
JOHN CARTER & SONS, New York.

Attempted Robbery

A very unusual occurrence took place at the residence of Mr. William H. Dilley, at Dilley's Mill, Monday night of last week. Mr. Dilley's house is a detached building on a new neighbor. It is known as the chief stopping place for travelers between this place and Harpersville. About midnight of that night a well-dressed man came to the house by a path which he could only have discovered by making a detour from the public road. He asked to stop for the night, stating that he had no money to pay for his lodging. He was taken in to be given a night's lodging.

About a month ago Mr. Dilley's father's house, in this neighborhood, was ransacked and robbed, and since then it has been his custom to lock and bolt his doors at dusk. That night everything was locked and made secure as usual. The stranger, who had given no name, was evidently acting a part and endeavoring to appear a wild and unreasoning man, but his part was not well acted and his listeners could but suspect that he was not as foolish as he would make it appear.

About 8 o'clock the stealthy footsteps of a group of men were heard on the porch, and instantly the door was tried. The rattle continued for some minutes until Mr. Dilley and stood armed before it with a Winchester rifle and pistol. Ligon Marshall stood watch over the tramp stranger.

Just as Mr. Dilley was about to fire through the door, and the party in the house had remained as silent as those trying to force an entrance, the stranger uttered a loud, weird cry that chilled the blood of the inmates of the house, and which was unmistakably a signal of danger to the attacking party. Those outside retreated instantly. Then the stranger begged to be allowed to go, but he was refused the privilege. Mr. Dilley accusing him of being in league with the house-breakers. Directly Mr. Dilley opened the door pistol in hand, and the tramp slipped by him and ran.

Mr. Dilley followed but lost his trail, and on going to his brother's house, Dilley, to warn him to look well to his horses, found him there. The distance between the houses is about two miles.

This was undoubtedly an attempt to rob the proprietor of that lonely house at Dilley's Mill, and fits in with the plan pursued in all the robberies which have occurred so frequently in the last four years. The thieves come in the evening between supper-time and bedtime, hold up the inmates of the house and go through it systematically. The only thing which foiled them in this attempt was the precaution that the owner of this house had taken according to his invariable practice of locking his doors at dusk, and opening them only when the voice of him who is seeking admittance is recognized.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Concord State Normal School.

Spring term begins February 18th.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$5 to \$8 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SURGEY, Principal.

CONCORD, W. VA.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction on Tuesday, April 10th, 1895, the following

Real Estate, to-wit:

1. A lot of land containing about 100 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

2. A lot of land containing about 50 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

3. A lot of land containing about 25 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

4. A lot of land containing about 10 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

5. A lot of land containing about 5 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

6. A lot of land containing about 2 acres, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

7. A lot of land containing about 1 acre, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

8. A lot of land containing about 1/2 acre, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

9. A lot of land containing about 1/4 acre, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

10. A lot of land containing about 1/8 acre, situated in the County of Lincoln, State of West Virginia.

THE NEW COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL.

Pocahontas' New House of Justice, and Her Magnificent Mansion for the Criminal.

A DESCRIPTIVE PEN PICTURE.



BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

The wonderful development and growth in values of Pocahontas County in the half decade just passed, may be readily illustrated by relative comparison, and the rapid strides of improvement are shown by examination of her new court-house and jail recently completed.

Briefly, the court-house is a well-designed piece of architecture of the most modern design. The building proper is sixty-six feet by seventy-two feet. Consisting of three floors. The basement consists of six rooms and two large halls. In this basement are four large heaters or furnaces, which heat the entire building throughout, and will any just here they have been well tested.

The basement has four furnace rooms, one sanitary room, one storage room, one fresh air room, and one foul air room. This basement story is built of stone, and finished with hard finish on all walls. The floors are all grouted and finished with a smooth Portland cement. One exit from this basement is up a flight of stairs made of native Pocahontas oak. Here we land to the side or cross hall of the first story floor. We find this hall to be fourteen feet wide and thirty-two feet long, with a fourteen foot wall to ceiling. We then enter the main hall, which is ten by seventy-two feet. From this main hall we gain entrance to all the county offices. First the County Clerk's office which is sixteen by thirty feet. Leading from this room we enter a large fire-proof vault, nine by fourteen feet, with walls of brick twenty-two inches thick. The floors and ceilings are made of concrete, and supported by large steel beams, with niches of brick, and finished with Portland cement. The openings are secured with Mundy Mfg.'s best fire-proof steel shutters of the very latest design; the door opening is closed on the inside by a pair of double steel doors, with an outside door of heavy steel with a combination lock. We find the vaults absolutely fire-proof in every respect.

From this hall we again enter a room. This room will be occupied by the County Court. We find this room well lighted with fine ventilation. The exit from this room is through a pair of double doors leading into the main hall. We then pass into the two elegant rooms of the Prosecuting Attorney, which are lighted by the large windows four by eight feet. In this room there is an artistic jobbed metal of the Queen Elizabeth design. The windows are hung with Golden's Sash Ribbon, as are all the windows throughout the building.

Now we pass into the office of the Sheriff, which is a beauty with its oak wall of solid of glass. The next room is that of the County Clerk, which is a beautiful room of the same construction, with a view of the same construction. Then we enter the tower room. This room will be occupied by the County Barren.

All the doors on this floor are, as are all the doors throughout the building, two inches thick, three feet three inches wide, and eight feet six inches high, with a transom over each door thirty-nine by forty-six inches. The entire building is wainscotted with oak four feet high with eleven inch moldings, finished with a double braded cup of a tany design. All the hardware in this building is of the best patents and patterns of solid bronze.

The main stairway leading from this floor lands on the oil-shed hall on the court-room floor. From this hall we enter the main court-room, fifty by fifty with ceiling eighteen feet high. This room is well lighted with nine large windows, and has four exits. This room is heated from the furnaces in the basement story. The doors and windows throughout this building are furnished with six-inch reeded astragals with plinth block and turned common rosettes of a neat design. The bar is separated from the main court-hall by a substantial railing, with turned balusters, with a freewheeling gate. In the bar enclosure there is an elevated platform for the jury, surrounded by a neat railing. To the left of this we find the seat of justice, which is a masterpiece of workmanship.

On leaving the main court-room we enter the hall, from this we enter two elegant rooms which are the two Petit Jury rooms; the third room is the Grand Jury room; the fourth, the Judge's room; fifth, witness room; sixth, lawyers consulting room.

The roof of this structure is self-supporting with three How Trusses and one Queen Truss. This roof is first sheathed with dressed dry pine, then covered with tarred and proof paper, and then slatted with the best white that can be secured.

The main tower is eighteen by eighteen and one hundred and four feet high. On the right of this tower can be seen a cluster of minor towers which present a nice construction. On the rear, right, and left sides are two tiny dormer windows. Also the lofty gables, which add greatly to the roof's appearance.

The cut above presents the building from its narrowest dimension. The jail is directly behind the court-house, which is to be regretted, as it is too tasteful a building to be hid. The cut is a good representation of the front of the building, but does not allow one to judge very well of its size.

This article will be continued next week when a full account of the new jail will be given.

The president has appointed ex-Congressman William M. Springer, of Illinois, Judge of the United States court of the Northern district of the Indian Territory, and ex-Congressman C. B. Kilgore, of Texas, Judge of the United States court of the Southern district of Indian Territory.

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Waymouth will be at Valley Head March 18th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edroy, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellison), 5th, 4 days. Mill Point, 10th, 4 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,

R. E. BURNS,

Deputy-Sheriff.

The same as to me,

J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-spavin, curb, poll evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cure guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bowel-troubles, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address, T. J. WILLIAMS, Top of Alleghany, W. Va. Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, O. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy, W. Va. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to R. M. BEARD, Academy, W. Va. 1266m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

J. D. PULLIN & CO

—RETAIL—

Marlinton Grocery

—HOUSE—

The only store in the county making Groceries a Specialty.

Come to us for what you want to eat, and lay in your season's supplies.

All our stock is fresh and good and you will price goods to your own advantage.

Our Five and Ten cent counters are great attractions.

Remember that we mean to give the public the means of buying everything in the grocery line. Orders from a distance given special attention.

All country produce taken.

J. D. PULLIN & CO.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDROY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather. Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Real Estate, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dumfries, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent,

Room, 19, Holly Block,

Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR RENT!

My store-house at Edroy lately occupied by P. Golden

J. R. FLOAN, Edroy, W. Va.

Go to Golden's for good goods.

The... ..
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The Quora of Sweden, who has
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Russia is advancing rapidly in mili-
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From returns received at the British
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The New York Advertiser is remind-
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The surrender by the Mosquito In-
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Assistant Secretary of the Treasury
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An ostrich farmer in Southern Cali-
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A damage suit, in which the jury
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THE MIDDLE OF WHEEL.

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—Helen Gray Conn, in the Century.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM

BY M. RABINGTON RAYLEY.

HE was a little
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"Yes, I'm not tired of it, though;
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"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO DESTROY ANTS.

They may be kept from climbing by
... ..
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ON CAKE BAKING.

For baking most kinds of cake the
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THE KITCHEN TOWELS.

Housewives are sometimes debarred
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HOW TO BOIL A PUDDING.

The most difficult way of cooking a
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No reply.
 "Shampoo?"
 No reply.
 "Trim your hair up a little?"
 No reply.
 "Brilliant! on the mustache?"
 No reply.
 "They run?"
 No reply.
 Then the barber, who was alone in his shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.—Tit-Bits.

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you
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REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

West End
of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling
weak and generally ex-
hausted, nervous, have
no appetite and can't
begin at once taking
the most reliable
and strengthening
medicine which is
Brown's Iron Bitters.
A few bottles
will cure—banish
all the very best
medicines I state your
condition, and it is
pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments,
Women's complaints.

It cures the general weakness, loss of energy, and all the ailments which are the result of a poor blood.

NOTICE

For Rent, My house, 1/2 block from
the depot, 4 rooms, bath, and
kitchen, and a good place for
business. Call on J. E. F. Smith, W. Va.

FEED, LIVERY —AND— SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses brok-
en to ride or work.

J. H. O. WILSON,
Marlinton, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1867
Capital \$1,000,000

N. C. McNEIL,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

BLACKSMITHING

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shops situated at the Junction
Main Street and Daily Ave
opposite the post office.

FOR RENT! My house, 1/2 block from
the depot, 4 rooms, bath, and
kitchen, and a good place for
business. Call on J. E. F. Smith, W. Va.

Driftwood.
More snow and mud.
Miss Lena McLaughlin has re-
turned to her school, was gladly
welcomed by her many friends.
Mr. Cum, of Virginia, is to see
his best girl.
Mr. Jacob Townsend is in this
part on business.
We were disappointed Saturday,
as the river was too deep for Rev.
Alexander to cross.
Prof. Adams will commence a
singing school at this place soon.
We wish him success.
Miss Lizzie Willong, was down
last week.
Miss Bessie Dykard, is visiting
her brother at Travelers' Rest.
Mr. John T. McLaughlin, made a
flying trip to Marlinton, last week.
Mr. Andrew Guigert's boat upset
with him while crossing the river at
Mr. Allen Burners, he swam and
reached an island, where he had to
remain till a boat could be made
before he could get out.
Mr. James Collins passed through
this part last week, on his way home
from Ronceverte.
Mr. Geo. Sheets has moved to
Swago. We will miss him very
much.
Miss Ella Sheets is visiting her
sister, Mrs. John Gelger.
Mrs. Geo. Tacy is improving.
TILDEN.

Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold awaits the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Watching over all his own.—Sel.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer... Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-class—

Harness and Saddlery
—Store and Shop,—

—AT—
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Something that has been needed
in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of
HARNESS, SADDLES, COL-
LARS, HARDWARE, and
TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.
A Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

is fitted out with a complete stock
of latest and best designs, and
caskets can be furnished on short
notice.

Successors of G. F. Crum-
met, who is employed by the firm.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

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Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Venushes, Patent Medicines,
etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions can fully be com-
pounded at all hours, day or night. A
competent Pharmacist will have
charge of the Prescription Depart-
ment.

We invite everybody and promise
cheap prices and polite attention.
At E. A. Smith & Son's Old
Stand

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor
other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not
far distant when mothers will consider the real
interest of their children, and use Castoria in-
stead of the various quick cures which are
destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment have spoken highly of their experi-
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,
and although we only have among our
medical supplies what is known as regular
products, yet we are free to confess that the
merits of Castoria has won us to look with
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All
High Grades



War anted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:
GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorch and Belle come
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to
tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it
weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold
this year and last (and you know that is a right good
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is
High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however
Detachable Tire, Scorch high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate
er, weight 22 lbs. . . \$85. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.
Yours truly, WALTER C. MENCER & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley
Cluncher, Detachable
Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same
weights . . . \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same
weights and Tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood
Rims, weight 21 lbs. . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



IT TICKLES YOU THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Chances of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Scorpions, Bees, etc.
BREAKS UP Red Colds, La Grippe, Influenza,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran

and the

Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

2 ✧ SUBJECT ✧ 0.
REMARKS OF
PAGE 87.

On Feb. 3rd, while Rev. Elijah Miller was crossing the mountain, between Rock House Fork and Main Pigeon, on his way to fill an appointment on Rock House Fork, he was torn from his horse, presumably by some wild animal, and killed. The pieces of his body were afterward found by Crockett Hatfield. We received this information from Pleasant Chafin, Logan Banner.

It is said the big crops of Texas will keep the roads of that State out of the reconstruction hands.

The Napoleonic revival has increased the demand for art works of every kind that refer to that period.

Every day emphasizes the impression, exclusive the New York Mail and Express, that China should have stuck to her tea and let war alone.

Football was a crime in England during the reign of Henry VIII, and the Hartford Journal thinks it is not far from it in this country to-day.

According to the latest census bulletin, Georgia's total population is 1,307,333, and of this number only 32,631 are of foreign parentage, or about 1.78 per cent. of the whole.

Commissioner Coombs thinks that the Salvation Army may be the agents for distribution of meat grown in Queensland all over England, as it is used largely in army depots.

Nicholas II. is gaining great popularity in Russia for his democratic ways, the New York Press facetiously observes. He has been known to drink a cup of coffee after it had been examined by only three expert chemists.

If any one believes that the interest in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention," suggests the Paris, Field and Fireside, and note the attention paid the splendid specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition.

There are 59,000 more women than men in the State of New York. The universal law governing such matters makes the female population of a long settled country or district higher than that of one newly settled or partly developed, and so in the New England States the number of women is in excess of the number of men, while in the Western and Pacific States this is reversed.

What is practically the American dollar is in a fair way to be the unit of currency for the world, maintains the New York Independent. It rules this whole continent, and the Mexican dollar is the most popular coin in the East, and the Japanese yen is very nearly the same thing. Now the Bombay mint is beginning to issue what has been called the British dollar, which will have the support of banks and of British and Indian merchants from Bombay to Singapore and Japan.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: When we read that the late Count de Lescaups was ten years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that he saw both Napoleon and Wellington after that event, the great Corsican seems to be brought within sight of the men of our own times. The fact is, many persons now living might have seen him. Dozens of people in Atlanta were half-grown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and one lady now living here remembers seeing Napoleon when she was a little child.

About fourteen per cent. of the entire number of medical graduates drop out of the profession within a few years, avers the Chicago Herald. Some few never practice; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; others succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must include those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphia or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery. Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life work, and it is no discredit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians; there are schools to teach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the study of medicine, but it is cheaper than to sacrifice honor and profligate medical science to quackery.

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOU?

How shall I love you? I dream all day,
How shall I love you, sweetest, sweetest,
How shall I love you—wonder that I say!
Prayer that are vain as lips that would
Pray—
How shall I love you? I dream all day,
How shall I love you—wonder that I say!
Prayer that are vain as lips that would
Pray—

How shall I love you? Love is the best,
Of life to a woman—the white and the red
Of the world's roses, the light that is shed
On all the world's pathways, till light shall
Be dead!

How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?

Is there a bonfire your heart must bear?
Is there a thorn in the crown that you wear?
Let it hide in my heart till a rose blossoms
There!
For grief or for glory—for death or for life,
How shall I love you—my sweetheart, my wife?
—F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

JACK'S SURRENDER.



O, mother, no!
It is absolutely
needless! We
may as well
drop the sub-
ject."

My mother held her hands towards the fire—plump hands covered with rings, the last coquetry of her sixty years.
"Jack," she replied, sternly, "you are as headstrong as your father used to be. When he was of your age he would not listen to a word about marriage. Poor man! He much preferred his famous Bachelors' Club, and swore to remain faithful to its laws. But, mark my words, before you know it, you, too, will be walking up to the altar, my friend. 'On le porte a passe pascera bien l'enfant!' (The son follows in the footsteps of his father)—Alfred de Musset tells us."
"Oh, that's all very well," I cry, "but in my father's youth the girls were not full of notions like these of to-day; they were modestly educated young girls, the extent of their ambition being to read a sonnet, write a correct note, and make a fairly graceful courtesy. But now—"

"Well, Jack, you are not complimentary to say the least," interrupted my mother. "It is your opinion, then, that the girls of my day were little more than simpletons?"
"I beg your pardon, mother, dear! But even you must admit that formerly the education of young girls was much less pretentious, and I think more consistent, than that of our little blue-stockings. For when they left boarding-school they had only enough instruction to enable them to understand the pages of a romance or follow a conversation; not enough to humiliate their mothers, and not infrequently their husbands as well. From their infancy they were prepared to fill the roles of wives and mothers, and the happy husband could sleep contentedly every night in the assurance that the 'angel of the fireside' would superintend the deserts and darn his socks conscientiously."

Mamma started impatiently from her chair.
"Jack, it seems strange that a woman of the old school should be obliged to combat your prejudices. But I assure you, my dear, that in my time the majority of those 'angels of the fireside,' whose praises you sing so loudly, were very shallow girls. What girl of spirit would be contented with the secondary role that you men would like to impose upon her? No, no! It is not the learning of your wife which frightens you, young men; it is your own ignorance. Oh, it is nothing more nor less than self-conceit! If you had not been afflicted with laziness while in college you would fear comparisons less!"

"Oh! oh! mother you're too bad!"
"You maintain, then, that Latin, Greek—a college education, in short—is incompatible with modesty, grace, sweetness, and the domestic qualities of a woman?"
"I do maintain it most emphatically."

"Very well. Go to Mmc. Desjardins with me this evening. There shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You will see the twins, and can judge for yourself, my son, since you have so slight a regard for my experience. You understand that you are free to do exactly as you like. In fact, you need come to me for no information or advice on the subject. Go and dress, my son."

Marry a bachelorette! Heavenly when I heard my mother's wish I felt a shiver run down my back. Look here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say outright that you are planning my death, and by what means! Why not throw me overboard and done with it?

The absurdity of proposing a B. A. to me? To me! A man thirty years of age—a man of sense, I can honestly say—who would only enter the road

in Hyman with the caution of a Sioux Indian! Alas! cruel mother, what have I done to you? Have I not far loved of you heart? La Donna Blanche eight times?

From the bottom of my heart I cursed Vichy and its waters. Vichy with its shady walks, Vichy and its promenade concerts, where mothers in quest of sons-in-law meet mothers in quest of daughters-in-law. Was it not there under the shade of the park that Mmc. Desjardins and my mother met after years of separation? Was it not there that they formed the first conspiracy against the security of my bachelorhood?

Here we are at Mmc. Desjardins! "My dear friend, let me present my son."

"Little Jack!"
I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the drawing-room is marvellous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whiplashes. It is very delightful, I am sure, and I ought to be charmed; but thirty unknown faces stare curiously at this "little Jack," with a respectable moustache, whom Mmc. Desjardins finds "much changed." Great Scott! I should hope so, in fifteen years! Confound her reminiscences of childhood! She might as well talk of my first kills or inquire if I have brought my hoop.

Fortunately Mmc. Desjardins adds a few words of gracious welcome which restore my breath, and mother learns to introduce me to the young ladies.

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a blonde and a brunette. They are of the same stature, and dress alike even to ribbons; but here the resemblance ceases.

Miss Martha, the brunette, is a beautiful woman—too beautiful, for simple mortals. A Greek goddess! A Pallas Athene! Her features are pure and cold; her rich black hair forms a royal diadem about her head. Rose is less of a woman, less imposing.

A real Grenze, this young girl!—howitngly pretty, with her little Parisian nose, her dimpled cheeks, and fair hair which looks as if powdered with gold. What a smile! What a voice—so sweet, so sweet! A veritable child, whom one might still suspect of playing with her dolls when no one is by, in spite of her nineteen years—and a child who surely is no Bachelor of Arts.

Mamma had never mentioned the name of the learned Miss Desjardins, but who could dream of insulting this exquisite Miss Rose by even a suspicion?

The other is the bachelorette. I am sure of it. Could she have appeared, draped like a statue in the salons of the First Empire, she would have struck wonder to all hearts! Her rich voice, a vibrating contralto, must show to advantage in scanning hexameters. I can appreciate her taste. Great Scott! Greek must be becoming to this classic beauty. What a thrill of admiration would run through an audience as she murmured in the original: "The Plaints of Tysaglena!"

A little informal dancing is proposed. I offered my arm to the little Grenze. So much the worse for the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene. Between two waltzes I had an opportunity to talk with my charming little partner, who glides about like a fairy in a cloud of blue gauze, a fan of pigeon feathers beats against her delicate breast, like the wing of a dove.

In a quarter of an hour I feel that I am competent to judge of Miss Rose. She is bright, but I take care to keep the conversation on simple topics. She would find it difficult to display much learning! She is a good little girl, very acute, rather roguish, but simple, frank and unassuming. She loves music, can sketch cleverly, and last year, while visiting her aunt in the country, she had a delightful time making preserves. Dear little Grenze! What delicious preserves yours must be! and what an adorable little housewife you must make, in a large white apron, your sleeves rolled up to show the dimples in your elbows!

Look! you can see them now, just above your gloves. What a sweet picture! Surely, I have found the dream of my life—a dear, rosy, ingenious little wife, who makes preserves!—"Jack, dearie, taste my jelly." How these words go to a man's heart! What bachelorette would ever condescend to call me "dearie?" She would never make me preserves.

Thus I roared into it. I divulge my theories upon the education and destiny of woman. Wife and mother—the Angel of the Fireside, no more, no less. Slyly I send a few arrows flying against the pedestal of the Grecian goddess, the Pallas Athene, and I praise with rare tact, I flatter myself, the art of housekeeping, which I am sure Miss Rose understands to perfection. But I immediately repeat. She blushes with modesty, poor child! Perhaps, too, she is a little hurt to see her sister's bagaglio classique so little appreciated.

Quick, I must repair my blunder. I will ask Pallas Athene for a quadrille.

"Well, Jack," said mamma, whom comfortably installed in the coupe which was carrying us far from Miss Rose, "do you regret having thrown away your evening, my son?"
"Thrown away is rather severe,

mamma! Had Mmc. Desjardins and her daughters been much less charming, I should not have regretted accompanying you when you wanted me to do so. But my opinions are unchanged, I confess; bachelorettes have no charm for me."

"As you like, my son. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion."
What was the meaning of the smile, half-misled, half-roguish, which flitted across mamma's face, under the shadow of her white lace veil?

Oh, Rose! Rose! Every night my dreams are haunted by your dress of azure blue. Why, oh Rose, are your eyes the color of your gown? Why do tiny curls escape from the coil of your fair hair to nestle tremblingly in your neck, like a pale smoke, a golden mist? Why do gay dimples spring in your velvety cheeks when you smile? Above all, why, oh Rose of May, sweet Rose without thorns, has heaven placed you beside a gorgeous but perfumeless tulip, glowing like a flame in the pride of her beauty?

Rose, you have made me faithful to the classic beauty. For me your sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pinn face. Rose, I am only happy to see you!

Thus my thoughts wandered for eight long days. Was it my thoughts alone? What was there to prevent the straying of my heart as well?

I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing invitation to Mmc. Desjardins' Wednesday evenings, and she, with her daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions.

My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in her fairy like ball dress, Miss Rose in an exquisitely fitting calling suit of delicate gray, Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron. But in these various aspects she is always the same little Rose, whose sweet graces have gone to my very heart.

One morning I rushed into my mother's room.

"Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must marry her. Put on your calling dress as quickly as you can. Take a carriage, fly to Mmc. Desjardins, and tell her that, if she refuses to let me marry her daughter, I shall be wild with despair—that I shall drown myself—that—"

"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied mamma, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'clock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee-cup upon the dressing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange matters as best you can. It is your own affair."

Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do without her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening, I shall lay my heart, my name, my fortune and my life at the feet of my dear Rose.

The day passed in an agony of hope and fear. And to think that I, practical man that I am, kissed at least a hundred times a flower stolen from my idol! And I gazed at that flower like a school girl dreaming over a faded marguerite as she thinks of the vows of her cousin.

There is a concert and ball at Mmc. Desjardins'.

In the bay window—she wears the blue tulle dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, in black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the balcony to gaze up at the stars. When the air is filled with the intoxicating odor of the dory foliage.

Does Rose encourage me to confidences? She seems vaguely melancholy, and the smile has fled from her lips. Our talk is serious, and is interrupted by those long pauses when the heart seems full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child.

The glimpse I catch of this unknown person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view; child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from me longer the mysterious treasures of tenderness half hidden by thy sweet purity! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore thee. I bend towards her. Suddenly, behind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rustling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me.

"The Marquis is going to sing," murmurs the voices.

Watch harken to my prayer!
Listen to me, I implore!
My heart will surely break,
And for all thy dear sake!
Mamma! I love thee
As I have never loved before!

Heaven! I love my heart! I love the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! Sing on, and whisper my beloved all that fills my heart. And yet I dare not speak!

Pain would I serve thee.
My lady love, my queen,
I, who have loved thee so dearly, I love thee!

Ab, trust me, and I will faithfully serve, be but my own, my wife, my love!

A round of applause follows. I bend towards my darling, who smiles, but seems ready to cry.

"Rose, Rose, do you understand Rose, will you trust me that I love you, my faithfulness to thee? Will you be 'my own; my wife, my love?'"

She sighs, she trembles! "No, I am not mistaken! She loves me! She loves me! I read it in her eyes!"
"Rose, I love you. I adore you for your simplicity, for your sweet naivete, for your adorable ignorance of the life and ways of this world. In you I find my ideal of what woman should be. One who has lived a quiet, secluded life in the bosom of her family, happy in the sweet home life that is the scorn of pedants and blue stockings. You are the companion of my dreams. Oh, Rose, my Rose—say that you can love me!"

She grows pale, then red, and the tears fill her eyes; then she becomes paler still, and replies very softly, not calmly and sadly:

"No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask myself at this moment if you are mocking me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. You love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be, because I do not scorn home life, and because I make a fairly good hostess. But you wouldn't love me any more, I'm afraid—you would find me ridiculous, you would leave me in disappointment, if you knew!"

"Knew what? Rose, for heaven's sake!"
"I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know—your mother as well as any one. I have—I am—I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

"You a bachelorette, Rose! Is it possible? I thought it was your sister!"

"No, it is not my sister. Unfortunately it is I," she sobbed.

"Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees before you here in the low window and make beseeching appeals for my stupidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will only my forgotten deductions to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our fireside! Have I obtained my pardon? Will you believe me, my dearest?"

She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Marquis speaks once more with her divine voice the impassioned love song:

Mamma, I love thee
As I have never loved before!

Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gaily on the knees of his future preserver.

As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee!"

If you come to see us in the country you shall taste the preserves of my fair bachelorette, and you must give me your opinion of them, you gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. From the French, in Romance.

Glass Houses.

One of the promised novelties of the next great Exposition will be a glass house. The building will have a skeleton frame of iron, on which will be fastened glass panes, making a double wall. The roof will be of tinted glass, and cornices, ventilation, door-steps and stairways will be of thick slabs of glass. Imitations of all sorts of building material will be possible in the new house, and the tops of pillars and mouldings will be stamped in arabesques and flowers. By improved methods, glass tubing and pipes are made that have a resistance equal to cast-iron. When these pipes can be used for conveying water, we will be sure of a much better quality of this article than at present, as no penetration of soil can corrode them, and the water will acquire no unusual taste.—New York Ledger.

The first shipment of railway ties made of Australian timber has just taken place to England. Much is expected of this trade in the future.

ELECTRIC COOKING.

THE ELECTRIC COOKING STOVE
PATENTED BY J. H. WILSON

Cooking, Heating, Boiling and
Baking with the Electric Stove
—The Electric Stove—
Is the New Home Appliance.

Many Americans have not
yet learned the advantages of
electric cooking. The electric
stove is a new and improved
method of cooking. It is a
safe, efficient, and economical
method of cooking. It is a
method of cooking that is
new and improved. It is a
method of cooking that is
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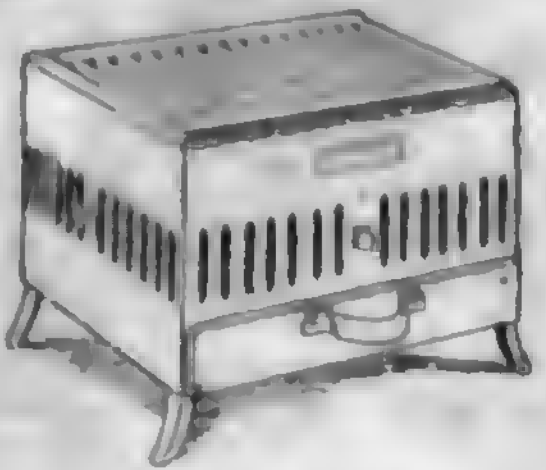
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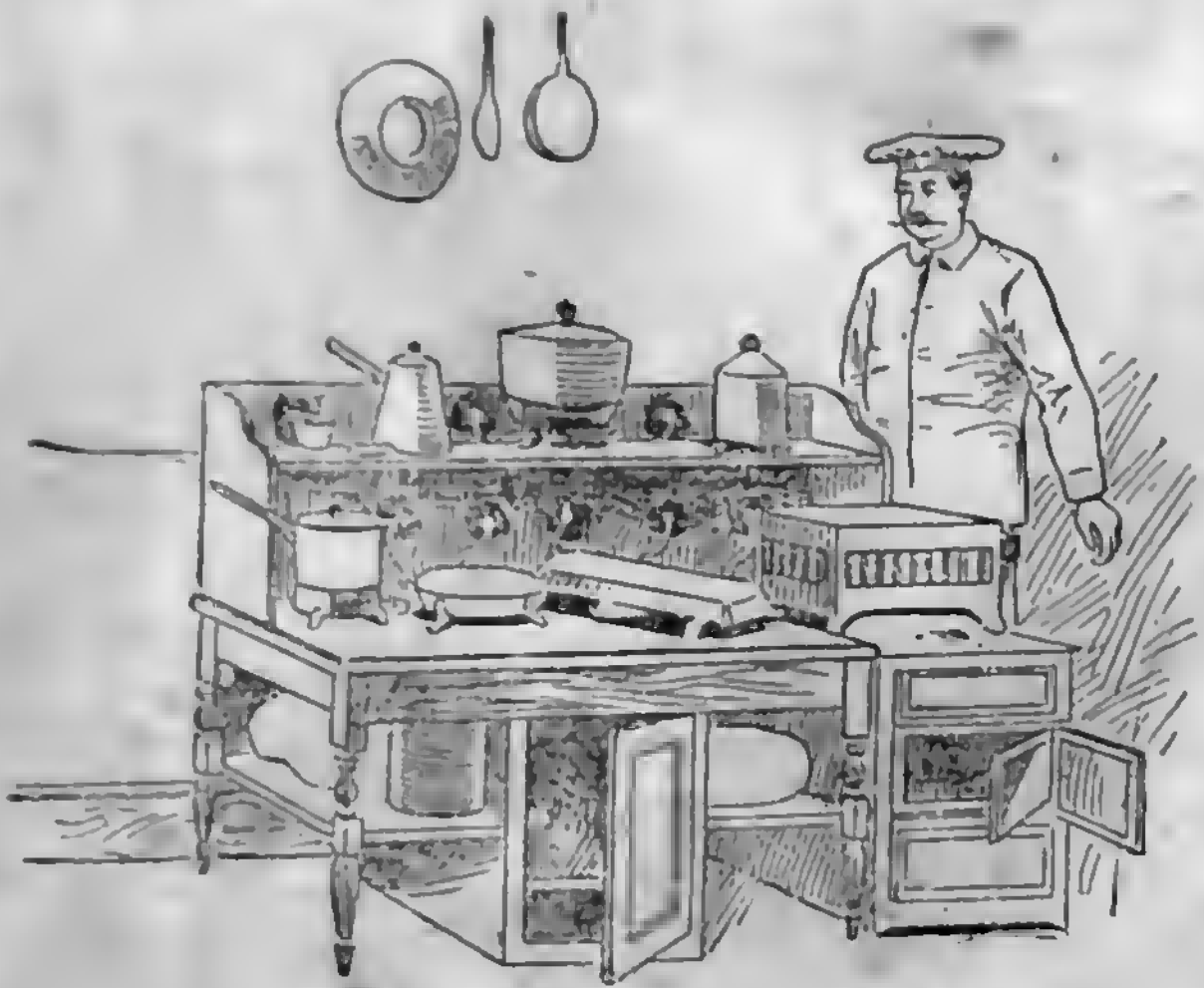
"Look at the oven," she said.
That was the first time she had
seen the electric stove.



TEST-BATTERY STOVE.

one with the far. You look through a
little glass window. A few inches
distant, but illuminated the interior,
and showed a fat turkey and a
small thermometer, which told exactly
how much heat was giving him the
appetizing color. The cook took a
glance at the thermometer.

"It won't hurt him to have a little
more heat on top," she said, as she
turned a screw. "You see, I can have
the heat wherever I want it. In the bottom
and about the sides of the oven and
other utensils are coils of metal which
offer resistance to the current. This
resistance you probably know makes
heat. It comes so quickly and in such
abundance that this ten pound turkey
will cook in an hour and a quarter, al-
though three hours is the time in an
ordinary oven. I put my soup on after
the stock has been prepared, and
turn on the current. In four minutes
it is ready to serve. I can boil it in
another way. It is done with this
quicker utensil." The cook picked up
an object which looked more like a
stocking warmer than anything else.
The wires enter the handle and heat



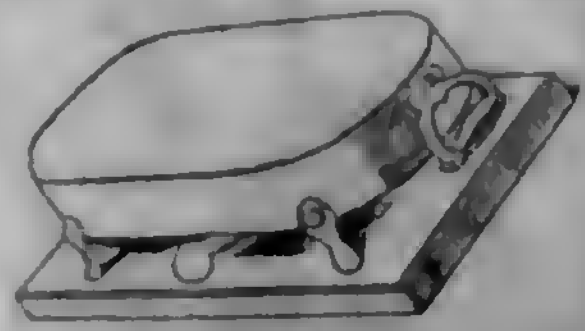
THE ELECTRICAL COOKING STOVE.

green. They are attached to wires,
which will pull out and shut off the
current if the utensil is knocked over.
Flat irons are so connected that when
the current is turned off the iron
cools.

Several residences in this city are
being fitted with electrical cooking
and heating apparatus. A prominent
hotel is using the current for part of
its cooking. Two of the biggest and
finest of the ocean greyhounds are
heated by it, and their owners are
contemplating its adoption in their
culinary departments. In one resi-
dence the cooking, heating and light-
ing are all done by the electric and
the current. It is a Brooklyn house,
the home of J. Foster Penbody, in
Moorock place, in which you can get
the best idea of the kitchen of the
future.

"Oh, you want to find out about
the electricity," said the young lady
to whom the Press reporter was re-
ferred when he had made known his
errand. "It is delightful. But, of
course, you want to see for yourself.
The cook is preparing dinner, but
electricity in the kitchen is her one
weakness, and I think she will tell you
something of it and let you look at
the utensils even at this rather incon-
venient time."

A mingled aroma of roasting turkey,
boiling onions, turnips and cranberry
sauce was perceptible as I followed my
guide toward the kitchen. We entered
a bright room, where, in place of the
range, is a sort of big table, with
a glass behind and beneath, and at
one end a square board, upon which
are levers and thumb screws. The
water in the tea kettle was bubbling
merrily. There was nothing at all
strange in the appearance of these



PORTABLE STOVE.

utensils except the mysterious green
rod attached to each. A middle-aged
woman, in a white apron, looked
up with a smile when she saw
that I wanted to see if elec-
tricity really does cook.

the broad end, which is thrust into the
uncooked soup. Almost immediately
it begins to bubble and spout, as if
in protest of this strange thing, and
in a minute or two is done.

"My niece pies," continued the
cook, "will be baked in ten minutes
to a beautiful golden brown and will
be exactly the same on the top and
bottom. A whole dinner can be
cooked in an hour and a half. The
coffee, tea or chocolate is made at
the table with electricity, of course. These
improvements are making me lazy, I
fear. I don't get up hours before
breakfast now, and come down to the
kitchen to stare at a cold and dirty
range, and then get down on my knees
unlabeled and rake for half an hour,
and even then be uncertain whether
the fire is going to burn or not. I get
breakfast ready in twenty minutes.
Then the ironing! I need to dream of
the big pile of white clothes that I
dreaded to do. I don't feel that way
now, because the electric iron is so
many steps and from the stove. The
wires run into the iron and keep it
just the right heat as long as it is
being used."

Things were steaming and sputter-
ing, and the dinner required the
whole attention of the cook, so I took
my departure to other parts of the
house. Down into the cellar I long,
fanned like structure of wood conducts
the air from the street into a big pipe
to the top of the house, where the
warm air is distributed through other
pipes. On the inside surface of all
of the pipes are coils of wire, over
which the current flows, heating the
metal, which in turn gives warmth to
the air on its way to the various apart-
ments. The apparatus is, of course,
separated from the woodwork by a
non-conductor of heat. In some of
the rooms are portable electric heat-
ers, which are obviously better adapted
to general use than the expensive
system of pipes they supplement in
the Penbody House. The principle of
heating is, however, exactly the same
in both. The air of the room enters
the heater from below, passes over the
hot surface and flows out at the top.
It had grown dark by the time both
the cooking and heating apparatus
had been passed in review. "The
lights, Mary," came a voice down the
stairs, and the gloom is dispelled by
little incandescent lamps, which shine
from every nook and gleamed softly
everywhere through the house.

A prominent cooking teacher was
asked about cooking by electricity.
"You have come to an enthusiasm,"
she said. "Electricity is grand! The
heat doesn't go up the chimney; it
doesn't radiate into the kitchen—it
stays just where you want it, and you
can control it with a turn of the wrist.
It is true economy of fuel, and
economy is the soul of cooking.
There is another point. The
quicker a joint of meat is cooked
the less will be the loss in weight and
flavor. There is economy again. Of
course we cannot overlook the vastly
better cooking which even scientific-
ally regulated heat and stoves can
be obtained by coal and coal that will
lead to, but the easier, distinct cooking
which the absence of fire and ashes
will permit. When electricity comes
into general use ladies will attend to
their cooking personally, instead of
leaving this most important element in
domestic happiness to incompetent
servants, and then there will be cul-
inary art in fact as well as in name."

"But," continued the teacher, with
a smile, "there is one thing to be
feared from the introduction of elec-
tricity. Bachelors could cook dinner
breakfasts in their own rooms with
such delightful ease that they wouldn't
think of marriage. The young man
would need only two or three meals—
indeed, a chafin dish would do it
all. When he arose in the morning
he could put on his electric stove
whatever he chose, turn on the cur-
rent and before the completion of his
toilet breakfast would be waiting.
The ladies will naturally think twice
before allowing bachelorhood any such
ease and charm as that."

The drawback to the general
adoption of electricity in the house-
hold is the expense of the current. At
present only families of wealth can af-
ford it. With improved machinery
and dynamos, electricity is, however,
slowly but inevitably becoming cheap-
er. It cannot be many years before
the electrical kitchen will be within
the reach of any family of very mod-
erate means. Already along streets
where trolley cars run electricity is
used for sewing machines and even for
pumping. With the electrical utensils
herewith shown almost any household
may do away with the oil or gas stove.

Twelve Years of Congress.
Chairman W. L. Wilson, of Con-
gress, defeated for re-election last
November, is to write a book. It is
to be a political history of Congress
for the past twelve years, during



WILLIAM L. WILSON.

which period he has been a member
of the House of Representatives.
The work will be begun after March
4 next at Mr. Wilson's home in
Charlestown, W. Va., where he expects
to resume his legal practice.

To Get Fire is a Piece of Snow.
When you go out in winter while
there is snow on the ground, says
La Science en Famille to its boy



GETTING FIRE TO A PIECE OF SNOW.

readers, do not forget to put a few
bits of camphor in your pocket. They
will prove useful to you for playing
an innocent little trick that will sur-
prise your companions, whom you
have previously told that you are go-
ing to set a pile of snow on fire.

After gathering a small quantity of
snow and arranging it in a conical pile,
place in the summit of it the few
pieces of camphor in question, the
color of which will sufficiently conceal
them, and which will pass unperceived
unless a very close-by observation is
made.

Now apply a lighted match to the
camphor and the latter will immedi-
ately take fire and burn with a beau-
tiful flame, to the great surprise of
spectators who are not in the secret.

Finnegan's Invention.



Finnegan (struggling up the ladder).
— "It's a fool I am not to thought of
this thirty years ago."—New York
World.

Well Spoken Of.

A certain Mme. Cresswell died in
Bridewell, and bequeathed ten pounds
to have a sermon preached, in which
nothing but what was well of her
should be said. The sermon is said to
have been written by the Duke of
Buckingham, and was as follows: All
I shall say of her is this: "She was born
well, married well, lived well, and died
well. For she was born at Shadwell,
married to Cresswell, who lived at
Clerkenwell, and died at Bridewell."
—Tit-Bits.

A Prolonged Farewell.



9 p. m.



10 p. m.



11 p. m.



12 p. m.—Munsey.

LULLABY.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
The pretty stars in their coats are dim;
We cannot see the stars as they sleep,
Over the trees, on the roof of the hill.
Two stars have come down the dark night,
Away over there in the sky's dark blue.
They must be angels that God has sent
To wait by my bed the whole night through.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
I hear the frogs in the meadow and
They croak and croak in the evening,
Down in the pond by the old stone wall.
I think perhaps that they tell the flowers
Never to fear though the world is dim,
They know the frosty light of the hours
All night long with his cheerful sport.

Dear little girl, good-night, good-night!
Dear little head with your curly hair,
Dear little feet that I hold so tight,
Curl and warm in the nursery chair!
While this is saying the words all clear
Over their blankets the fire is warm,
Slower and slower I rock you dear
My little girl is asleep, asleep.

Good Night, Good Night.

HONOR OF THE DAY.

Only the entitled man wholly trusts
himself.—Dallas News.

What also men out of ten want is a
home with hotel comforts.—Puck.

A preferred creditor is usually one
that doesn't fight for prompt pay-
ment.—Puck.

These balloon sleeves evidently
come of a desire to widen women's
spheres.—Boston Transcript.

A man who is a complete failure is
nearly always particularly fond of
giving advice.—Athenian Globe.

It was a junior in the Abilene High
School who wrote "Evening Dawned
at Last."—Leavenworth Times.

An egotist reminds one of a lizard;
top off a bit of him, he acquires a little
and straightway grows on again.

Some future generation,
If we make no mistake,
Will kick about the bicentennial
That pops used to make.
—Detroit Tribune.

If you can't remember what the
string tied on your finger was to re-
mind you of, you are getting old.—
Athenian Globe.

"That must be a very good book
Jumper is reading." "Impossible.
He seems to be profoundly interested."
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A housekeeper up town says her
grocer is so slow with his delivery
that when she orders eggs the boy
brings her chickens.—Philadelphia
Record.

Morton—"Are you sure that Penam
is really reconciled with his wife?"
Crundall—"Yes, I am sure of it, for
she reads what he writes and he eats
what she cooks."—Truth.

"They say it is electricity," said Pat,
as he stopped before the incandescent
street-light, "but I'll be unaged if I
see how it is they make the hairpin
burr in the bottle."—Yale Record.

Sympathy—"My lord," said an
overworked person to his bishop, "I
have not had a holiday for five years."
"I am very sorry for your congrega-
tion," replied his lordship, with a
smile.—Tit-Bits.

Hostess—"I am going to ask you to
take a charming widow down to din-
ner. Will you?" Burrows—"Cer-
tainly. I'll take her anywhere that
there is a crowd to protect me."—
Boston Transcript.

Lord sobbed the tramp, the great wet tears
Left large and briny tracks.
"Pray what," quoth I, "if not too bold,
Your heart so sorely marks?"
Alas! and belted he, "I've just been told
About this income tax."
—Boston Budget.

We often sneer at the Egyptians for
being a slow people, but on the con-
trary they must have been a very busy
race. Even the mummies appear to
have been pressed for time.—Rock-
land (Me.) Tribune.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer
the plain and shabbily-dressed Julius
to my elegant and handsome brother?"
"That is quite simple; your
brother is in love with himself, and
Julius with me."—Life.

"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones
must be engaged; they have had their
portraits taken together." "Indeed?
I am glad to hear it. I knew when I
introduced them that she would be
taken with him."—New York Press.

A Huge Moose-Head.

What is probably one of the finest
moose-heads in the world was taken
to Bangor, Me., this week by G. H.
Crocker, of Fitzburg, Mass. The ani-
mal was shot up in Arcostook County
at the Ox Box, and the moose weighed
1400 pounds. It is about absolutely
perfect in size, shape and spread of
the antlers. The antlers spread sixty
inches, and when it is considered that
fifty-one inches is a large spread, some
idea of the immense antlers of this
moose is obtained. The largest set of
antlers of which there is any record is
sixty-one inches, and this moose an-
passed that animal in the shape and
formation.—Boston Herald.

A Stern Disciplinarian.

General Count von Hessler, of the
German Army, is a stern of soldier
and a strict disciplinarian. He has
been known to stop a subordinate in
the street and make him remove his
boots and stockings to see if his feet
were clean.—Chicago Herald.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PIER, Editor.
Marlinton, Friday, April 12, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

According to the belief of some, the income tax is to be declared constitutional in most of its parts.

The Webster Echo, the only newspaper of Webster County, has been purchased by Mr. C. P. Darlington, of Weston, and the first issue of the new regime reached us this week. It is enlarged and very much improved in appearance.

Owing to pressing engagements the editor of this paper is obliged to refuse an invitation to a log-rolling on Friday of this week, but has sent three men to take his place in the work and at the festive board. We always try to do the square thing.

An Italian scientist thinks he has discovered that old age is caused by a certain sort of bacteria which infect the system, and that if they be eradicated men might be immortal. Still he might be snake-bit, and it would be still harder to give up the glorious physical life which this scientist promises us.

The article concerning the railroad, in the issue from the Baltimore Sunday Herald, of last week, was sent to a doctor of Marlinton by Dr. Hamilton, of 1315 W. Fayette Street, a prominent physician who conducts a sanitarium famous for its success in the treatment of the opium habit. He gives the advice to "hold on to Marlinton real-estate."

OSCAR WILD's libel suit against the Marquis of Queensbury failed. He is now arrested and bail refused, and will stand a trial for the crime of which the Marquis had accused him. "London's disciple of open aestheticism and secret filth" has been let down into the mud to which he belongs, by his former admirers, and a felon's life for the remainder of his existence is too good for him.

The late occurrence makes it very plain that if we had a telephone the negroes who escaped from jail last Sunday night would find it impossible to go into any railroad station without being apprehended. When the word came that they were making for Camden-on-the-Gauley, all that would have been necessary would have been telephonic communication to have put that whole country on the lookout. It seems to us that the County Court would be justified in building a line to some point on the railroad, and that they would find it a profitable investment. We are not sure that they could do it legally, but are sure that the county could do it as a whole through the County Court. It seems as though it was impossible for a line to be built by subscription. A line was once completed as far as Falling Springs, but owing to the fact that it was not between objective points, it soon fell into disuse. This example acts very unfavorably, and men seem unwilling to put their money into the project. The cost of telephones is very much reduced, owing to the expiration of certain patents, and it seems strange that a county of the wealth and importance of ours should be contented to remain in the backwoods in the way of communication with what we call the "outside world."

IN THE FLOOD!

A YOUNG LUMBERMAN DROWNED AT RONEVERTE.

RONEVERTE, W. Va., April 9.

A distressing occurrence took place in the Roneverte boom Monday morning about 10 o'clock. Mr. John Branham, a young man in the employ of the St. Lawrence Company, was standing on the boom logs, directing the logs, when a wave struck and threw him backwards into the river. He appeared but once and then sank. Great sympathy exists as he was an excellent young man. His parents reside in Roneverte.

Pathetic Appeal.

The following is a letter picked up in Pittsburg by a gentleman, it having been put into a bottle and cast afloat on the turbid waters of the Monongahela, about one hundred miles above Pittsburg. It has the true ring about it, and it is too bad to suppose that it may be like many other effusions cast afloat in a similar manner, and be the result of having first emptied the bottle:

"Monongahela river
county W. Va
March 1.

please answer me and let me know how far my bottle com i am 22 and think it time i wood get married what doo you say a bont it if you want to marry i am the girl for you i am good looking but not very smart. Please answer me From a girl that wants to marry. "N. B."

A Mighty Hunter.

In the upper end of Pocahontas there is a man who has hunted over all the Rocky Mountains and the mountains of the Pacific Slope. It is Mr. Granville Kellar. His last trip to the Rockies was made last summer, and he expects to go again this coming season. He went with a party from Philadelphia last year, and all during the season of good weather, was buried in the trackless wilds of those regions. The party contained one young and beautiful lady who accompanied her husband. She was a dead shot, and during the trip killed five elk, three deer, and one antelope.

Mr. Kellar has killed a number of grizzly bears and says he has never been in any close places with them, or that he would not have been here to tell it. The largest he has ever killed weighed about one thousand pounds.

In speaking of the grizzly bear charging the hunter the moment he has fired and wounded him, Mr. Kellar says that when a bear is hit the first thing he does is to bite at the wound, and then raising his head bolts in the direction his head is turned, and as this is almost always in the direction of the place from which the shot was fired.

He has trophies of the chase in great numbers, and is a veritable Nimrod.

Libella.

Raining. Grass growing finely. Wheat looks promising.

Bill's Creek was higher last night than it has been for ten years. E. L. Ousebolt is on the sick-list. Miss Mary McMillion is better. Miss Lizzie Bruffay, who has been sick for some time, is no better. Grave fears are entertained as to her recovery by the physician. She has expressed herself as ready at any time to go where "sickness, sorrow, pain and death are felt and feared no more."

J. P. Ray had his horse burned on the 4th inst. Also Mr. Martin Lyons, on Capt. Edgar's place, on Crauberry, had his house burned, losing everything he had, including ten dollars in money.

W. B. Hill has made 14 gallons of molasses since April 1st.

TO THE WEST.

Floyd Blankenbush came through the woods from Camden on the Gauley. He reports business brisk and plenty of work for all at good wages. He says the snow was about two feet deep in the mountains. He brings word of the sad death of four men who started down the Guyandotte River on a raft. A fifth man was so badly frozen that both legs were taken off at the knees.

OBSERVER.

Circuit Court.

LAW ORDERS.

In addition to certain items of general interest reported last week the following orders were entered: William Curry, Dr. Patterson, Anna Barlow, J. W. Baxter, J. H. Doyle, and Sherman Curry were appointed trustees of the Huntersville Presbyterian Church.

J. Asbury Sheets, J. F. Patterson, Henry L. Taylor, W. W. Galford, and W. B. Hudson, were appointed trustees of the Wesley Chapel, M. E. Church South, in Green Bank district.

S. W. Holt v. Walton Allen, dismissed adjusted.

L. M. McChaille, prosecuting attorney for this county being so situated that it is not proper for him to prosecute Chas. Slavin on the charge of felony, it was ordered that W. A. Bratton be appointed for this purpose.

M. J. McNeil, admr. v. W. H. Overholt, dismissed without prejudice to another suit.

State v. Schister Silva, indictment for misdemeanor, not guilty.

State v. John Silva, same, same verdict.

D. O'Connell v. The Cumberland Lumber Company, an injunction having been awarded staying this cause, and on motion of the plaintiff the court refusing to dissolve the injunction, the plaintiff excepts to the said action, and tendering his bill of exception, it is signed, sealed, and delivered, etc.

Gilmer v. Peabody Insurance Company, continued at defendant's cost.

Peter S. Hydo v. D. O'Connell, non-suit taken by plaintiff.

Lucy Sinton v. C. P. Kerr, O. P. C., dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

W. A. Bratton and W. H. Grose appointed to examine Circuit clerk's office.

Dr. James Price, W. A. Bratton, and W. H. Grose appointed to examine county jail.

Thomas Burnett v. Horace Herold, and others, judgment rendered against all parties for \$475.80; except Newton Moore, and as to him this cause goes over until a future term of this court.

(Continued on back page.)

Greenbrier Presbytery.

Greenbrier Presbytery met at Roneverte, April 3rd at 7:30 p. m. and opened with a sermon by Rev. O. H. Dobbs, on Romans 8: 15. The subject, adopting grace.

Rev. J. W. Holt was chosen moderator. Rev. G. W. Nickell and Elder S. A. Houston, Clerks. There were 16 ministers and 13 ruling Elders in attendance.

The pastoral relation of Rev. E. D. Jeffries and Alderson Church was dissolved by mutual consent. Sabbath school interests seem to be progressing quite well, and several congregations in a hopeful state of Christian activity.

Rev. O. H. Dobbs with Rev. J. W. Holt, alternate and Balling Elder, W. W. Pence, with S. A. Houston, Alternate, were appointed commissioners to general assembly at Dallas, Texas, third Thursday of May.

Rev. E. L. Telford preached the Presbyterian sermon on Sabbath Observance. Dr. M. L. Lacy made a telling address on the cause of education.

Mr. Burke Rapp, of Spring Creek Church was received as a candidate for the ministry. Mr. R. L. Benn was transferred to the Presbytery of Northville. Greenbrier Presbytery now consists of 35 churches, with twenty ministers. One hundred and four Ruling Elders, thirty-five Deacons, four candidates for ministry, two thousand and two hundred and fifty members.

Liberty Church, near Green Bank was chosen for the next place of meeting, September 4th, 1895.

The attendance upon public worship was very good, and the hospitality of the people worthy of special commendation.

Millinery Notices.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class millinery establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in millinery, and will return with a complete line.

The Chicago stock-yards cover 350 acres.

Notice.

All persons having claims on me to be collected by the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

P. L. BEARD & CO.

Academy, W. Va.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNERRY.

St. Clover Lick, W. Va.

What Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

E. H. Smith,

PRESCRIPTION

DRUGGIST,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc. etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

—Have Established a First-class—

Harness and Saddlery

Store and Shop,

—AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short-est notice.

Successors of G. F. Crammelt, who is employed by the firm.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

Sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.

Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

FIRE FIRE

Insure against loss in the

Peabody Insurance Co.,

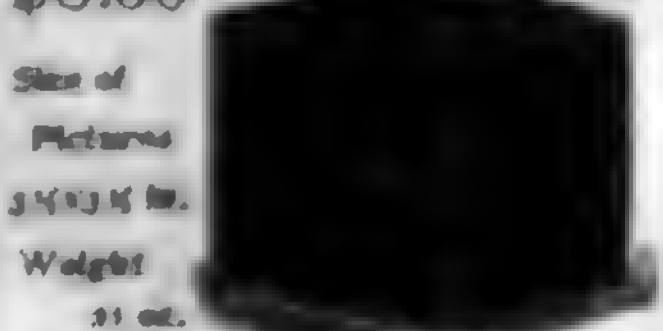
WHEELING, W. Va.

Incorporated March, 1892

Cash Capital \$100,000
N. C. McNEIL, MARLINTON, W. Va.

Rice is the food produced of the world that is most generally and extensively used.

\$8.00



THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that takes the most perfect pictures in a regular use; shows in colors and can be

Refocused in Daylight.

The Bullet is small, with our own camera design. One button does it all—opens and closes the shutter and changes from day to night scenes. Achromatic lens. Hand and foot.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every camera sent, explains its operation and tells how to develop the pictures—but can do the rest when you prefer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO. Camera Catalogue Free. Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,
R. K. BEARD,
Deputy Sheriff.

The same as to me,
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone-sprain, curb, polleritis, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cure guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bone-tremors, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address:
T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whitting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeel, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Eight sold in one day. For particulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va. 1236m

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.

Terms.
per day . . . 1.00
per meal . . . 25
lodging . . . 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.

Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

G. C. AMLUNG,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done. Give me a call.

BLACKSMITHING

AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Shops situated at the Junction of Main Street and Dusty Avenue, opposite the postoffice.

M. F. GIESEY,

Architect and Superintendent.

Rcom, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

FOR RENT!

My store-house occupied by P. Golden. J. R. POZER, Edray, W. Va.

Concord State Normal School

Spring term begins February 12th, 1895.

HOME NEWS

Get a lot of roofing who come on the river this week.

There were several fine apples on the river this week.

James P. Dyer, a well known in the people of this town, has announced himself and entered into the race for the trusteeship of both counties.

Richard Mathews, a first-class shoemaker, has established a shop in town. He is well known as a fine workman, having been located at Mill Point for a number of years.

James McAvoy was found dead in his room at the Central Hotel at Grafton, asphyxiated by natural gas. The pipe supplying a stove in his room had burst. He was a brother to the proprietor of the hotel.

Col. O'Connell's drive was unable to work on Monday owing to the loss of their horse. The rise in the creek was an unexpected that the horse were pulled loose from their moorings.

W. McClintic, Esq., sent off the prize yoke of steers last week. They weighed 8990 pounds, one weighed 3445 pounds, and the other 1945 pounds. They were the largest cattle seen in this part in a long time. They were raised by Mr. Sherman Clark, of the Levels.

At Edray last Monday Abe Shinnaberry was tried for a misdemeanor before Justice Cook. A jury was demanded, and after an exciting and somewhat lengthy trial a verdict of not guilty was rendered by the jury. Attorneys McNeil and Bratton represented the prosecuting witness and defendant, respectively.

The river and Knapp's Creek were high last Monday morning, the waters of the creek being very nearly up to the public school buildings. The river was higher than it has been for several years, and is apt to give the town of Roncoverte a shaking on account of the immense number of logs in the river.

There is a gigantic lie going the rounds of a certain big bird in Webster County, with wings which spread 18 feet, and which carries off sheep and deer. Recently, it is said, it captured a ten year old girl and carried her away to its den, where it devoured her. It is described as having fearful talons and tremendous eyes. It is needless to say that the whole is a monstrous lie, as we are right in the bird's supposed hunting ground ourselves.

Pat Simmonds made a fine display of nerve last Sunday night. He was out hunting the jail birds who had fled the scene. He had been to Driscoll and was returning, looking every minute to meet them riding stolen horses. He met two men riding on a perpendicular bluff two hundred feet high, opposite Barclay's mill-dam, who answered the description exactly. Pat held them up right manfully with a Winchester rifle. It proved to be some of the searching party, who were out hoping and dreading to overhaul the desperadoes. As Mr. Simmonds was riding Lock McClintic's "Pat," it is hard to say what the harvest would have been had he had occasion to fire a gun from his back. They both would probably have taken a flying jump over the brink. Ichabod Crane's horse, "Gunpowder," wouldn't have been in it at all.

Roncoverte Items.

Roncoverte by latest estimates has a population of 1070, in the corporation, and about as many in the suburban groups, that cluster around, making an aggregate of over two thousand.

The St. Lawrence Mills are running on double time, and are turning out one hundred and seventy-five thousand feet per day.

J. Mason Price, Esq., is mayor of the town, and is kept quite busy in corporation affairs, the present lively times.

It was pleasant to hear our Pocahontas citizens here on the drive, commended for their good behavior, and their returning home with their well earned wages to be put to good use there.

THROUGH THE COOP!

THE TWO NEGRO PRISONERS PLAY THE JAILER A NASTY TRICK

Alex. Armstrong and Frank Cumberland, the famous pair of negro burglars, upon whose capture and certain conviction the whole county was looking with feelings of deepest satisfaction, gave Jailer Siple the slip last Sunday night, and left him bemoaning his fate as a victim of misplaced confidence.

On that evening the jailer went into the jail to give the prisoners their supper and make everything ready for the night. The negroes were in a cell on the left hand side near the door of the corridor. The lever locking the cell was thrown, barring the cell doors, but the "dead-lock," which would have prevented the occurrence, was not adjusted, and this was the one little bit of negligence on the jailer's part. The jailer then unlocked the door of the corridor and went into a cell beyond where the negroes were confined to get a slop bucket. While he was in this cell the two prisoners clambered up the side of their cage, reached through the bars, and slid the lever back releasing the door, which could never have been done had the catch been adjusted to the lever. In an instant they were in the corridor, through the door, which Cumberland locked in the jailer's face. Just at this point the jailer would have given all he was worth to have had his hands on his trusty pistol which he had failed to bring along.

The occasion was evidently such that words were wholly superfluous, and none passed. The negroes ran through the hallway, out at the front door of the jail, and climbing the bluff back of the jail, passed by the cemetery and out of sight just about dusk. The jailer's wife liberated him in a few minutes, and the alarm was given.

THE CHASE.

In a few minutes a number of men were on the ground, among whom was the State's Attorney, Mr. L. M. McClintic. He placed a reward of \$200 upon them, assuring the crowd that if the County Court refused to ratify it, that it would be raised from the contributions of private citizens. There were a number of ready helpers at hand with arms and horses, eager for the chase, reward or no reward, for it has been said that of all exciting work nothing comes near that of hunting a man. In the direction the fugitives took there lie miles of unbroken wilderness, and if they kept to the woods search would be hopeless. It was universally supposed that they would steal horses and make for some railroad station. They would have the choice of Hot Springs, Millboro, White Sulphur, Roncoverte, Camden-on-the-Gauley, Pickens, Beverly, Elkins, or Davis as the point at which they might board a train. Runners were sent in all directions, and the roads of the county were well patrolled that night. This country has not seen in years such a rain as fell that night. The water came down in a perfect sheet. The roads were transformed into streams of water. The streams speedily became too high to be forded, and the condition of the fugitives in the wet brush can be imagined. They were very thinly clothed and without food. The writer is perfectly able to speak of that night, for he was out until three in the morning, and of all the storms to which he has ever been exposed, this was the worst. No sign of the men were discovered that night. The next morning waters of the county were all past riding, which would cut them off from any direction except to the north. On this morning Mrs. S. L. Brown saw a negro on the point of a high ridge overlooking the town. As no one lives in this direction, and no one could be there hunting at this time of year, the only conclusion that could be drawn was that it was one of the men wanted. A large party with Winchester surrounded the ridge and searched it carefully, but no sign was discovered. The whole country is aroused, as these men are believed to be the parties guilty of the atrocious robberies in the Levels, which have terrorized that community. Notwithstanding that

the evidence against them was meagre when they were arrested in January, any one who has knowledge of the evidence told by the Prosecuting Attorney and Sheriff, has had every atom of doubt as to their guilt removed. Only enough evidence was put before the grand jury to secure an indictment, much of the most important evidence being reserved on the part of the State.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN.

Armstrong is a man of about thirty-five. He is a light mulatto, has a long-like face in which the bones show prominently; wears a black, heavy mustache and small side-brush; is about six feet high; has a defective front tooth; is a loud and fluent talker and gesticulates freely; is the leader of the party and the spokesman, and has a very intelligent face. He spent the first part of his life in Pocahontas, but since then has lived in Ohio, where he served a term in the penitentiary. Cumberland is a younger and darker negro; has a broad and short face and a very wide mouth, reminds one of a cat-fish; has a brutal and very unprepossessing look; the lower part of his face is seared and seared as though by scalding or other skin disease. Both are large, powerful men, and may be expected to make a desperate resistance if arrested. Are supposed to be unnamed.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

This is the most difficult part of the account to write. A kind-hearted man approached both newspapers with the request that we write up the account in such a manner as that "no blame would attach to either the jail or the jailer." This made us feel disposed to lay it upon some body in *pais*, as they say in law. However, Jailer Siple, who is one of our most respected officials, and with whom no one has ever heretofore had the least occasion to find fault, relieves our embarrassment by declaring that it was no fault of the jail. The matter is just simply this: that the slight omission of failing to secure the lever in the ordinary manner was noticed by the prisoners and their boldness enabled them to carry out their attempt with great coolness and dispatch. We may feel very sure that this is the very last escape that will be made, if Will Siple keeps that jail for fifty years. During the last year there have been seven arrests made of men charged with felony. Of these four have broken jail. This makes the business a very serious matter. When the new jail was occupied this fashion of escaping was supposed to be one of the past, but nevertheless the old established historical fact has again been demonstrated that "there has never been a jail or fortress built so securely but that at some time or other the ingenuity of man has accomplished an escape from it." The superintendent of the building, which has just been finished, remarked, on hearing the news, that the "Manly Manufacturing Company has always claimed that it could make the jails, but was unable to make jailers." Armstrong is the man who burnt a hole through an eight-inch, solid-oak wall at Huntersville, and crawled through it, and he ought to have been put in chains after that.

THE CAPTURE.

This account, which is fast growing to be of magazine length, can be made complete by details of the capture of the prisoners. About dusk on Tuesday evening, exactly two days from the escape, great noise of people shouting and cries of "ropel" "ropel" were heard all over town, and a large procession escorted Armstrong and Cumberland through the main street of the town and saw them safely lodged in jail.

The men presented a sorry picture, being all but barefooted, with their clothing torn and bedraggled and all their natural vitality washed out of them by the fearful rains while they were wandering and starving in the wet woods of the mountains to the west of us.

The account of the route they took is about in this way: On gaining the top of the Cemetery hill they plunged down, into, and across Knapp's Creek, into Buckley Mountain, crossed the Greenbrier in a stolen canoe at Buckeye, wandered up Swago Creek, crossed over to Stoney Creek; which they

thought was William's River, came down the stream towards Marlinton until they reached the Old Hamlin Chapel, which is an old and almost dilapidated church right on the stream, in which they slept until 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thus they had made almost a circuit of this town within a radius of four miles the first night. The fearful rain that night confused them and they lost their way.

At nine they ascended the mountain to John Curry's and got something to eat—the first in twenty-four hours. Here Armstrong had a chill. They aimed again for William's River and went down Swago by mistake to within a mile from the Greenbrier. Starting right they reached the Burgess Barn, on Beaver Dam, and lay there Monday night. They struck the main branch of William's River that morning about ten miles from Marlinton, having been two nights and a day going that distance. They went down the river and forded it thirteen times. The river was very full.

They reached J. R. Davis' house on Mr. C. E. Beard's place, and got something to eat just a few minutes after Mr. Davis had received word of the escape. Mr. Davis followed them and got Alvon Burr and came on the negroes lying in a patch of brush by a little fire. Covering them with their Winchester, they ordered them to throw up their hands, which they did with great quickness. They were then marched into town, and arrived almost dead from fatigue and exposure.

Thus ended the most exciting event that ever stirred up the town, though people at a distance may be unable to see how the escape, chase, and capture of two poor devils could have moved the citizens of the town to such an extent. The fact is that every one deemed it his duty to do all in his power to recapture these men, and did not like the idea of the two negroes outwitting the county.

The alarm was so generally given that the men found even the William's River route closed to them, though the least attention was paid to this exit.

Southern Methodist Conference.

The Conference met at Washington, D. C. The minister at Academy, Rev. A. C. Hamill, was returned; Rev. J. T. Maxwell was sent to Green Bank, in place of Rev. C. L. Potter, and Rev. Barrett to Huntersville in Rev. C. M. Server's place.

The Clifton Forge Review gives the following notice of the charges given to Rev. C. F. Moore and Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county. It seems that both these gentlemen have received appointments which are among the most important that the Conference had in its power to bestow, outside of the large cities:

"Rev. C. F. Moore, so well and favorably known in Clifton Forge since early in 1890, we are glad to learn, has been placed in charge of the church in Piedmont, West Virginia, a thriving town west of Cumberland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piedmont is quite a growing place. It has a population of some six thousand people, and is healthful, picturesque, and accessible. We think Mr. Moore fortunate in the assignment, and at the same time congratulate the church at that place in securing his services. He will popularize it, if possible, and do valiant service in the cause of the great Master, to which he has re-dedicated his life.

"Rev. John A. Taylor, from West Virginia, the earnest and successful revivalist, who assisted Rev. L. R. Markwood here last fall in a successful meeting, which resulted in more than a hundred additions to the Methodist church, was placed in charge of the Rockville, Maryland, circuit, one of the most populous and desirable circuits within the bounds of the conference.

DO NOT FAIL to attend the festival to be given by the ladies at Mrs. Carter's on next Wednesday evening.

Without Fail, There is to be a Very Free, but Not a Free All Day. What a Fun and Name! Lightning Hot Drops.

Personal.

P. G. Jellie, one of our merchants is off to Baltimore to buy spring goods.

Mr. S. M. Gay made a trip to Alleghany County, Va., this week. Mrs. E. I. Holt, of Academy, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Frank Harper, of Academy, was in Marlinton on Tuesday on some legal matters.

Judge Cook presided in some trials at Marlinton this week.

Curry Skeen, of Covington, is stopping in our town for the present.

Capt. Smith did not go to the woods on the trail of the fugitives from justice, this week. Neither did Dr. Price. The Captain said he did not have the "wind," but that he had the "sand." The Doctor said he had the "wind." They continued and confederated, but were unable to furnish an outfit.

Festival.

The ladies of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church of Marlinton, will give a festival at the residence of Mrs. Carter, on Wednesday evening the 17th inst. at 6 p. m. Single person 15 cts. or 25 cts. for two. Every body is invited, and we feel sure that the citizens of Marlinton and neighboring towns will be present and reward these ladies for their efforts to give the people a pleasant time.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Huntersville on the 25th of April, and remain 3 days; Green Bank, 29th 3 days; Clever Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call early and make your engagements.

Dilley's Mill.

Fine rains. We are delighted to see spring showers revive the grass, and bid fair for good crops. Plowing is being done.

Prof. C. H. Anderson closed his second term of school at Cove Hill 24 inst. Prof. Anderson is an excellent teacher and taught two very successful terms.

The boys have returned from the drive. Some have gone to help D. O'Connell move his rear.

Sunday School was organized at Mt. Zion last Sunday. Sunday School on the 21st. We want all to come and help us in this good cause.

Rev. C. M. Foltz is with us again and preached a very able sermon at Mt. Zion last Sunday, from Ezekiel, 36: 11.

Fine prospect for wheat in places Mr. Morgan Grimes has the best wheat in all this section of country.

W. L. Moore, Esq., has left this part for awhile. He is at Mr. Geo. Gibson's, near Marlinton. Don't forsake us, "Bill!" Come back soon.

ANONYMOUS.

[Through modesty we refrain from printing the last item submitted by this correspondent, which appears in unmeasured terms of commendation of this paper.—ED.]

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather, and grass is coming fine. Stock can be turned out soon if the weather keeps warm.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Arbogast, of Traveler's Repose, were visiting relatives in this vicinity last week.

Curry and Beverage, jewelers of Rock Cave, W. Va., were in our town on last week.

Mr. L. Hunter Moorman, who has been attending a medical college in Baltimore our term, is at home, spending vacation at this time.

Died: on the 4th day of April of cancer. Mr. John G. Sallon, after a short illness; a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed his remains to the family burying ground where he will await the trumpet's sound. He bore his suffering with Christian fortitude, and died in peace leaning on the arm of his Savior. His funeral will be preached at this place on the 21st of April at 11 o'clock; that being the third Sunday of this month.

Servant of God well done, rest from thy loved employ. The battle's fought, the victory won, enter thy Master's joy.

The mail boy got a ducking in the Hevner Run last Monday, and got no farther than this place. North Fork was on a bend and not to be trifled with, as we got no mail. We had very heavy rains Sunday night.

Messrs. C. B. Cullins & Co. will start a raft of ash lumber down the Greenbrier to-day (Tuesday) for Roncoverte.

If you want to trade a horse for a buggy, part pay, call of J. H. Curry, who will trade if your horse suits him. He want a young horse well broken to ride and work. Q.

